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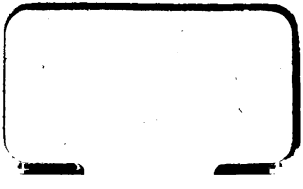

CH
Yonge

CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY

(*NINTH SERIES*)

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE

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CONTENTS

PAGE

CAMEO I.—METHODISM (1730) 1

CAMEO II.—THE PEACE OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE (1746—1752) . . 13

CAMEO III.—THE FRENCH IN INDIA (1744—1750) 20

CAMEO IV.—CLIVE AND DUPLEIX (1750—1754) 29

CAMEO V.—ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN AMERICA (1604—1755) . 36

CAMEO VI.—ENCYCLOPÆDISTS AND HUGUENOTS (1751—1758) . 44

CAMEO VII.—AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA (1756—1759) 53

CAMEO VIII.—THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM (1756—1759) . . . 59

CAMEO IX.—THE BLACK HOLE (1756—1761) 67

CAMEO X.—THE PEACE OF PARIS AND OF HUBERTSBURG (1759—1764) 76

CAMEO XI.—MEN OF LETTERS (1763—1770) 85

CAMEO XII.—FALL OF THE JESUITS (1750—1774) 94

CAMEO XIII.—THE BOSTON TEA-FIGHT (1763—1773) 103

CAMEO XIV.—THE MEASURE FILLED UP (1765—1774) 111

CAMEO XV.—THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE (1774—1776) 121

PAGE

CAMEO XVI.—CHANGES OF MINISTRY (1763—1773) 129

CAMEO XVII.—THE WILKES PROSECUTIONS (1757—1775) . . . 138

CAMEO XVIII.—THE DEFENCE OF CANADA AND CONVENTION OF SARATOGA (1775—1778) 148

CAMEO XIX.—LA FAYETTE (1776—1778) 156

CAMEO XX.—FRANCO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE (1778—1779) . . . 163

CAMEO XXI.—THE GORDON RIOTS (1779—1780) 173

CAMEO XXII.—THE WAR ENDED (1777—1783) 181

CAMEO XXIII.—THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR (1779—1783) . . . 188

CAMEO XXIV.—WARREN HASTINGS AND HYDER ALI (1772—1784) 196

CAMEO XXV.—BEFORE THE STORM (1778—1785) 203

CAMEO XXVI.—THE MUTTERINGS OF THE STORM (1770—1788) 212

CAMEO XXVII.—THE PEACE OF VERSAILLES (1780—1784) . . 224

CAMEO XXVIII.—THE SLAVE-TRADE (1784—1795) 230

CAMEO XXIX.—GOOD WORKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (1770—1788) 238

CAMEO XXX.—THE EIGHTIES (1780—1789) 247

CAMEO XXXI.—THE STATES-GENERAL (1788—1789) 254

CAMEO XXXII.—THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY (1789—1791) . . . 263

CAMEO XXXIII.—DETHRONEMENT (1791—1792) 275

CAMEO XXXIV.—WAR AND THE CONSEQUENCE (1792) 287

CAMEO XXXV.—WAR COMMENCED (1793—1797) 297

PAGE

CAMEO XXXVI.—THE TRAGEDY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY (1792—1794) 305

CAMEO XXXVII.—THE VENDÉEN ROYALISTS (1792—1794) . . 315

CAMEO XXXVIII.—THE DRAGON PREYING ON ITS OFFSPRING (1792—1795) 325

CAMEO XXXIX.—THE REIGN OF TERROR (1792—1796) . . . 330

CAMEO XL.—THE NATIONAL CONVENTION (1794—1795) . . . 335

INDEX 341

CAMEOS

OF

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CAMEO I.

METHODISM.

1730.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1725. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1729. Philip V.	

CAMEO I.

Depression of the Church.

In the earlier half of the reign of George II., the English Church was perhaps at the lowest ebb as to spirituality that had ever been known. Walpole's systematic distrust and depression of all tokens of life had told upon those numerous natures which require warmth, encouragement, or hope, and on the other hand, the great lights of the Restoration times were dying out, while the remnant of Puritanism was diligently kept down by dread of enthusiasm. The philosophy of France, of which Voltaire and Rousseau were the chief exponents, had its influence, though rather in indifference than active unbelief, and Pope's dictum was in general vogue.

> "For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Nor were the claims to rightness of life very strict. How appointments to Bishoprics might be made may be seen in the following story. A certain Dr. Rundle was in favour with the Lord Chancellor (either Talbot or Hardwicke), and was on the point of being appointed to the diocese of Gloucester, though he was suspected of Arianism, and, moreover,

CAMEO I.
Venn's Bravery.

had been heard to speak with great profanity of Abraham's sacrifice. Richard Venn, Rector of St. Antholins in the City, upon this made it generally known that if the Chapter of Gloucester should passively accept the *congé d'élire* of this man, he should stand up in Bow Church at the confirmation of him in his see by the Archbishop and make a protest against the fitness of such a person.

Mr. Venn's character was so well known, that the Chancellor thought it expedient to send a gentleman to induce him to give up his purpose, on the promise of the Deanery of Wells, which was likely soon to be vacant.

"Tell the Lord Chancellor that I scorn his bribe," said Mr. Venn.

Then the gentleman began to represent that such opposition might lead to his ruin, whereupon he turned to his wife and said, "My dear, could you not support yourself and me by needlework?"

"Willingly, if it were necessary," she said.

"You, Harry," to his boy, "should you like to be a waterman?"

"Yes, very much papa," was the answer.

"Tell your Lord Chancellor that I defy him!" said the Rector.

On the report of the conversation, Walpole and the Chancellor agreed that Dr. Rundle must be contented with an Irish Bishopric, and the next year he was made Bishop of Derry, out of reach of the protest of this lion-hearted Rector, and of Dr. Gibson, the Bishop of London, who had shown himself equally averse to the appointment. Lord Hervey, who mentions the matter, is entirely unable to believe in any high or sincere motive in either party, Bishop or Priest, but fancies that the one was actuated by jealousy, the other by a wish to please him.

Yet there was much of excellent old practice surviving. George Whitfield found at Dummer, in Hampshire, where for a short time he acted as curate, that the parishioners came to a service in Church before and after their daily work, and there was Catechising in Church every Sunday.

Catechising in Lent was never dropped, though it was generally a repetition of the plain catechism, to see whether it had been learnt. Hannah More, who was born in 1745, signalised herself by her repetition of it at six years old in Church.

Daily prayers were generally continued in most town churches, Hogarth's "Morning" shows the old maiden lady trotting out in the dusk of the winter day, before the night fires in the streets are quite put out, with her poor little black page shivering with her big Prayer-book behind her. Indeed, apparently, there was, among the upper classes, very considerable formality of manners and address, coupled with great coarseness of language and habits. Wit had great license, and reserve and modesty were scarcely understood. Hard drinking was almost universal among men of all ranks. A gentleman was thought despicable who could not swallow several bottlesful of wine at a sitting without being affected by them; and after the ladies retired, dinner parties almost always ended

CAMEO I.

Habits of the Time.

with most of the guests lying on the floor. Servants were scarcely expected to be sober.

Indeed, drunkeness was hardly treated as a sin, and was the natural accompaniment of every festivity, even among really estimable people.

The country was less dissipated and licentious than the court, but the squires were often quite as prone to intoxication, and had few ideas beyond fox-hunting, shooting, or playing at bowls. The lower classes were terribly neglected, often downtrodden, and in a state of gross ignorance.

There were amid all these many exceptions, for, indeed, the Blessed Holy Spirit never forsakes His Church. There were good men and good women in all ranks. Among the nobility it may be worth while to mention Frances Thynne, Duchess of Somerset, and Henrietta Louisa Jeffreys, Countess of Pomfret. The latter was actually granddaughter to the proverbially wicked judge. Both were excellent and devout women, and when maids of honour to Queen Caroline formed a warm friendship, which continued through life. Their correspondence was after their death published, and one of the anecdotes which it contained is well worth being made known.

The Duchess (then Lady Hertford) tells of a young man in Suffolk, who, having been bred up with large expectations, found, on his father's death, that he had only £400 a year, and this was in Church lands. This so weighed on his conscience that he actually restored the lands, in what manner we are not told, leaving himself only fifty pounds a year! The end of the story is curious as well as happy. An old Quaker gentleman was so struck by the young man's conduct that he told the whole to a Yorkshire squire of much wealth, with one daughter, for whom a husband of undoubted worth was to be found. The Quaker contrived an introduction, the young people met, liked one another, were married, and when Lady Hertford wrote, had two children.

This good lady was a friend and correspondent of Dr. Isaac Watts, the son of a schoolmaster at Southampton, and by and by a Congregationalist minister in London, where his preaching was much esteemed.

Hymnody had never been greatly adopted in England since the Reformation. Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms had been sung alike by the Church and Dissent. That by Tate and Brady, often better poetry, but less literal, was coming into use, though in many places received with great distrust as something unorthodox and new-fangled. George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, and Bishop Ken, had, indeed, written much fine religious poetry, but with the exception of Ken's morning and evening hymns, they were not adapted to be sung. Watts applied himself to supply his own people with hymns, and those which are free from this Calvinistic tone, are often very beautiful. He was really the first to attempt religious verses for little children, and his hymns were universally learnt in nurseries and Sunday schools for several generations, indeed, some of them are almost classics.

Good and wise clergy existed in many country towns and parishes,

CAMEO I.
Whitfield.

and there was, moreover, much remnant of old pious observance among Church people, though too often it was chiefly formal, and when faith went really deep there was much reserve and reluctance to express feeling, or to impart it to others. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who never failed to utter himself strongly on the side of religion and morality, was only gradually rising into the position he occupied in his later years. There seemed to be a torpor over the more educated Christian world, blinding them to the duty of doing anything to impart to others their own spiritual feelings.

George Whitfield had taken his passage for Georgia, and was in the ship which met in harbour the one which was bringing John Wesley home. Wesley, however, was still able to communicate with the outgoing passengers, and, after his usual fashion, he drew lots to decide whether his friend ought to go or stay at home. The lot came out "Let me return," and Wesley despatched a message in accordance with it. Whitfield was much perplexed, but he had been approved by the Bishop and the Georgian Committee, and had decided on his course. He recollected that the man of God who came from Judah had done wrong in obeying the summons of the old prophet to return; and he proceeded, meeting with much better success in Georgia than had been the lot of the Wesleys; but after three months he found it expedient to return home to receive Priest's orders, and to collect means for founding an orphan school.

Wesley had in the meantime been paying a visit to the Moravian settlements at Herrenhutten, and had been much edified by their organisation. He, with his brother Charles, had communicated with the remains of their old brotherhood of Methodists at Oxford, and renewed the Society. In 1739 he purchased an old foundry for his headquarters. A room in Fetter Lane became the centre where they held prayer meetings, discussions of their spiritual state, and love feasts, in imitation of the old Agapè of ancient times. It was all known and approved by Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, the members of the Society were constant Church-goers and communicants, and the brothers took part in the service, and preached in the churches in London. Whitfield of course joined them, and after reporting himself to the Archbishop and Bishop of London, and the Georgian Committee, he was appointed to the parish of Savannah in Georgia, and received Ordination from Dr. Benson, Bishop of Gloucester.

Near Bristol lay a track of country, called Kingswood, belonging to one of the Bristol parishes, but three or four miles from the church. It was full of coal mines, and the colliers had hitherto been left in a state of heathen ignorance and neglect.

Whitfield's heart was moved towards them, and on February 17th, 1739, he resolved to address them. It was a Saturday, when in gown and bands he took his stand on a mound at Rose Green and addressed all who would hear, to the number of two hundred.

The Chancellor of the Diocese sent for him, and told him that the

clergy in the diocese were forbidden to lend him their pulpits, and read to him the canons forbidding ministers to preach in private houses.

"Is there not also a canon forbidding the clergy to play at cards, or frequent taverns?" asked Whitfield.

To this there was no answer but a threat of excommunication if Whitfield continued to preach without a license; but the open fields were not within the Chancellor's jurisdiction, and the second audience at Rose Green amounted to 2000, the third almost doubled the number. A man had already said that Mr. Whitfield preached like a lion, his voice reached the hosts, thronging the hedges and trees, and their singing was indeed the voice of a multitude. To hosts of these the proclamation of the Saviour was absolutely new, and Whitfield could see the white channels made in their grimed faces by their tears.

He urged on Wesley to follow his example, but there was much demur. However, John came to Kingswood, and was present when Whitfield was received by the colliers with ardent endeavours at a collection for building a school for their children. A piece of ground was promised, and a stone laid on which Whitfield knelt and prayed.

Wesley, after seeing the effect of Whitfield's preaching, and recollecting that the Sermon on the Mount was an instance of field preaching, resolved, as he called it, to make himself most vile, and then began his course of open-air preaching.

The terrors of judgment, and the saving necessity of faith were a foremost feature in these discourses, and the effect in various cases under John Wesley's preaching was to produce hysterical agonies, amounting to convulsions, and these became infectious and imitative. John thought them the wrestling of the Spirit with Satan, ending in faith, assurance, and peace being attained; but Charles and Whitfield greatly mistrusted them, especially when Charles, seeing a woman working herself up into a paroxysm, told her he did not think the better of her for it, whereupon she subsided.

The brothers, at this time, did not believe themselves to have received the full assurance of faith, though they acted devoutly in faith. Charles was constantly going to the prisons to comfort and give hope to the men under sentence of death, often going to Tyburn in the cart with them, and John awakening multitudes with his preaching. The intense joy of assurance that their sins were forgiven for the sake of their faith in Christ was the point they strained for. And Charles first attained it, John, not long after, suddenly declared, when at supper with his friends the Hutton family, that he felt this confidence, and that he "was a Christian."

"I'm sure, Mr. Wesley," said Mrs. Hutton, "that if you are only just now a Christian, you must have been a great hypocrite, for you always made us believe you one."

Old Mrs. Wesley, now past seventy, declared that she had never before heard of the present forgiveness of sins, till, while in the act of receiving

CAMEO I. — *Wesley's Family.*

the Holy Communion, as the Cup was being administered to her, a sudden sense of certainty of the forgiveness of her sins for the Blessed Saviour's sake flashed over her, and remained with her. Well, indeed, might it do so with such an aged saint as herself; the fallacy lay in supposing that the granting of such absolute assurance was the essential proof of saving faith, without which persons were in a kind of external state.

Her son Samuel, the wisest of the brothers, saw and grieved at this exclusive teaching. "I am bereft of both my brothers," he wrote. "Must my mother follow too . . . . I am not afraid the Church should excommunicate Jack, but that he should excommunicate the Church." And this was what in effect happened, though not till much later. Samuel died only three weeks after writing this letter, and John, as he grew older and past his first enthusiasm, wrote that he had come to preach assurance as a privilege, but not as an absolute essential to salvation.

Still John and Charles leant on the Church, and knew that no faith was real and trustworthy which did not manifest itself in obedience to her moral law and resort to her ordinances. The error was that the conscious crisis of conversion was absolutely necessary to all who had been baptised in infancy and lived faithfully. Thus, when generations had grown up in their peculiar teaching, without their original Catholic foundation, it was shown that these feelings were supposed to be more necessary than Sacraments, and the authority of the Church was overthrown so that a schism which the Wesleys never intended was formed.

The great mass of English people under the neglect of the clergy and the evil examples around were in a condition in which the zealous preaching of repentance was most truly needful, and almost all the most earnest of the clergy recognised it. Archbishop Secker was their warm friend, so was the Bishop of London, Bishop Benson of Bristol, and many parochial clergy admitted them to minister in their churches, and were willing that they should preach in the fields or churchyards. Besides the preaching at Bristol, they had begun at Blackheath, Moorfields, and Kennington, where throngs upon throngs crowded to hear them, were awakened to a sense of sin, by their fervid exhortations, and many became deeply, passionately repentant, and believed earnestly.

The first opponents were that rabble, "the lewd fellows of the baser sort," who hate and dread all that rebukes sin. They howled, pelted, and raised riots, which the Justices of the Peace, who were often rude ungodly squires, charged upon the Methodists; and if they did not encourage the violence, did nothing to hinder it.

It is not at all true that Wesley founded a schismatical body because the Church cast him off. Both brothers were constant and devout communicants to the last, and heartily loved the Church; they were the friends of several Bishops and clergy, and never intended to do more than supplement Church work. What zealous Bishops might

have done would have been to have thrown themselves into the work, aided in it, and regulated it according to Catholic rules, so as to prevent aberrations, and this probably might have been done in the earlier days of the work.

The first meeting places or chapels, as they came to be called, were for classes, and prayers, which, not being in Church, could be conducted by laity, either men or women, and these class leaders were set apart for the purpose. The fire was kindled by the brothers and Whitfield preaching from place to place, in churches when permitted, but often from a waggon in a field, a mound or a rock.

At Epworth, which had fallen into the hands of a tipsy curate, John Wesley was excluded from even that church of his Baptism, and preached from his father's tombstone. Both brothers had grand voices, modulated by their musical powers, much eloquence, and countenances of noble beauty and spirituality, which became more and more fine with added years and reverent apostolic white locks, so that the hearts of the multitude were bowed before them, and numbers of men and women renounced their sins.

It was in this neighbourhood that a cartload of Methodists were seized and brought before a magistrate, who asked what they were accused of.

One man said they pretended to be better than other people and prayed from morning to night.

"Any more?" asked the Justice of the Peace.

"Yes, sir," said an old man, "they have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had *such* a tongue, and now she is as quite as a lamb."

"Carry them back, carry them back," exclaimed the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

The feeling of the more thoughtful clergy seems to have been somewhat like that in the earlier days of the Salvation Army. They saw great numbers of evil livers renounce their previous habits and become godly, and there was no separation from the Church, but there were perilous elements, and some doubted whereto this should lead, while others of sluggish habits or careless dissipated customs were furious at being roused, and availed themselves of the flaw in orthodoxy, and the undoubted irregularity to stir up persecution.

Strange reports were hatched. Some said Mr. Wesley had been hanged and cut down, that he had been fined for selling gin, that he was a papist (because he really did fast on a Friday), that he had been seen with the Pretender in France. Charles Wesley was actually summoned before the magistrates at Wakefield for having prayed, in the words of the widow of Tekoah, that the Lord God would bring home His banished. Happily one of the magistrates was a clergyman, and could understand the sense in which he spoke.

The mob, probably excited by publicans, began to molest the preachers. They tried to unroof the Foundry Chapel. They threw

CAMEO I.
—
Persecutions of Methodists.
1740.

crackers and wild-fire into the meeting-room at Chelsea, and broke in the roof at Long Lane with stones.

The London magistrates heartily protected the Methodists, but in the country their treatment was much more uncertain. John had begun to itinerate through the country on horseback; indeed, he is said to have had no feeling or comprehension of a horse's sufferings from overwork and exhaustion. He visited established meetings, and roused places hitherto untouched. Some received him gladly, in others there were terrible riots. At Wednesbury and Walsall especially he was in great danger. At Walsall the roaring of the mob was, he says, like the roaring of the sea, he was all but thrown down, a blow on the mouth set it bleeding, he was pulled down by the hair, and the shout was, "Knock his brains out! Kill him at once!"

He got on the steps of a house, where the master was afraid to let him in, but with his back against the door he contrived to ask what harm he had done. "Whom of you all have I ever wronged in word or deed?"

The noble countenance and sweet but powerful voice began to tell on the rabble; there was a broken cry of "Bring him away," but it ceased, and he was heard praying aloud.

"Sir, I will spend my life for you," then called out one of the ring-leaders, who had been a prize-fighter at a bear-garden.

The Mayor then took courage to interfere, and he returned to Wednesbury in perfect safety; but a warrant was issued by the magistrates against certain persons called Methodists for raising a riot.

His class readers and preachers often fared still worse, being ducked, beaten, and misused. One poor man at Bristol, named John Nelson, was pressed for a soldier, shame to say, at the instance of his Vicar, who was a magistrate, and prevented the other Justices from listening to his appeal. He was put into a horrible dungeon cell at Bradford, where blood and filth from the shambles oozed in on him, and there was nothing but rotten straw. Another poor prisoner owed his life to the food that Nelson's friends put through a hole in the door. As he truly said, he had the lot of Jeremiah. The only plea against him was that he was said to have no visible means of getting his living, which, as he asked for nothing, was futile enough and entirely unjust. He was taken to York and enlisted after a fashion, for he would take no money and no oaths, but he promised not to run away, though he announced that he would not fight, but carried his musket as a cross. He had a vulgar, brutal ensign over him, who threatened and sent him to prison for preaching, or rather for not obeying orders when commanded to cease. The Major, however, released him, and told him that as long as he did his duty and obeyed orders, there was no objection to his preaching and praying, and he only wished there were more like him; but though some of the men were improved by him, the ensign continued to maltreat him. Finally, Lady Huntingdon bought

his discharge, happily before the '45, but his health had been so much injured that he died soon after.

CAMEO I.

Annual Conference. 1744.

The tradespeople and the poor were the most susceptible, especially those in Yorkshire and in Cornwall, where the brave protests of the missionaries struck a mortal blow at the terrible custom of wrecking. The preachers whom Wesley employed were at first working men, and if they moved out of their own district they were lodged and fed by members; but it was found that some provision must be made if they were to give up work during a journey, and very small seems the regulation sum in our times, four shillings a week for the wife, eighteenpence a day for the preacher, twenty shillings a quarter for each child. The amount was raised by regular small contributions from the members of the Society; the Wesleys themselves being provided for by their Oxford fellowships. There was a school also to be kept up. Whitfield's school at Kingswood had become the nucleus of a school for the sons of the Methodist preachers. It was a stern school, with rules drawn up by one who knew little of boyhood. Wesley might well say it was not for the children of tender parents. For the poor boys were to get up at 4 A.M., read, pray, and meditate till five, then walk and breakfast; but there was no play, and a master was always with them day and night. The food was very plain, but the learning was extensive, and Wesley wrote a French, a Latin, a Greek, and a Hebrew grammar for the school, and a selection from classic authors. The rules were utterly unworkable, and Wesley was always in trouble with the masters or the unhappy boys.

In 1744 began the annual Conference at the Foundry. The two Wesleys, four clergymen, and four lay preachers assembled at the Foundry, and the constitution of the Methodist Society was then arranged, and made subject to their Council, which has ever since met annually. Bands and classes were organised, lay preachers and class readers arranged for, and it was enacted that the preachers should never remain more than three years in one locality, so that there might always be some fresh stirring of devotion in each place. These regulations have been observed ever since by the main body of Methodists, though there have been various schisms from it.

The first was with George Whitfield, who had hitherto been devoted to Wesley, and called himself "a child willing to wash his feet," but who was found to hold most strongly the doctrine of Calvin, that the foreknowledge of God implied that certain persons were elect and predestinated to salvation, whatever they might do, and that others were entirely reprobate, and that their case was absolutely hopeless.

"What is there in reprobation so horrid?" said Whitfield.

"How!" cried Wesley, "shall the elect be saved, do what they will? The rest shall be damned, do what they can?"

Like the Calvinists and Arminians of old in Holland, they could not agree, for the orthodox mind could only shudder at the cruel and unreasonable doctrine, while the Calvinist held that it derogated from

CAMEO I.

Lady Huntingdon.

the conception of the Almighty Majesty of God to suppose that His judgment is not absolutely arbitrary, but depends in any way on the conduct of man himself. Finally, the two promised not to write or preach on a subject on which they could not agree; but they both found themselves unable to keep to the treaty. John Wesley cast lots, and the upshot was "Preach and print."

Whitfield was much admired by Selina Shirley, the widowed Countess of Huntingdon, a good and devout woman, who threw her whole soul and self into his teaching, without sufficient knowledge or judgment to balance it. There were prayer meeting in her rooms in London, to which she tried to gather her fashionable friends; but it may be feared that they were laughed at, and did not become profitable to many. Moreover, Whitfield had not the gentlemanly instincts which would have prevented his showing her almost abject adulation, which was in the good man quite genuine wonder and delight at such religion and condescension, in a countess, but which made him somewhat ridiculous. She founded and endowed several chapels, which still bear her name, and lay preachers were appointed to them.

Many beneficed clergy were heartily with the Methodist movement, among them Augustus Toplady, Vicar of Broad Hembury, and author of the beautiful hymn "Rock of Ages." There was a great outbreak of religious poetry under this stress of warm feeling. John Wesley himself wrote poetry, but Charles was above all the minstrel of the time, guided not only by poetical feeling, but by his exquisite ear for music. Our most valued hymns for Christmas and Ascension-day are his, "Hark! the herald-angels sing," and "Hail the day that sees Him rise," with many more, dear to all of us.

Charles Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham, a descendant of the Huguenots, was one of the most valued fellow-workers of the Wesleys, but none was of more beautiful character than John Fletcher, the Vicar of Madeley, in Shropshire. He was by birth a Swiss, born at Nyou, his real name was Jean de la Flechière, and his family were chiefly military, and he came to England to enter the Army, but there became impressed with strong religious feelings, sought Holy Orders in the English Church, and being presented to the living of Madeley, in Shropshire, became one of the most admirable of parish priests. A fine story is on record of him. He was on a visit to Switzerland, and was sitting alone, when a good-for-nothing nephew walked in, and demanded a large sum of money from him. As Fletcher knew that it would be used for no good purpose, he refused. Then the nephew told him that he had obtained the like sum from both his other uncles, officers in the army, "Thus," holding a loaded pistol at his head.

"Fire!" said the clergyman, unmoved. "A Christian has nothing to fear but sin.'

The young man *could* not fire, and went away abashed.

Fletcher, as he was now called in England, served Wesley well with his pen in his controversy with Whitfield. He was a most devoted

Churchman, and his prayers in Church and at home, indeed everywhere, were unremitting. Some of his flock excused themselves from coming to Church by saying they lived too far off to be ready in time. So he set out at five o'clock every Sunday morning with a bell, and rang the people up! He used to go out on week days to preach in the wild colliery country around, and would often break in on the revels of the miners and rebuke them fearlessly. Once he rode in among a mob of colliers who were baiting a bull. Their ringleader called out that they would bait the parson instead, pull him off his horse, and set their dogs at him; but at that moment the bull broke loose and scattered them all.

He married a Miss Bosanquet, who thought she had a call to work with him, and did so faithfully. Together, by their deep love and devotion, they Christianised their parish. All the means he derived from his little share of the paternal estate in the Pays de Vaud was spent upon the poor, and much more besides, and the opposition once made by colliers, parishioners, and even clergy and magistrates, gave way to love and reverence. Madeley was a reformed place, and such was the feeling for his work that when he died, his widow was entreated to continue in the Vicarage, and guide all the arrangements of his successors.

Charles Wesley married in 1749, after long consideration, a lady named Sarah Garth, and settled at Bristol, where he spent twenty-two happy years. John was less fortunate, or less well judging. He was always susceptible, and had once been made much inclined to marry a very able woman, a class-reader, and a great helper in his work, but she was not a lady, and Charles persuaded her that she would be a stumbling-block in John's way, and induced her to marry in haste a suitor of her own rank who had long been attached to her.

John, in 1761, married Mrs. Vazeille, a widow with four children and a fair fortune, which he caused to be settled on herself. She turned out to be furiously jealous and very ill-tempered. Once she shut herself up in a room with Charles Wesley and poured out complaints of his brother, while he answered nothing save repetitions of Latin verse, till he fairly baffled her, but at last, after worrying John with her lamentations and objurgations, they separated.

In Scotland Wesley met with no success, but though mobbed in Ireland, he won a good many converts, in especial, one Thomas Walsh, who gave up Romanism and became an effective lay preacher, wearing himself out early by his zeal and austerities.

Wales, in the sluggish condition of the Church, had been neglected, and Methodism gained a hold there among the eager excitable people, which it has never lost.

Latterly Wesley and Whitfield were reconciled; Whitfield breathed nothing but peace in his latter years, and they came very soon, for when Wesley met him, it was as hock to see how aged and worn-out he looked at fifty years old, whereas John himself at sixty-three was perfectly strong and hearty. They were softened towards each other,

CAMEO I.

Whitfield's Death. 1769.

and John preached in Lady Huntingdon's chapel, where she was much surprised to see him.

Whitfield returned to Georgia, but his health and spirits were broken though he would give himself no rest. "I had rather wear out than rust out," he said, and once when he had spoken so irritably as to bring tears from the person he rebuked, he wept bitterly himself, exclaiming, "I shall be a peevish poor old man, and everybody will be tired of me." However, he died in 1769, after a short illness, at Newbury Port, in Georgia, and by his own desire was buried before the pulpit in the Presbyterian Church. While all Georgia went into mourning and every yard of black cloth or ribbon was bought up, Wesley, by Whitfield's own wish, preached his funeral sermon at the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road.

America was always a snare to Wesley. Methodism was not planted there through his agency, but it soon took root there. When the American War broke out, the entire English Church was in grievous difficulties, for Bishops had never yet been granted to a colony, since there was an idea that the peerage was a necessary adjunct to a bishopric. All American clergymen were ordained in England, and after the war the Bishops believed ordination impossible unless the oath of allegiance was taken.

Dr. Coke, a zealous English priest and strong Methodist, persuaded Wesley, then past eighty years old, contrary to all his former principles, that Bishops and Presbyters were interchangeable, and that Episcopacy was merely a matter of government. Together they considered themselves competent to ordain two preachers for America with authority to administer the Sacraments, and to endow Dr. Coke with a sort of episcopal authority. Indeed, a Methodist Episcopal Church, as it is called, has grown to large dimensions in the States.

Charles was exceedingly grieved. He considered the act unorthodox and schismatical; and in fact it proved the origin of a real schism, not only in America, but in England, when a little patience and faith would have obviated the difficulty, since the nonjuring Scotch Bishops were about to consecrate a Bishop for the Church in America.

Charles had settled in London, ministering to the Methodists, but clinging to the Church. His sons had the musical genius of the family in no small degree, and so has the present generation. He died in 1788 in perfect peace and joy. "My brother will not long survive me," he said, and John, who had hitherto been full of vigour, was ageing fast, though with full powers of mind. In his eighty-eighth year, a cold and fever on the 2nd of March, 1791, peacefully ended a life which had been full of the most intense zeal for God's work, and though it went astray in some points, kindled the fire almost extinct in the Church. He made the little rift, which has widened grieviously since his death, but he was one whose noble and devoted nature was surely that which personally was worthy of all honour, even while his over-impatience has had unhappy results.

CAMEO II.

THE PEACE OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

1746—1752.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1725. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

THE Rising of 1745 was only an episode in the Continental war, arranged by France to draw off the forces of England from the Continent. Changes were in the meantime taking place from other causes. Philip V. of Spain died of apoplexy at sixty-two years of age on the 9th of July, 1746. Though personally good and conscientious, he had always been weak and helpless, and had for years been in a kind of torpid state, when it was difficult to obtain his signature; but his Queen, the ambitious Elizabeth Farnese, had managed everything, and the son who succeeded him, Fernando VI., was of the first marriage, and by no means devoted to his step-mother. The eldest daughter, who was the wife of the Dauphin, died a fortnight after King Philip, leaving her young husband, a deeply religious and thoughtful youth, utterly broken-hearted.

Francis of Lorraine was elected Emperor at Frankfort in June, 1745, to the extreme joy of his wife. However, the absence of the English army enabled Louis XV. to make a rapid tour of conquest in the Austrian Netherlands, under the guidance of Marshal Saxe, Mons and Charleroi all surrendering without a blow. Maria Theresa sent her brother-in-law, Prince Charles of Lorraine, to endeavour to save the rest, and there was a little indecisive battle at Raucoux, after which the armies went into winter quarters.

There was a change of Ministry in England, resulting in the Earl of Chesterfield being made Secretary of State. He was a most accomplished and well-read man, according to the ideas of the day, and his letters to his so-called godson, really his illegitimate son, became the great manual of polished manners, and likewise of real information, and all that could lead to wordly success, either politically or socially.

CAMEO II
—
Lord Chesterfield.

Apart from being either a religious or conscientiously moral man, which he never was, he had a sense of duty to his country, and knew that his own prosperity and honour depended upon his service to it. He cared for reputation above all things, and thought nothing else worthy of an effort. Thus everything was to be cultivated for that end. The classical languages and French, with a considerable knowledge of history, were especially needful; but music was absolutely forbidden and despised, in curious contrast to the graceful accomplishments of the gentleman down to Elizabeth's time. Manners made man decidedly in Chesterfield's estimation. The first Philip Stanhope, to whom the letters were addressed, turned out dull and unsatisfactory, and greatly disappointed him. As he grew old, he wrote another set of letters to his real godson, great-nephew and heir, another Philip Stanhope, beginning in early boyhood—some in French, some giving lessons in history, and in general with a better tone than the earlier ones. They were not intended for publication, but of late years have been brought to light. This other Philip grew up far from brilliant, though perfectly respectable, a thorough bucolic country gentleman.

Chesterfield had been one of the best Lord-Lieutenants Ireland had known, mitigating the execution of the penal laws as much as possible, and winking at Roman Catholic assemblies for worship; but he could not do much, for ever since the Revolution the laws, enacted by a Parliament almost entirely composed of ultra-Protestants, had been frightfully severe. The oath of abjuration of the Pope and Communion in the Established Church were the qualification for any office, and even for voting at an election. Later, rewards were fixed for informers betraying any Popish ecclesiastic or schoolmaster, heavy penalties were announced on the clergy themselves, and even Chesterfield was unable to prevent the passing of a bill annulling all marriages between Protestants and Papists, and one sentencing to death the Romish Priest who dared to unite a Protestant and a Papist in marriage! Chesterfield did his utmost for toleration in act, though not in word, and kept Ireland quiet all through 1745-46, though plenty of plots were supposed to exist.

"All Connaught is rising," cried a zealous alarmist, rushing into his room before he was up.

"It is past nine o'clock, and time for us all to be rising," quietly answered Chesterfield.

When all was at peace in England, the Duke of Cumberland was sent out to Flanders again, but found, to his anger and disappointment, that the Dutch and Austrian contingents were far behind what had been promised. The French, in fact, terrified them by sending 20,000 troops into their territory, and in their alarm they elected a Stadtholder. They had not had one since the death of William III., and, as usual, they chose the Prince of Orange, William IV., whose grandmother had been a sister to the father of William III., and his father of a more remote branch of the House of Nassau. He was married to

CAMBO II.

Battle of Laufeldt. 1747.

Anne, eldest daughter of George II., and though she did not live on very good terms with him, and spent as much time in England as possible, George assisted him with large benefactions as an enemy to the French. He joined the army, but quarrelled with his brother-in-law of Cumberland, and showed himself ignorant of military tactics, so he was advised to retire, and the Prince of Waldeck took the command of the Dutch contingent.

The army, made up of English, Dutch, Austrians, Bavarians, and Flemings, amounted to 100,000, a larger number than Marshal Saxe commanded when he advanced on their entrenchments at Laufeldt, near Maestricht, on the 1st of July, 1747, leaving Louis XV. safely placed on some heights in the rear.

The English bore the brunt of the battle. Marshal Saxe charged them in the village of Laufeldt three times, and was repulsed with the loss of 10,000 men; but the Dutch fled, and the Austrians who were strongly posted, would not come out of their position. Cumberland, being short-sighted, had nearly blundered into a body of French, and had almost been made prisoner.

On the fourth attack, the French entered the village, but were still under heavy fire, and General Ligonier, the son of an exiled Huguenot, made a gallant attack on him with a troop of horse, and broke the ranks once more; but Marshal Saxe rallied the French, and enclosed Ligonier's troop. The General availed himself of his French appearance and hoped to escape, affecting to lead a party of French cavalry; but his Star of the Bath was seen under his great coat, and he was captured. His charge had given Cumberland time to retreat in good order to Maestricht, carrying off six colours, though the English had lost four of their own, and in numbers of slain about as many as the French had done.

"Had there been 50,000 as brave as you," said a French officer to one of the prisoners, "we should hardly have gained the day."

"There were men enough like me," was the reply; "what we wanted was one like Marshal Saxe."

Ligonier was taken to Louis XV., who was very civil to him, and told him of his great regret for the slaughter.

"Would it not be better," said the King, "to think seriously of peace, instead of beholding the destruction of so many brave troops."

Voltaire, however, regretted that Ligonier had not been made to suffer in reprisal for Scottish officers in the French service taken in the '45. Louis had been cool and impassive throughout the battle, but he positively forbade his son to put himself at the head of the troops. The losses of the French had been so severe that they could only hold the field of battle without attempting pursuit. And Louis, with the Dauphin, returned home to glorify himself on his victory, while Marshal Saxe took city after city—Tournai, Oudenarde, Ostend, and Brussels, for Maria Theresa did not show any anxiety to save the Austrian Low Countries, and did not send means of defence.

CAMEO II.
—
Bergen-op-Zoom.
1745.

Bergen-op-Zoom was one of the strongest fortresses in existence, considered as the masterpiece of the engineer Cohorn, and Count Lowendahl with 30,000 men hardly expected to take it, as it was connected with a considerable Austrian camp and open to the sea.

But the Governor was eighty years old, and no one was alert. A sentry let himself be surprised, and the French entered easily before the poor old Governor was up in the morning. The garrison rallied in the square, defended themselves gallantly, and retreated in good order through the opposite gate, and two officers of a Highland regiment, Francis and Hector Maclaine, distinguished themselves. Francis, with sixty men, defended the water fort, till his party was reduced to twenty-five, and Lowendahl allowed him to capitulate honourably, and Hector, in an outwork, with only five men, declared that they should destroy large numbers of French, and would die rather than become prisoners of war. He was allowed to march out with drum beating, and not as a prisoner.

As a balance to the losses there had been naval successes. Cape Breton, then belonging to the French dominions in Canada, was taken, and Admiral Hawke gained a victory off Cape Finisterre, which crippled the French navy, though the French considered themselves to have come off with credit.

Maria Theresa waged war with more earnestness in Italy and in Saxony. In fact, her heart was set upon the recovery of Silesia from the King of Prussia; but, on the other hand, the English and French were weary of the war, and wished for peace. Marshal Saxe had several conversations with Sir John Ligonier, and told him that the King did not love war, nor did he himself. Saxe added that he was hated by the whole French nation, as a German and a Protestant, and that all would be delighted if he met with a reverse; he had had every reward that could be given to him, and his health was utterly broken, so that he sincerely wished for peace. He added that he had rather send Ligonier back to the Duke of Cumberland to express these sentiments, and add that he thought the arrangements could best be begun by themselves at the head of their armies, and though of course the Duke could do nothing without the consent of the Allies, there would be time to consult them, as the armies were going into winter quarters.

"As to the King of France," said the old Marshal, "he looks to nothing for himself; he is willing to restore all Flanders as it now is except Furnes, which he expects if you insist on destroying Dunkirk; but if you will let that harbour remain as it is, he will ask nothing but the restitution of Dunkirk."

The news perplexed the English, for the King wished to entrust the management to his son, and the Ministers thought the Duke too impetuous and to ignorant of diplomacy to be safely trusted. The Earl of Sandwich was finally sent over to assist, or rather direct the negotiations, and it was agreed that a Congress should take place at Aix-la-Chapelle. However, it appeared that Maria Theresa did not at all

CAMEO II.

The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. 1748.

wish for peace before there had been any signal success, no more did the Duke of Cumberland and the Prince of Orange, and the management of the affair was such that Chesterfield resigned office and was succeeded by the Duke of Bedford.

The new campaign began in 1748, and Marshal Saxe showed his skill to be superior to that of Cumberland, by feigning to intend to invest Breda and really besieging Maestricht, the fall of which would open the way to the invasion of Holland. The Duke of Cumberland had joined the army in March, 1748, at Ruremonde; but the Austrian army did not come up in time to support him in giving battle, and the fall of Maestricht seemed imminent, and therewith the ruin of Holland.

To avert this destruction the Earl of Sandwich and the Count of St. Severin hastily signed an agreement for a suspension of arms, and the Plenipotentiaries of the Powers met at Aix-la-Chapelle to conclude a peace much to the disgust of Maria Theresa.

Besides the arrangements with regard to Italy, it was agreed that all conquests on either side should be restored, that the fortifications of Dunkirk should be demolished, and that the Stuarts should be forbidden to reside in France—also that Francis of Lorraine should be acknowledged as Emperor, and that in return, Silesia and Glatz should be absolutely ceded to Prussia; moreover, that two noblemen should be sent to France as hostages for the restitution of Cape Breton. By the close of the year 1748, the peace was signed by all the Powers concerned, and is known as the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Maria Theresa was extremely angry. "I am neither a child nor a fool!" she exclaimed. "How I have been used! There is *your* King of Prussia! This rips up too many old, and makes new wounds!" However, she was forced to sign the peace, and she applied herself thereupon to healing the ravages of the long war, and at the same time to making preparations for a future attempt to recover Silesia.

In fact, the peace was nothing but a truce, and the French so felt it after all their conquests. "*Bête comme la paix*" was the saying.

The period following it has been called the Regency of Madame de Pompadour. The King attended to nothing more than he could help, and she really controlled his measures, keeping up a continual course of such amusements as his dull nature could enjoy, good, bad, or indifferent, and showing herself not only magnificent, but kind and good-natured to all around, so that she was by no means unpopular.

The poor Queen, Marie Lecksinska, had always been dull, but she had been at first beloved, and it was her attempt at overthrowing old Cardinal Fleury that had at first alienated her husband. Afterwards she showed unwise disgust at his habits of smoking and innate vulgarity, and his nature, always that of a spoilt child, resented this. She did not try, or did not know how to try, to bring him back, and they lived in a more and more alienated state, while she felt herself a victim, and lived a life apart, never trying to approach him, and apparently showing little interest in her daughters.

CAMEO II.
The Dauphin.
1749.

Her only son was her comfort. The Dauphin had been most carefully brought up by the Duke of Chatillon, his Governor, and Boyer, Bishop of Mirepoix. He was deeply devout and conscientious, and by no means wanting in spirit or intelligence; but his father had been jealous of him ever since he came to man's estate, and repressed him by every possible means; while Madame de Pompadour hated him as much as her easy good nature could hate any one.

He was almost a boy when he was married to the Spanish Infanta, and had by no means shaken off the first grief for her loss, when in scarcely a year's time he was compelled to marry Marie Josephe of Saxony, the daughter of Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, half-brother thus to the great Marshal Maurice.

It was bitter grief to the poor Prince, and the first time the pair were alone together, the associations of the past so overcame him that he could not restrain a flood of sobs and tears; but his bride showed herself neither vexed nor mortified. "Weep freely, sir," she said; "I only see how much I may hope to be loved."

As she was the daughter of the King of Poland, who had dispossessed the father of the Queen, it was feared that there might be awkwardness between them, but the tact of the bride prepared for this, and when the Queen desired to look at the miniature on her bracelet, it proved to be the portrait, not of the actual, but the former King of Poland, and tender words passed between the mother and daughter-in-law, who were thenceforth warmly attached to one another. The Dauphin and his wife lived in the most perfect concord and affection, and were deeply religious and conscientious, chiefly under Jesuit influence. They made an almost sacred oasis in the desert of evil in the Court, and while the Dauphin and his wife sat peacefully with the Queen, the King was amused with all the devices that could tempt the taste which became more and more degraded.

The Princesses proved to have been left almost uneducated, and it was their brother who had actually taught them all that they knew. In the morning the King used to go down by a private stair to the apartment of his eldest daughter, Madame Adelaide, generally drinking with her the coffee that he liked to make with his own hands. When she heard him coming, Madame Adelaide rang a bell, which summoned the next sister, Madame Victoire, who on her side rang for Madame Sophie, and lastly poor little Madame Louise, who was very small and somewhat deformed, had to make what speed she could along the huge length of the great apartments to receive her father's kiss before he went out hunting. The sisters generally sat together, working tapestry, with a lady to read to them; but at six o'clock there was a ceremony called "*le débotter du roi.*" Each Princess put on, over her déshabille, a monstrous hoop covered by a rich embroidered skirt of brocade, a long train, and a mantle up to the neck, then sailed off, attended by pages, equerries, chevaliers d'honneur, and flambeaux, to the King's apartments, where he gave each a kiss on the forehead, after which

Deaths of the Heirs of England and France. 1751.

they all went back, untied their finery, and sat down to their work in a quarter of an hour's space.

The Duke of Orleans had always been a devout man, and he resigned all his estates to his son, only retaining a yearly income, which he spent in charity, boarding himself with a single servant with the fathers of St. Geneviève, noted Jansenists, and studying Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean, and Syriac, in order to a better understanding of Holy Scripture. He founded a professorship of Hebrew at the Sorbonne, in order, as he said, that the heretics might not be the only students of the Bible in the original languages. He was an intense admirer of St. Thomas Aquinas, but such was the enmity of the Jesuits to the Jansenists that the Curé of St. Etienne refused to come to administer to him the last Sacraments; but as he was in full communion with the Church, he received them from his own Almoner, and forbade any proceedings against the curate. He died in 1752 and was succeeded by his son, whose home was made wretched by the misconduct of his wife, a daughter of the house of Bourbon Conti, now thoroughly corrupt.

That same year, the Dauphin had the small-pox, and was so admirably attended by his wife that one of the doctors said to her, "You are the best nurse I ever saw in my life; pray tell me your name, my dear."

A few months previously had died the heir of England, Frederick, Prince of Wales, on the 20th of March, 1751. He was a man whom few had loved or respected, though how far his faults were owing to his education and the unkindness of his parents, cannot be known. His wife Augusta, a wise and good woman, loved him dearly. She attended him to the last through his attack of pleurisy, would not for a long time believe that he was dead, and after being persuaded to lie down for two hours, rose again to look over his papers and burn what might do harm to his memory.

She had eight children, the youngest born two months later. The eldest son, George, was only twelve years old. She brought her family up admirably, and avoided all party spirit, won the esteem and affection of the King, and truly this quiet undemonstrative woman is one to whom England owes much in the higher, purer tone which began in her household.

CAMEO III. *La Bourdonnais.* 1747.

him, and he imprisoned the envoys from Pondicherry. In the midst a terrible hurricane shattered his fleet, and he could barely escape to Mauritius in a little vessel. Poor man, he there found a new governor, appointed in consequence of Dupleix's misrepresentations and accusations of having been bribed to accept a ransom.

The two islands, Mauritius and Bourbon, owed all their prosperity to him, but prosecution had already commenced against him at Paris, and he hastened home with his wife and four children, but the ship was captured by the English, and he came to London as a prisoner. There he was honourably received and much respected. Indeed, one of the directors of the East India Company offered to become surety for him, to the extent of his whole fortune. But in France he was thrown into the Bastille, and kept "*Au secret*" for two whole years. He came out with fortune wasted in the suit, and health shattered, so that he soon after died; but Dupleix's dishonourable treatment of him and of the English had sown thorns which were to produce the bitter fruit of retribution.

There was a young man in Madras who was destined to disconcert Dupleix and to become the founder of British greatness in India. Robert Clive, born in 1725, was the son of a Shropshire squire. He had always been a vehement eager boy, full of enterprise, and heedless of danger. At Market Drayton, where he spent some years at school, he was the terror of the shopkeepers, from the tricks in which he was the leader, and once, having set his mind on a smooth stone that lay on one of the dragon headed gargoyles of the Church, he climbed up after it, and there sat coolly balancing himself above the heads of his companions.

In 1743, when only eighteen, he was sent out to India, with the appointment of a writer. Voyages were most tardy and uncertain matters, and he was delayed for nine months in Brazil, where he so far profited as to learn Portuguese, but found on reaching Madras, that the person expected to befriend him had gone home. He had a morbid tendency to depression always about him, owing to illnesses in early life, and he suffered extremely in his dreary position, where he had not one familiar acquaintance, and declared that he had not enjoyed a happy hour since he left England. He was at the same time abrupt and rude, so as to give offence, and prevent much social intercourse, and his chief solace was an excellent library in Government House, where he read and studied to considerable purpose.

Angered and grieved by the surrender of Madras, and the treachery of Dupleix, he made his escape in disguise together with another young man, Edmund Maskelyne, and reached Fort St. David, when he asked for and obtained a commission in the small army raised and maintained by the East India Company for the defence of its possessions.

Then the French made attempts to take the Fort of St. David, but in 1748, Admiral Boscawen and Major Lawrence determined on besieging Pondicherry, the one on the sea, the other on the land side. But on

disembarking, a fort checked them, and they then came to an impassable marsh. The only ground where they could place their cannon was too far off to be of much use, though Dupleix, who was commanding, was slightly wounded, upon which his high-spirited lady took his place.

The rains came on early, and the English sickened, and grew dispirited, so that on the 20th of October, after rather more than three weeks, the siege was raised, and Dupleix glorified himself in his letters.

It was during a sortie of the French that Clive, who was serving in a battery, ran to fetch more powder. An officer accused him of running out of cowardice. He went with a friend to demand satisfaction, but the accuser struck him a blow on the ear. Swords were at once drawn, but the two were separated. As soon as the siege was given up, a court of inquiry was held, and the aggressor was ordered to ask pardon publicly for the words, but the blow was not mentioned, and when Clive demanded satisfaction for this, it was refused, whereupon he laid his cane on the officer's head, saying, that he could not think of thrashing such a contemptible coward. On this his enemy gave up his commission.

After this came tidings of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Madras had to be restored to the English to the extreme mortification of Dupleix, who received however the title of Marquis and the ribbon of St. Louis. The peace was the more mortifying to the two parties in India, because their armies had been raised to a greater state of efficiency than they had ever before attained to. The result was that each Company began to make alliances with the native powers, under whose colours they considered that they might fight without infringing the treaty between their parent countries.

The armies of the two nations consisted chiefly in the rank and file of trained natives, Sipahi—or, as we call them, Sepoys. They had officers of their own, but Englishmen were in command over the native officers, holding commissions from the Company, and of these Robert Clive was one. As the importance of the Company's possessions came to be recognised, regiments of the line, wholly national, and likewise ships of war, were lent to them as it were. The Sepoys proved excellent soldiers with instincts of obedience that made them amenable to European discipline, with few of the Western forms of vice, sober and cleanly, and when properly led very courageous. Some were Hindoo, some Mohammedan, and these kept distinct from one another except on parade and in action, but the Mohammedans were on the whole superiors, and had more in common with the Europeans than had the Hindoos, not being bound by the distinctions of caste, which, as need scarcely be explained, divided the tribes of Hindoos infinitesimally, and cut them off from close intercourse or sharing of food with men of other castes, far more from Europeans, so that the mere shadow of a passing white man would defile the food, and his touch necessitate the destruction of a piece of crockery. Yet these men made excellent servants, unfailing in politeness and grace, and the European settlers lived in the utmost luxury, such as we can hardly realise, half-Eastern in their habits and often dropping

CAMEO III.
Tanjore.
1749.

the best of their home training. Care of health was little understood, and the self-indulgence of England was exaggerated. The chief factories had chaplains, but religious habits were soon dropped, and as the Company bargained in all cases to have no interference with native religion, there was no attempt as yet to show the natives a better way. Courage the Europeans had to the utmost, and in general honour, but conscience too often yielded to greed, and customs arose for which the Anglo-Indian would have blushed at home. The duplicity and bribery of the natives too often infected them, young as they had generally been, and sent out without guidance.

It was in the affairs of Tanjore that the English first interfered. This was a Hindoo kingdom in the extreme south of the peninsula of Hindostan, which had long ago submitted to the Mongul Empire and became tributary. A feeble Rajah, who had been expelled, came to Fort St. David, and entreated the assistance of the English to replace him on his throne, promising them the fort and territory of Devicotta if he succeeded. The temptation was great, and in 1749, 2,000 Sepoys with 430 Europeans, and four ships of war, carrying artillery and supplies, were sent to his aid in the spring of 1749.

A hurricane did the fleet and camp terrible damage, and the Tanjorines had no intention of receiving back their former king. They defended Devicotta with great bravery, and the commander, Captain Cope, would not take Clive's advice of making a sudden assault; but fell back to Fort St. David. Major Stringer Lawrence was sent in his stead. The ingenuity of one of the ship's carpenters enabled him to carry 400 men across the river Coleroon, so as to attack the fort on that side. Clive led the forlorn hope, showing as usual the greatest gallantry; but the Sepoys were slow to move, and a great charge of Tanjorine horse drove them back. Major Lawrence, however, brought up the rest of the Europeans, and they received a second charge of the Tanjorines with such a well-directed fire as to turn them back, and the breach being stormed at the same time, the defenders fled and the place was won.

A badly wounded Hindoo, evidently of high caste, was found in the place. He fiercely repelled all English attempts to assist him, and when the surgeon dressed his wounds in spite of his resistance, he tore off the bandages. For three days he was closely watched, but on the fourth, being left alone in a thatched hut, he crept to a lamp, set the place on fire, and perished in it, rather than live defiled by the Christian touch.

A tall pagoda not far outside the walls, enclosing a square of 500 yards, had been yielded to the English by the Brahmins, on their promise not to enter the most sacred part, but the Tanjorines were so horrified at the pollution of their temple, that they made a desperate attack on it at night, endeavouring to burn it down by placing flaming bundles of straw round it, and the small garrison had to defend themselves till day when Major Lawrence gave them assistance.

Pertab Singh, the chosen Rajah, proved to be so much preferred to

CAMEO III.

Chunda Sahib. 1752.

his brother that it was determined to make peace with him, on his cession to the Company of Devicotta, and a territory round it, and pensioning off his dethroned rival. Here was another solid advantage gained though not by very creditable means.

The French on their side were far from idle in the like alliances with the native princes, who were indeed all feudatories of the Mogul Emperor, but he, when there was a disputed succession, simply accepted presents and gave grants to each claimant who applied to him for investiture, and left them to fight it out.

Chunda Sahib, who aspired to be Nawab of the Carnatic, instead of the reigning ruler Ameer-ed-Deen, had been made prisoner by the Mahrattas.

These people were Hindoos of the straitest sect, but they were a nation of warriors, hardy brilliant horsemen, always ready to make forays on their neighbours, or to hire themselves out in troops to native princes. Their territory seems to have been undefined in limits and they were extremely dreaded. They took Chunda Sahib prisoner, and kept him for seven years till Dupleix, scenting a means of extending French power through his pretensions, ransomed him and brought him to Pondicherry. About the same time there was a disputed succession in the Deccan. Orme, who was a chaplain in India while these events were passing, explains that the Indian princes are passionately fond of their little children, but are apt to regard them, when grown up, with jealousy, and to transfer their affection to their grand-children.

Thus the great feudal chief of the Deccan, Nizam el Mulk, had begun to hold aloof from his eldest son, Nazir Jung, and to give all his favour to the son of his favourite daughter. This young man, on his grandfather's death, assumed the title of Mirzafa Jung, or the Invincible, and produced letters by which the treasures and domains of the Nizam were left to him. They were sealed with the official seal, but so were Nazir Jung's appointment, and the Mogul Emperor took their presents and appointed each !

Dupleix saw the advantage of intervening, and seems to have brought Chunda Sahib and Mirzafa Jung together. Chunda Sahib, the elder and more experienced of the two, gained great influence over Mirzafa, and agreed with him to unite their forces and begin by attacking Ameer-ed-Deen, the Nabob of Arcot, since the conquest of the Carnatic would, he said, greatly facilitate that of the Deccan, where his uncle had a large army.

M. Dupleix immediately sent a body of Sepoys to their assistance, 2,000 in number, including a body of Kafirs from West Africa, whom the Governor of the Isle of Bourbon had taken into the service, together with 400 Europeans under M. d'Auteuil. Chunda Sahib had greatly improved and disciplined his army, which consisted of 12,000 horse and 8,000 infantry, and together they advanced on the fort of Amhoor, which was about 50 miles from Arcot, dominating a mountain pass leading into the Carnatic. Ameer-ed-Deen, at 107 years old, was at the head of his

CAMEO III. *The Siege of Tanjore.*

troops to defend this pass, in front of which he had drawn a strong entrenchment, with cannon served by the European adventurers, who were always ready to serve under native princes, and the way before it was flooded, though not very deeply.

D'Auteuil begged that the storming of this entrenchment might be left to him and the French. They were beaten off once, and D'Auteuil was wounded, but Bussy led them to a second attack and gained the point. The battle was now between the main bodies of the armies. Old Ameer-ed-Deen was mounted on an enormous elephant and leading a brave defence when he heard that his eldest son had been killed, and his standard taken. Seeing in the distance the ensigns that marked Chunda Sahib's elephant, he ordered his own to be driven against it, but on the way he was shot dead by a Kafir in the French service, and all was then confusion and massacre. Sixty elephants fell to the booty of the conquerors, and a great number of horses, which, with the artillery, the chiefs kept to themselves, but allowed all the rest of the plunder to be taken by the soldiers.

The same evening Mirzafa Jung was proclaimed Nizam of the Deccan, and immediately nominated Chunda Sahib to be Nabob of the Carnatic, with Trichinopoly for his capital. Arcot submitted, and both the Rajah of Tanjore, and the English who had just accepted him, were much concerned, especially as Dupleix gave the two victors a splendid reception at Pondicherry, but Admiral Boscawen had been allowed to return home, and they could take no effective part.

Mahomed Ali, the second son of Ameer-ed-Deen, was at Trichinopoly, and Dupleix tried to induce the two chiefs to lay siege to that important place, they chose previously to attack Tanjore, not choosing to confess that their means were not equal to such a considerable siege.

The Rajah of Tanjore managed to delay them by offers of surrender, and, when at last he was intimidated into promising to pay a very large subsidy, he still managed to procrastinate, sending the first instalment of gold, silver and jewels, over the value of which there was long haggling, and next a quantity of obsolete coins, which required to be weighed and valued. The object was to give time for Nazir Jung to advance with his army, and three troops of hired Mahrattas; with some skirmishing, Chunda Sahib and his friend fell back and visited Pondicherry.

Dupleix assisted them with money and more troops, and they set out to encounter the two sons of the Nizam, Nazir Jung and Mohamed Ali, who had joined their armies and were assisted by Major Lawrence with 600 Europeans.

The two armies were face to face at Valdore, only fifteen miles from Pondicherry, but the French officers were in a state of discontent about their pay, threw up their commissions, and left the camp. It was impossible to fight, and Chunda Sahib therefore retired to Pondicherry and tried to induce Mirzafa Jung to come with him; but that prince had been assured that if he submitted to his uncle, he should retain all

his riches and government. Indeed Nazir Jung did not hesitate to swear on the Koran to grant him liberty, and all that he had before possessed.

No sooner did Mirzafa Khan arrive, than he was captured and put into fetters, and his camp was attacked and broken up.

The treacherous Nazir Jung now refused the territory around Madras which he had promised to the English, and turning a deaf ear to Major Lawrence's advice as to following up his advantages, he retired to Arcot, and there led a life of Eastern luxury and debauchery, but sent to retake the portions of territory which Mirzafa Jung had granted to the French at Masulipatam.

Of course this brought the French down upon him. They recaptured the city, and with Chunda Sahib routed Mahomed Ali. Then De Bussy, an excellent officer, the intended son-in-law of Dupleix, took Gingi, a fort hitherto supposed to be impregnable. Nazir Jung was routed, and summoned together one of the enormous armies of the East, with which he advanced from Arcot. A portion of his force was made up of Pitans, Afghans, that is to say, belonging to Mohammedan tribes settled in the northern mountains, and reputed to be the best soldiers in India, superior even to the Mahrattas. Their commanders were known to resent the treatment of Mirzafa Khan. Dupleix entered into communication with them, and they promised to go over to him.

On the 16th of December, 1750, a great battle took place, twelve miles from Gingi. Nazir Jung's camp was attacked, the Pitans refused to move, and while Nazir Jung, on his elephant, was reproaching one of his chiefs, he was shot through the head by an attendant.

His head was cut off, fixed on a pole, and carried to the tent where Mirzafa Jung was kept in the chains he had worn for seven months!

All was changed: Mahomed Ali fled at the utmost speed of his horse to Trichinopoly, and Mirzafa Jung emerged from his captivity to find himself on the tributary throne of the Deccan.

When the tidings reached Pondicherry, Chunda Sahib, in ecstasy, forgot his reticence, and rushed alone to M. Dupleix, who embraced him fervently. A salute was fired by all the guns in the town, a "Te Deum" was sung, and deputies were sent in congratulation, also robes of honour, and the white flag of the Bourbons.

Then Mirzafa Jung entered Pondicherry in state. He would fain have done so on his elephant, but the drawbridge was not equal to the occasion, so he came in on the same palanquin with Dupleix, and they consulted on the rewards to the Pitan chiefs and the other advantages from the victory.

Mirzafa Jung invested himself with the robes of the Soubahdir. There Dupleix, in the robes of a Mohammedan lord of Hindostan, did homage to him, and was invested with the government, under the Mogul Empire, of all the lands lying between the river Kristna and the sea, a territory as large as his native France, also he was made Mushud or General of a troop of 7,000 horse, with permission to bear the

CAMEO III.

Success of the French. 1750.

standard of the Fish, the noblest in the Empire, almost equivalent to royalty; Chunda Sahib, as Nabob of Arcot, was under him, and all money used in the Carnatic was to be coined at Pondicherry.

The Mogul Emperor confirmed all these assumptions or concessions, whichever they may be called, and so viewed Dupleix as an Indian Prince that he actually asked in marriage his youngest daughter, the betrothed of Bussy. Dupleix was almost beside himself with exultation. He wore splendid Eastern robes, caused himself to be served on the knee, even by his European officers, and in time of harvest, marked all the fields to which he laid claim with white flags, as in France, the sheaves of the tithe, and the seigneur were marked. The flags came near enough to Fort St. David to be seen from the walls, and filled the English with forebodings, while Dupleix wrote home: "The Empire of France in India is founded," and Bussy also declared, "Send me reinforcements, and in another year the Mogul Emperor shall tremble at the name of Dupleix."

Moreover, on the spot where Nazir Jung had fallen at Gingi, the foundations of a city were laid, with a pillar in the centre, bearing the inscription, Dupleix Fatihabad, meaning, "The City of the Victory of Dupleix," although the battle had been won without his presence.

The pillar still stands alone, serving as a monument of what it is to glory and boast before the armour is taken off.

France was, however, the power revered and dreaded by all the powers in India, who altogether understood and admired the display and outspoken self-glorification of such men as Dupleix and Bussy, and only viewed the perfidy and avarice of the former as natural. The English were viewed as mere traders, with little forts on the coast for the protection of their factories, and no views of conquest, though they might sometimes interfere in the wars of native princes. Nor indeed had the Company any such ulterior projects. To hear that in less than a century and a half their Queen would be hailed as Empress of India would have filled them with amazement.

CAMEO IV.

CLIVE AND DUPLEIX.

1750-1754.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1725. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

CAMEO IV.
—
Dupleix and Bussy.
1750.

DUPLEIX, in his Oriental pomp at Pondicherry, sending home boastful accounts of his successes, little knew how lightly they were treated before Louis XV. by a ministry who knew nothing about India, were incredulous of his exploits, and even if they had believed them, would have been unwilling to let their king be interested in the splendours of a Gascon adventurer, and thus the reinforcements demanded were tardily and unwillingly put in hand.

The first blow, however, that he received was from a quarrel among the Patan nawaubs who were returning from Pondicherry with Mirzafa Jung and a troop under Bussy. Mirzafa Jung, endeavouring to interfere, was killed by a javelin, and all was confusion; indeed, three of the rebel nawaubs killed one another on that same day.

Bussy promptly released Salabat Jung, the eldest surviving brother of Mazir Jung, and installed him as Soubadar of the Carnatic, continuing his march to Golconda.

Mahomed Ali, the son of Anwar-ed-deen, the late nawaub of the Deccan, was holding out Trichinopoly, but in a very dispirited, hopeless manner, and was already negotiating for surrender with Dupleix and Chunda Sahib, when the English Council at Madras, roused to alarm by the success of the French and their allies, decided on sending Captain Cope with 280 Europeans and 300 Sepoys to his assistance. Cope was not, however, successful in a sally against the fort of Madura, and Mahomed Ali's troops were falling away from him, though Trichinopoly still held out. The place was very strong, standing in a plain about half a mile from the bank of the river Cauvery. The fortifications formed a rectangle four miles round, and had a double wall of masonry, with flanking towers guarded by a moat thirty feet wide and fifteen

CAMEO IV.
Clive.
1751.

deep, and on the north, on the top of a steep rock, was a temple to Siva. Such rocks rise here and there abruptly out of the plain on all sides; and about twelve miles from the town, dividing the river Cauvery into two branches, is the island of Seringham, where are still two beautiful old pagodas. Chunda Sahib was coming up to finish the siege, and English influence seemed to be in the greatest danger.

However, that born general, Robert Clive, now a captain, perceived that while Bussy was at Aurungabad, protecting Salahat Jung, and Chunda Sahib at Trichinopoly, Arcot was left comparatively undefended, and that the best way to relieve Trichinopoly would be to make an attack upon its capital.

The President of the Council at Madras at this time was Mr. Saunders, a man of good judgment and great promptitude. He saw the wisdom of Clive's advice, and decided on following it, though it was exceedingly difficult to get troops together for the purpose. Only 300 Sepoys and 200 English could be scraped together, and out of their ten officers, only four, including Clive, had ever seen an engagement. There were three light fieldpieces, and on hearing that Arcot was garrisoned by 1,100 men, Clive sent back for two eighteen-pounders.

Clive's discipline was of the kind that, while preserving perfect orderliness, wins the hearts of the soldiers, and gives them enthusiastic confidence. They willingly pushed on without a murmur through a terrible Indian thunderstorm which nearly fought their battle for them, since the garrison of Arcot believed it an omen, and in fear of the army so ushered in, hurried out of the fort without firing a shot, and on one of the last days of August, 1751, Clive and his little army marched in, to the amazement of the 100,000 inhabitants.

The townspeople were treated in the most friendly manner, and the goods which the merchants had stored in the fort to avoid plunder were restored to them.

Clive knew that an attack would soon take place upon the fort, and made every preparation, collecting provisions and ammunition, and twice sallying out to attack the enemy's camp. He did not attempt to hold the town, which indeed was unfortified, but he had secured the goodwill of the inhabitants and their willingness to supply him with food. The fort was in the centre, and nearly a mile in circuit, with a miserable crumbling wall, and flanking towers in such a ruinous state that only one gun could be safely planted on the most tolerable of them. The moat was shallow, could be crossed everywhere, and in many places was choked with rubbish, and there were solidly-built causeways instead of drawbridges to the two great gates.

As Clive had foreseen, Chunda Sahib at once dispatched his son, Rezza Sahib, with 4,000 men from the siege of Trichinopoly, and 150 Europeans from Pondicherry were added to these.

These laid siege to the fort, and the defence was a memorable one for its valour and constancy against enormous odds. The houses around commanded the fort, and from them a constant fire of musketry was

kept up, so that no one, without dire necessity, was allowed to venture on the narrow rampart. For seven weeks this constantly lasted, and Rezza Sahib actually sent offers of large sums of money to Clive if he would surrender; but not only was this in vain, as a matter of course, but such was the spirit of the troops that when provisions began to run short, the Sepoys actually begged that the grain might be given to the English, who suffered most from starvation, while they could live on the water it was boiled in!

The first encouragement was the sight of a body of Mahratta horse, their chief, Morar Rao, having been really won over by the sight of Clive's gallant resistance. These brave riders went careering round the besiegers' camp, cutting off their supplies. Moreover, Captain Kilpatrick was advancing with a troop from Madras.

Rezza Sahib resolved to make a final and desperate assault, the day before this could arrive. It was the 25th of November, the feast of Moharrem, in honour of Hassan and Hussein, two sons of Ali, the nearest of kin to Mahomed and fourth khalif; Hassan had reigned as khalif, but was finally poisoned; but Hussein had been taken in battle by Yezid and put to death. All the sect of Ali revere them as martyrs, and their day is still observed all over India by the Mohammedans with passionate fervour and fanaticism. Of this Rezza resolved to take advantage in his attack, since the troops would be excited to the utmost and would hold that those who fell were secure of paradise.

Clive had intimation of the intended attack and made all his preparations before, quite worn out with fatigue, he lay down to sleep. The assault began at dawn, and there was desperate fighting. Elephants with iron plates on their foreheads were driven against the gates, but they could not stand the fire from the ramparts, turned about and scattered the troops behind them. The enemy swarmed through the ditch and tried to climb the ramparts, but were met by a storm of shots. Shells were rolled over to explode among them, cannon were fired at their rafts, one by Clive himself, with deadly effect. In two hours' time all firing ceased. It was renewed two hours later, but then came a flag of truce with a request for permission to bury the dead. This was granted, and after the dead had been removed, the fire was recommenced and lasted till 2 A.M., when it suddenly ceased, and in the morning the besieging host had vanished, leaving behind them tents, cannon, and ammunition as well as provisions. This siege of Arcot was no small glory to Clive. Two hundred men in a ruinous old fort had held out for fifty days against 5,000, with all appliances, and had beaten them off.

After taking a great fortified pagoda, Clive returned to Fort St. David, but on this, Rezza Sahib broke forth again and began to plunder and burn villages. Clive defeated their forces, and moreover had the pleasure of destroying all the commencements of the vain-glorious foundation of Dupleix Fatihabad before he had to return to head-quarters, there to take charge of an expedition to relieve Trichinopoly.

CAMEO IV.
Trichinopoly.
1752.

Major Lawrence having come out from England, Captain Clive was second in command, but he always acted happily with his senior, who understood his temper and had no jealousy of his talent. Their advance was much needed, for Trichinopoly was defended by Captain Gingen, who had little talent or enterprise, and Mehemet Ali was in great danger.

Dupleix commanded his forces under M. Law, hoping to crush the English before they arrived at Trichinopoly; but Law acted for himself, and was outmanœuvered by Lawrence and Clive, so that the relief safely entered the city.

They intended an attack on his camp, but were held back by the superstitions of their native allies, about unlucky days, and while they were waiting for a lucky one, Law learnt their design, set fire to his camp, and retreated to Seringham.

Lawrence and Clive followed him thither, where Clive was sent to attack the great pagoda of Pitchanda; but there he was in great danger from a body of about forty English deserters who had entered the French service and who attacked his camp at night, and deceived the English sentries by answering their challenge in their own language. Clive sprang from his bed, as it was struck by a shot, ran towards the firing, and taking the French sepoys for his own men retreating, began to abuse them to drive them to the front. One of them tried to cut him down, but he received the blow on his shoulder, and made his way to the English, who were drawn up under arms. There was much fighting round the pagoda, and Clive, weak with loss of blood, was standing with his back against a wall, leaning forward on the shoulders of two native sergeants, when the officer of the English deserters came up and with much abusive and insolent language fired at Clive, missed him, but mortally wounded both the unfortunate sergeants.

The French in the pagoda surrendered, and M. d'Auteuil, who was at Volcondah, followed their example, and with his officers was released on giving their word not to serve against the English for twelve months.

Chunda Sahib with M. Law were cut off from Pondicherry and in great danger. It was decided that Chunda Sahib should put himself into the hands of Monakjie, the general of the Tanjore troops, although they had never been friends; but before he did so, Law went to the Tanjorine, and obtained from him an oath on his sabre and poniard to send Chunda Sahib safely to the nearest French station. He even showed the palanquin and escort ready for the purpose; but no sooner had the unfortunate Chunda Sahib arrived in his camp than he was thrown into irons. Immediately the Nawaub, the chiefs of Mysore and of the Mahrattas, all began demanding the prisoner and disputing in Major Lawrence's tent, while the English were receiving the surrender of M. Law and his French and Sepoys. Monakjie was greatly alarmed by the contention for the possession of his unhappy captive. He found that the English would not interfere, and was afraid that if he gave the fallen prince up to either of the other three, the two disappointed ones would take revenge.

CAMEO IV.

Return of Clive.
1753.

So he decided on murder, and sent a Pathan, who found Chunda Sahib lying sick on the ground. Perceiving what was to be done the wretched man waved his hand, and said he had something important to communicate, but the murderer cut him short by stabbing him to the heart and then beheading him.

His head was taken to Mehemet Ali and then tied to the neck of a camel and carried round Trichinopoly, after which it was packed in a box, and said to be sent to Delhi, to the Emperor. Major Lawrence certainly deserved blame for not having insisted on honourable treatment to his enemy.

Quiet was by no means restored. Mehemet Ali had promised Trichinopoly to the Rajah of Mysore, but he now refused to surrender it; nor would the Rajah of Tanjore consent to give it up without receiving the Carnatic. Morar Rao, the Mahratta chief, fomented their difference in hopes of a quarrel between them. Lawrence and Clive were both ill, and while they were unable to act, an expedition, organised by the Governor Saunders, failed, and the French again held ground up to Fort St. David. The tables were turned when Lawrence recovered and regained the lost ground. Clive likewise took two forts of great strength, only twenty and thirty miles from Madras. He had a wonderful power of infusing his own spirit into his troops, who followed him faithfully in the most desperate undertakings, and called him Sabat Jung, or Daring in War.

But his health, never strong, was completely broken, and in 1753 he embarked for England with his bride Margaret Maskelyn, sister to the friend with whom he had escaped from Madras. He brought home a large fortune, and his first care was to pay off the debts of his father, who had discovered that "the booby had some sense after all and could not talk enough of his heroism!" The East India Company wished to give him a diamond-hilted sword worth £500, but he refused it unless the same substantial compliment were made to his superior, Major Stringer Lawrence. Eastern splendours had apparently affected his imagination, for he launched out in such splendours in his household, such liveries and carriages, that his means could hardly afford it. Moreover, he stood for St. Michael's in Cornwall, and lavished money to secure his election. There was a petition against him and it became a party question, ending in his losing his seat, and being glad to offer to return to India.

Dupleix had in the meantime managed to get the Mahrattas to join him, and, to persuade the country that the French were the gaining side, he proceeded to besiege Trichinopoly where Captin Dalton was in command. Major Lawrence made his way to relieve him, his troops suffering much on the way from the hot winds, and there were likewise many desertions, so that altogether, when he had entered Trichinopoly, the whole garrison only amounted to 500 Europeans, 2,000 Sepoy infantry, and 3,000 horse of the Nawaub's. It was a most gallant defence which he made, lasting a full year, and with no unworthy antagonists,

CAMEO IV.

Recall of Dupleix. 1754.

for M. Astruc was an able officer and there were many sharp skirmishes at the sharp rocks upon the plain round the city. It would take too long to relate them all, as they stand in Orme's *War in Hindustan*, but we may think of the young Walter Scott in his illness working them out on paper with bits of cork and pins!

There was a really great battle fought on the 21st of September, 1753, which ended in Astruc and ten French officers being made prisoners and eleven guns taken with all the tents, baggage and ammunition; but there was even then another attempt to escalade the place, and war continued to rage round it for many months longer. But all this time England and France were at peace, and the treaty of Aix la Chapelle had existed for five years. The English East Indian directors appealed to the Government, declaring that they, with only for the most part forces of their own raising, had to fight against Dupleix supported by royal authority and royal troops.

Representations were made to the French Court. A French director, Duvelaer, and his brother, the Count de Lude, came over and had conferences with the Earl of Holderness, and when these seemed likely to fail, preparation was made to equip a squadron of men of war to carry out a King's regiment to India. This token of being in earnest had the desired effect: the Court of Versailles resolved to check Dupleix, and keep the peace in India. There was not much sense of gratitude to the man who had done so much towards establishing a great empire there for Louis XV., nor indeed were his achievements understood. A despatch was sent out superseding him in the government of Pondicherry, and the very next day, the 1st of August, 1754, his successor, M. Godcheu, arrived in the harbour. Dupleix resigned without complaint, and it was well for him, for a *lettre-de-cachet* had been given to the new governor authorising him to treat this great administrator as a state criminal, and to declare all his supporters guilty of high treason. Godcheu, however, was too just to use these letters; he treated his predecessor with great respect, and till his departure allowed him to retain all the splendours with which he had been invested as Nawaub of the Carnatic.

Godcheu and Saunders together concluded a treaty placing the possessions of each company in the same condition as they had been in before the war, except the district of Masulipatam which was made accessible to the English. All the territories ceded by the native princes Dupleix returned to their owners, and each company renounced intervention in native politics, a promise impossible to be kept.

Guizot says "England renounced a few unimportant towns; France yielded the empire of the Indies." When the treaty was signed, Bussy, Dupleix's intended son-in-law, was in hopes of at last winning Trichinopoly. He was furious and wanted to throw up everything and come home; but Dupleix would not hear of it, and left him hoping that the cause of France in India might revive in his hands.

Dupleix with his wife and daughter sailed for France. He had embarked all his gains on his schemes of conquest, but the revenues that

were to reimburse him were seized by Godcheu, and he went home a ruined man. He was, however, received with distinction by the King and Madame de Pompadour, and he and his wife were admired as wonders and mobbed by enthusiastic crowds, and promises both for himself and India were freely made to him. Not one of them was kept. He sank into poverty; his wife, poor Princess Jeanne, died, worn out with disappointment, in two years' time; his daughter, so long the betrothed of Bussy, did not long survive her, and the few remaining years of Dupleix's own life were spent miserably, tormented by creditors, and by the reproaches of the friends and relations who had been led by him to embark their fortunes in a cause which but for the desertion of his government would probably have been successful in such measure as to yield them ample returns. He died in 1765, just in time to be saved from a debtor's prison.

CAMEO V.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN AMERICA.

1604-1755.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

CAMEO V.
—
French Colonisation of America.

WE have not done with the distant warfare which was to a certain degree authorised by the War of the Austrian Succession. England and France contended for the mastery in North America as they had done in India, and in extent of territory France had made by far the greater progress.

She had marked out for her possession as early as the reign of Henri IV. the great tract north of the lakes, known as Acadia or Canada. The bold spirits who had grown up during the wars of religion could not rest in peace, and M. de Monts, a Calvinist gentleman of the bedchamber, made the first settlement, in which he was joined by Samuel de Champlain, a Roman Catholic, and they took out both priests and pastors, both eager to convert the natives. Before long, a pious lady, the Marquise de Guercheville, was fired by the Jesuits with missionary ardour. She bought up the claims of De Monts and his company, and obtained from the King a grant of the sovereignty of "New France," to reach from the River St. Lawrence to Florida, devoting her whole fortune to the conversion of the Red Men. The Jesuits and Recollet brethren went out in great numbers, as well as adventurers anxious to form a new settlement. The Jesuit work was here most noble, and they did their utmost among the Huron Indians, while Champlain, one of the pioneers of the world, explored the forests to a considerable distance to the southward, and gave his name to the Lake which preserves his memory. He became Governor of Canada in 1606, and mediated between the Roman Catholic priests and the Huguenot settlers and sailors by permitting these last to assemble for prayer, but not to sing Psalms.

Cardinal Richelieu took the colony into his own hands, and sent out

fresh colonists, but excluded Huguenots from it. In the La Rochelle war in 1629, Sir David Kirk with a small English fleet captured Quebec and sent Champlain and the inhabitants home, but on peace being made, Champlain was restored, only to die at Quebec in 1635. It was at the very time that the Pilgrim Fathers were founding New Plymouth in Massachusetts.

The new Governor of Quebec, one of the most beautifully situated towns in existence, was a Knight of Malta, M. de Montmagny. There was a seminary, a hospital and a convent before there were many inhabitants. Two Jesuits, Le Jeune and La Moue, set themselves to learn the language of the Algonquin Indians, living among them, enduring the horrible cold of the winter, and moreover the filth, the dogs, and the smoke of the camps. Five more Fathers, especially Jean de Brébœuf, then came and applied themselves to the Hurons. One by one some of these were gained over, but they were only baptized if they would give up scalp-hunting, murder and polygamy. One favourite place for baptism was the beautiful little Lake Horicon, then called St. Sacrament, and now Lake George.

"Ò Abana and Pharpar old
Must yield to Jordan's flow,
But never this clear Horicon,
The prophet said not so.
For sins more dire than leprosy
These waves have washed away,
And so they named clear Horicon
St. Sacrament for aye."

In 1642, under M. de Maisonneuve, a fresh colony came out, bringing a lady, Mademoiselle Mance, who meant to devote herself to the Huron women. Père Vimont, a Jesuit, began the foundation of their town at Montreal with a solemn Mass, and then turning to the freshly disembarked settlers, told them "you are like a grain of mustard seed, but your branches shall spread over all the land."

Marie de Mance, working like St. Boniface's sisterhood of old, bred up young Indian girls to civilisation and Christianity. The convent of Hospitalier nuns which she founded still remains untouched at Montreal, and though its Indian work has long been over, it is still the great place of education for the French Canadian young ladies.

At Roxbury, in Massachusetts, the good minister John Elliot was for fifty years devoted to mission labours among the Indians, but the Dutch, whose settlements then lay between the English and Canadians, in their bitter hatred to the French and the Jesuits stirred up the Iroquois and Algonquins, already enemies to the Hurons, and supplied them with fire-arms.

They swore to exterminate the Hurons, and the Christian converts, together with the Black Robes, as they called the Jesuits, were subjected to the most horrible tortures. One priest, named Isaac Jogues, escaped to tell the tale, covered with scars, his fingers gnawed by men

CAMEO V. — *Persecution of Jesuit Missionaries.*

and dogs, and his left thumb sawn off with a clam-shell. He was sent to France, where Queen Anne of Austria reverentially kissed his maimed hands. Yet he went back again to his task, and there was again tortured, and slain at last by a man, who two years later came and entreated for baptism.

Brébœuf's exertions were great, and when at length, after winning over the tribe of Hurons he was taken, he was tortured beyond even Persian cruelty of old, but without a moment's flinching, so that when he died at last, a veritable martyr, the Indians thronged to drink the blood of so brave a man.

No Frenchman or Huron was safe outside the walls of Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers. The Hurons, reduced to 8,000, took refuge on an island in the lake to which they bequeathed their name, but they were nearly starved there, and if they hunted or fished in the woods or on the lake, were shot down. Hunger and disease destroyed them, and only three hundred were left alive, when with their French clergy they escaped to Quebec, and in another generation their race had nearly perished, though a civilised settlement still exists.

The English were scarcely less guilty in the wholesale destruction of the Pequod Indians in Massachusetts and Connecticut, but it was not entirely without provocation. The wars between England and Holland under Charles II. had ended in the Dutch Colonies between the English and the French being ceded to England, when New Amsterdam was named New York in honour of James Duke of York, and thus the strip of land from Acadia to Florida was continuously English.

The French, however, held all the land to the north. One Governor of Canada, Count de Frontenac, learnt the war dance and joined the chiefs in it. Baron de Castin had a settlement on the Penobscot River, married the daughter of a chief, and was obeyed as one. In 1673 a Jesuit missionary named La Marquette found his way in a canoe down the river Wisconsin, to the huge Mississippi, the mother of waters, and followed her muddy course as far as the mouth of the Arkansas, where he turned, and on his way back discovered the river Illinois, having gone 3,000 miles in four months. The object of his journeys was to discover a passage which might open a way to Japan and the East Indies, without rounding either Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. La Salle, a man of immense courage and ability, followed up Marquette, and reached the Gulf of Mexico. He took possession of the country in the name of Louis XIV., called it Louisiana, and went home in 1682. He went out again to arrange a line of forts to connect Canada with the Gulf of Mexico, but in the midst of his work he was attacked by the Indians, some of his best companions were killed, others actually betrayed him, and on his way back to Canada he perished. In 1699 a Colony was attempted at Biloxi, but did not succeed, and in 1718 the city of New Orleans was founded by Bienville and called after the Regent Duke.

It was in the latter days of the 17th century that a horrible delusion

possessed the people of Salem in Massachusetts, ministers, judges, and all, that there was witchcraft among them. More than a hundred were in jail at once; twenty were burnt, one being a minister. After a year, when the people had recovered their senses, there was a general fast day, to implore pardon for their part in what they well styled "the recent tragedy," and Judge Sewell actually stood up in his pew, with his white head bowed, while his confession of his sin of ignorance was read aloud.

There was thus a great French line of possessions to the north and west of the English colonies, and there was between a considerable space of Indians, on which both nations encroached by degrees, but who were on the whole on better terms with the French than the English. There was a sharp and disastrous war, known as King Philip's, in 1675 between the men of Massachusetts and their Indian neighbours. The savages fell on the villages, and slew and tortured the inhabitants, men, women, and children alike, and it was reckoned that six hundred men alone in the prime of manhood thus were lost, besides the other massacres, before the revolt was put down, almost by extermination, and King Philip shot by one of his own men. His son was sold as a slave in Bermuda. In Maine there was an equally cruel war. The history of the borders has been always much the same: English settlements, obtained sometimes by purchase, sometimes by mere squatting; the Indians at first friendly, then finding cultivation restricting their hunting, or taking offence at some ill-usage; raids accompanied by cruel acts, an equally cruel revenge of the whites; then extermination.

In Maine, the fatal act was done by the sailors of an English ship, who seized a canoe, with a woman and child, and having heard that an Indian papoose could swim, threw the poor little baby into the water. The mother dived and rescued it, but it died soon after. The father, a considerable chief, vowed vengeance, and wreaked it on the settlers along the whole border. Log houses were fallen on by troops of Indians, utterly without mercy and generally having watched the men away. In one case a farmhouse full of nothing but women and children were attacked. A brave girl named Tozer set her back against the door while the rest escaped. The enemy broke in the door with their hatchets, but all were safe except herself, and two little children who could not climb the fence. She was left for dead, but she recovered.

The Mohawk tribe was on the English side, and made like attacks on the French, who, when they were taken prisoners, sent them to work as galley-slaves, while the captives to the English had an equally miserable fate in the West Indian Islands. The employment of these savages on either side in war added greatly to its horrors. The frontier was guarded as far as possible by block houses, namely log forts, with a stout stockade of trunks of trees round them, the lower story almost entirely walled up, with only a doorway, the upper story projecting

CAMEO V.

Attacks of the Indians.

above it, with pigeon-holes all round, whence rifle shots at the enemy might be taken, and here, on an alarm, the settlers' families took refuge. Almost every State has its traditions of Indian horrors. In February, 1704, the Mohawks gave warning that the little town of Deerfield in Massachusetts was about to be attacked, but before any means of defence were ready, the inhabitants were awakened by the war-whoop. Forty-seven were killed, more than a hundred driven off as captives. All were gone and the village blazing by an hour after sunrise. The captives were stripped of their clothing, and allowed no food save nuts, acorns, and fragments of dog's-flesh, but forced to carry burdens. The weak who sank from fatigue were killed, except such children as pleased the Indians, and were carried in sledges. Eunice Williams, the minister's wife, had her Bible with her, and comforted her husband from its pages, till she sank down to die, still giving praise and declaring that all was well, till the savages came up and killed her with a tomahawk. When the survivors reached Canada, they were made slaves, but the minister himself and his children obtained freedom after two years. One daughter, however, had been adopted by a Christian Huron family at Montreal and married a son. She would not leave them, and when she visited her friends, came in the Indian dress.

The children, bred up by the Indians, loved the wild life, and became hunters and trappers, interpreting between the two races.

A man named Dustan at Haverhill was horror-stricken, when out at work, at seeing the Red Men approaching his house, where his wife lay in bed with her babe by her side. He could not reach it in time, but he met seven of his children running away, and he had his horse, his gun and shot belt. He drove the children before him, and kept in the rear, shooting as fast as he could load at the Indians in pursuit, and thus actually made his way with his flock to a safe shelter a mile away. The poor wife was taken from her bed, and with one little boy and her nurse was dragged away. Her baby soon was killed as a hindrance. Twelve Indians were with them, and after a few days halted at a little island on the Merrimac. The women found that, now the tribe was reached, tortures were preparing for them. They rose when the Indians were asleep, took their tomahawks, killed ten of them, and safely escaped in their canoe.

The Indians converted by good John Elliot lived together in a town named Natick, and were termed praying Indians. They were faithful, but the English settlers were distrustful, hard, and unjust to them, and often plundered them. Still at Cambridge University, attached to Harvard College, there was a department for their education, and at Albany, on Easter Day every year, many Mohawks came to Communion and there was a grand holiday for them. But they were gradually fading away, and the only record of their language is John Elliot's translation for their benefit. The title of his Bible is thus:

"Mamusec Wunnectupamatam we Up Biblum God Nanceswe Mok kone Testament kah wouk Wusku Testament."

The language is not much to be regretted, though the names of places given, and some softened down into euphonious words, were wonderfully poetical—such as Niagara, Thunder of Water; Minnehaha, Laughing Water; Ontario, Father of Waters, while one lovely lake is called "The Smile of the Great Spirit."

Every colony, it should be understood, had its own separate local government, and was connected only with the mother country. There was no mutual interdependence, and their government was dissimilar, depending on their original charter. The French at this date, the first half of the eighteenth century, greatly outnumbered the English in North America, and far exceeded them in the extent alike of their possessions and claims.

There was no natural boundary between the northern colonies, namely Massachusetts and New England, and that portion of New France which came south of the mouth of the St. Lawrence; and there was constant border warfare. At the Peace of Ryswick, the Southern province of New France, then called Acadia, was ceded to the English, who changed the name to Nova Scotia, and called the capital Annapolis, after Queen Anne.

In 1744 the French attacked this place, and though they did not take it, they carried aff some prisoners to Louisburg, on Cape Breton, a place which has been called the American Gibraltar, as it commands the mouth of the St. Lawrence. These men on being released on parole went to Boston and told the Governor, William Shirley, of the weak posts in the fortifications. He fitted out an expedition, entirely from New England, commanded by William Pepperel, a merchant of Maine, and with the help of an English man-of-war captured Louisburg. Both Shirley and he were rewarded by colonels' commissions, but two years later, at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, their conquest was restored to France, much to the anger of the people.

In 1749 Shirley went to England to endeavour to adjust the border between the colonies of the two countries, but did not succeed. The borders were everywhere a difficulty. Beyond the Alleghany mountains lay a tract on the river Ohio which the French claimed as having first discovered it, the English as having bought it from the Indians. In 1749 an Ohio company was formed by the colonists of Virginia, who began to settle in the country, but were much molested by the French. Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, resolved to send a party to remonstrate, and here first came forward the most remarkable man of his day.

George Washington was born at Bridge's Creek in Virginia, the son of one of those old families who kept up the habits of English Squires. The famous cherry-tree story has been so often made a proverb that Americans despise and disown it. If it happened at all, it must have been before he was ten years old, for he had only reached that age when he lost his father. He was chiefly brought up by his elder brother Lawrence, who had been in the English navy, and at the siege of Cartagena under Admiral Vernon, whence he had named his estate

CAMEO V.
—
Youth of Washington.

Mount Vernon. George was so much interested in all he had to tell that at fourteen he was actually on the point of becoming a midshipman in the Royal Navy, when his mother's entreaties prevailed to the contrary. He then gave himself up to the study of mathematics and trigonometry with an accuracy and precision specially remarkable in a boy full of military ardour.

Lord Fairfax, a descendant of the Parlimentary general, came out to settle on his Virginian estates, and found them full of squatters. He was so much struck with George Washington's trustworthiness and precision as to employ him, though only sixteen years old, in the needful surveys. He performed his task so well, that, boy as he was, Lord Fairfax obtained for him the post of public surveyor to the colony of Virginia. Moreover, in another year, when militia were to be trained for the defence, he was made adjutant-general, and as usual did his work thoroughly. On the governor deciding to send a messenger to expostulate with the French on their aggressions in Ohio, Major Washington, though only twenty-one, was selected for the purpose. It was in October 1753, and he had a terrible journey, after which he could make no impression on the French. The return was worse, through the wintry forests, with rivers to cross on the ice, or on such rafts as could hastily be put together. In crossing the Alleghany river, Washington's raft was beset by floating ice, his pole was struck from his grasp, and his raft upset. He and his friend reached an island in the middle of the river, and remained there half-frozen till daylight. His journey occupied eleven weeks, and he had gone 750 miles. He reported that the spot, where the Alleghany and the Monogahela join and form the Ohio, was the fit place for a fort. One was commenced where Pittsburg now stands, but the French drove the workmen away, called it Fort Du Quesne, and finished it themselves. Washington attempted to retake it, but could not succeed.

In 1754 a conference was held by the wish of the English Government by delegates from thirteen colonies to make a treaty with the Six Nations of Indians on their borders. It was done, and was of great importance, but the Indians reproached the British with not being as warlike as the French. Here appeared Benjamin Franklin, the able Quaker printer of Philadelphia, whose newspaper and still more his *Poor Richard's Almanack* were already known. He was high in the councils of his native State, and at this meeting he did his best to induce the colonies to become bound together in one common league of union. He had already printed in his paper the figure of a snake cut into thirteen pieces, with the motto "unite or die." He convinced the delegates, but the colonists would not agree. The only coalition they accepted was for the war against the French. He then went to meet Governor Shirley, then just returned from England, and in conference with him warned him that the colonists would not accept taxation unless they were represented in Parliament.

In the spring of 1755 there was a council held at Alexandria in

CAMEO V.

Expulsion of French from Nova Scotia.

Virginia, where military expeditions were resolved on. One led by Shirley himself against Fort Niagara, was a total failure. Another under John Winslow penetrated into Acadia and were successful, and they compelled the expulsion of the French peasant inhabitants, as not to be trusted. These Acadians were harmless simple people, but Roman Catholics, and though treated with fair hospitality when they arrived in Massachusetts, the stern intolerant Puritan spirit forbade the exercise of their religion. Many wandered further South, to the French settlements, and others found their way to Canada. It was a piteous affair, and Longfellow's "Evangeline" brings the sad story home to us.

General Braddock had been sent out to take the command of the Colonial forces, bringing regular troops with him, and Washington, though a lieutenant-colonel of the Virginian Militia, was reduced to the rank of captain, giving precedence to the royal troops. He was on Braddock's staff, when with 1,200 men they marched to retake Fort Du Quesne. Washington begged Braddock to let the Virginian Militia advance first to clear the woods of the Indian allies of the French, but Braddock, a brave but dull man, who knew nothing of Indian warfare, would not take advice from such a youth. Seven miles from the fort the troops were set upon by the Indians from the trees. Again Braddock despised Washington's counsel to cut down branches and make a breast-work, but tried to rally the troops in platoons. They were helpless against the slaughter. Braddock fell mortally wounded, and that even 700 men were brought off alive was entirely owing to Washington, who took the command and undauntedly collected the stragglers. An Indian chief declared that he and his braves had continually fired at the young commander, and believed that his life had been charmed by some great medicine man.

CAMEO VI.

ENCYCLOPÆDISTS AND HUGUENOTS.

1751—1758.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1725. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1745 Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

CAMEO VI. — *New Style.* 1751.

WITH the year 1751 began our present reckoning of years. Julius Cæsar, as is well-known, had, as Pontiff of Rome, sanctioned the reckoning at which the astronomers had arrived, allowing 365 days and six hours to the course, as they thought, of the sun round the earth, but as Kepler and Newton had since proved, of the earth round the sun. These six hours were added together to make the additional day reckoned in leap year, every fourth year. But more exact observation had proved that the real revolution of the earth occupies 365 days and five hours, forty-eight minutes and 49·62 seconds. The reckoning eleven minutes too many to make up a day in leap year had brought in seventeen centuries the almanack reckoning to exceed the fact by eleven days, and this vitiated all reckoning by the situation of the heavenly bodies—*les astres*, as the French wisely term them.

In 1582, Pope Gregory XIII. had rectified the discrepancy by suppressing ten days of the year, but as this was done by Papal authority, neither the Greek nor the English Church chose to adopt it, though the equinoxes really fell all that time before the 21st of March and September. Scientific men, and those in intercourse with the Roman Catholic States, adopted the new style, but the old style prevailed in England, till in 1751 an Act of Parliament was passed insisting that all legal documents should be dated by the new style. It created much discontent, and many ignorant persons considered themselves to be cheated of eleven days out of their lives. To prevent the seconds from being amalgamated into an incorrect number, and throwing the calendar out again, the first year of every three out of four centuries is not a leap year. Thus 1900 will have no 29th of February, but to prevent the

decimal of the minute from accumulating 2000 will be a bissextile year, though this will not much concern our readers.

It was a time of restlessness, though the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle still lasted. Maria Theresa was bent on recovering Silesia, whenever it should be possible to make the attempt, and Frederick II. of Prussia was heedfully watching her, while he brought his kingdom into admirable order and discipline, but solaced himself with his flute and with writing in French, for he hated German, and Frenchified his own name into Frédéric. His writings were full of sneers against the Christian faith, which his father's harshness had made abhorrent to him, and he fulfilled the wish of his life by inviting Voltaire to his court at Potsdam.

Madame de Pompadour sent her compliments very politely framed. All the reply that Frederick vouchsafed was, "This is not the age for swains and shepherdesses." Nevertheless the polite Frenchman reported that "Mars welcomed as he ought the compliments of Venus"—a double meaning perhaps, but he did not divulge that Frederick was wont to call her Petticoat the Second and the king, Sardanapalus.

The welcome was ecstatic; Voltaire was made Chamberlain to the king, but, as he wrote, "My duty is to do nothing, except to spend an hour a day in criticising the king's compositions." Frederick was writing a history of his own country, but by way of impartiality, he was so hard on his own grandfather, the first king, that Voltaire was shocked and tried to soften his censure, but not succeeding, said at last, "Well, he is your grandfather, not mine; do what you like with him!"

At first, in Voltaire's eyes, Frederick was Julius Cæsar, Marcus Aurelius and Julian rolled into one, and he really was a fair likeness of the last-named, but the German rudeness sometimes disturbed the French taste, and in point of fact the two men were both too intensely vain to agree long together.

Voltaire tried to meddle with State affairs and Frederick to be a literary man, and they had collisions. Frederick was told that on receiving a packet of his manuscript Voltaire exclaimed, "Here is more of the king's dirty linen to be washed;" also, "The man is a mixture of Cæsar and Cotin"—a proverbially bad poet. Moreover, he had a disreputable suit with a Jew, which greatly disgusted Frederick, an upright man, and he wrote a satire against Maupertuis, the president of the Academy at Berlin, so bitter and stinging that Frederick caused it to be publicly burnt.

Voltaire could only ask for dismissal, and he was told that the king said he had only kept him to squeeze the orange and throw away the rind. One day he flew into a rage with one of the pages, whom he called a Pomeranian beast. The page, when attending him on a journey, told the villagers on the way that the king's monkey was in the carriage, and as they thronged and stared at the little thin figure, and Voltaire danced, grinned, and shouted with rage, their mirth grew wilder! However, the king and he parted civilly, and he made his

CAMEO VI.

Quarrel of Frederick and Voltaire.

journey slowly, with his niece, Madame Denis, halting for more than a month at Gotha, where the Duke and Duchess were full of attentions.

At Frankfort, an agent of Frederick informed him that he could not proceed till he had surrendered his Majesty's property.

"Alas, sir," he replied, "I am carrying away nothing from his country, not even the least regret! Pray, what jewels of the Brandenburgian crown do you demand of me?"

"His Majesty's *poeshie*," was the answer.

Voltaire replied that his Majesty was welcome to all his works in poetry and prose, but they were packed up with the bulk of his goods at Leipsig, and he sent an order for them. The fact was that Frederick had recollected a coarse burlesque of his own of which a privately printed copy had been given to his guest, and he knew that it might do him much harm if made known at Paris. When the goods arrived Voltaire gave them up, and expected to start, but as the agent had received no orders, he stationed four soldiers in the street who roughly arrested him, his niece, his secretary and servants. As he describes it, "They dragged her through the dirt to the merchant Smith, who had some title or other of Privy Councillor to the King of Prussia. She had had a passport from the King of France; moreover she had never corrected the King of Prussia's verses. All the rest of us were crammed into a kind of inn, with twelve soldiers at the door of it, and there we were kept twelve days, and had to pay a hundred and forty crowns a day!"

The agent had acted after the too frequent fashion of German officials, and when Frederick received a letter from Madame Denis, and found that she was writing indignantly to every quarter, he was much displeased, and wrote: "I gave you no such orders. I only desired that Voltaire should restore the key, the cross and the poetry. As soon as these were given to you, there was no reason for making such a commotion."

Thus Voltaire was released and safely reached France, but did not remain there, where his recent writings, a play called *Mahomet*, and a poem in which he had profaned the memory of *La Pucelle* had so stirred up the indignation of the clergy that they made remonstrances to Louis XV., who forbade him to come to Paris; and he took up his abode on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, on an estate named Ferney, where he rejoiced in being out of the reach of kings. "Philosophers," he wrote, "always need a few underground holes where they may be safe from the dogs that worry them."

He had, however, plenty of sympathisers who came to him as to an oracle, and when he was in good humour and his vanity was gratified, found the wit and brilliancy of his conversation delightful.

There was a general sense of rottenness in the whole system of the world. Feudalism had been worn out, and the remnants were oppressive. Royalty, especially in France, had become almost an irresponsible despotism, and though in the able hands of Louis XIV. it

had commanded the idolatry of the nation, it had become disgusting in the feeble selfish person of Louis XV., who collapsed into more and more disgraceful habits as novelty in pleasure was called for by his jaded and dull nature.

His religion, though he really supposed himself devout, was brought into contempt by his practice. The higher clergy were so politically and corruptly appointed that little good could be expected from them, and the last persecution of Jansenism had driven all the best churchmen into obscurity, and alienated all freer thought. In convents where nuns still in any measure adhered to the Jansenist teaching, when visited by the provincial, they found in their library St. Augustine's works sealed up as being dangerous.

Whenever Louis XV. was touched by any terror at his sins, he or his ecclesiastical advisers visited it on the Huguenots. In 1751, an edict came out enjoining that all children baptised in the Deserts of the Cevennes should be brought to church within a fortnight for the additional rites of the Catholics, and there were heavy penalties if they failed to appear. Parties of troops were sent to break up assemblies for worship often by shooting them down. The pastors were hanged, the men sent to the galleys, the women to the dismal tower of Aigues-Mortes. So it went on year after year, the pastors in spite of their danger, especially Paul Rabaud, doing their brave utmost to encourage and keep up the faith of the persecuted. In the break-up of an assembly on the 1st of January, 1756, Jean Fabre, who had escaped, perceived his aged father being dragged away in irons by the soldiers. He rushed back, and kneeling before the officer implored to be taken instead of the old man. He prevailed, though the elder Fabre struggled hard to be accepted and let his son go free, but he was driven away in tears. The action made an impression. The Duke of Mirepoix, who commanded at Montpellier, offered to set the son at liberty if he could induce Paul Rabaud to leave the country, but the noble-hearted prisoner would not comply. A drama, called *L'Honnête Criminel*, was written on the subject, and after six years Jean Fabre was released by the Duke of Choiseul.

Rabaud seemed to bear a charmed life, but as late as 1761 a minister named François Rochette, only twenty-six years old, was arrested, not preaching, but merely on a journey, and condemned by the Parliament of Toulouse. There was such indignation that a rising of the Huguenots was expected, and though it never took place, the mob put on white crosses and armed themselves. The Reformed were alarmed in their turn, and three brothers, glass-makers of gentle blood, named Grenier, were taken carrying pistols, which they had not used, and actually condemned. Application in their favour was made to Madame Adelaïde, and to the Dukes of Richelieu and Fitzjames, but all in vain; Rochette was hanged, and the three brothers beheaded in February, 1762, the last execution of a Calvinist minister. A few weeks after, a young man named Calas, who had been subject to attacks of melancholy, was found hanging in

CAMEO VI.
—
Last Huguenot Execution.
1752.

his father's house. The mob declared that this was the work of his family to prevent his becoming a Catholic. His old father, his brother, and a young gentleman who unfortunately had been supping with them on the fatal night were arrested and put to the torture, and though no real proof was elicited, and it is plain that the poor youth committed suicide in a fit of insanity, strangely enough, it seems that the provincial parliaments, which had become mere courts of jurisdiction, were pervaded by a thirst for blood, and on the evidence extracted by torture the father was actually broken on the wheel. The other son was imprisoned, but Voltaire indignantly made the horrible story known, and the public opinion of all Europe finally forced the Government to revoke the decree of the Parliament of Toulouse, to release the survivors and restore the honour of the family with their property.

Such proceedings as these, supposed to be in the name of religion, could not but raise bitter feelings, and indeed orthodoxy, as it was understood, had become so narrow and intolerant that no scope for any thought was left save in the grooves fixed by the Jesuits, and while there was outward conformity and no expression of opinions there was fatal toleration of vice and of greed. The miserable condition of the country, and the starvation of the poor, for whose condition even the best intentioned could do nothing except give alms, stirred every thinking and generous heart, and a leaven was beginning to work throughout the nation which was to produce terrible effects, while convulsing the whole fabric of corrupt society.

Enquiry into the secrets of nature and science had gone on for many generations, and two eager men set on foot a work which was intended to make all recent discoveries available in such a manner as to let the facts destroy all old superstitious notions as to nature or literature. It was to be an Encyclopædia of all subjects.

Its parents were Denys Diderot and Jean le Rond D'Alembert. Both were amiable men of fair character. Diderot was a cutler's son, and intended for the profession of a lawyer, but he chose to study instead of doing lucrative work, and when his father withdrew his allowance, he gave lessons in order to maintain himself. Nevertheless he married, but as soon as he found his wife and child a burthen he sent them to his father to be supported. D'Alembert was the illegitimate son of Mademoiselle de Tencin and the Chevalier de la Touche Canon. As soon as he was born, his mother caused him to be placed on the steps of the Church of St. Jean de Rond, where a priest found him, baptised him by the name of the Church, and put him under the care of a glazier's wife. His less unnatural father paid a small annual sum for his maintenance and education, and his foster-mother was so heartily loved by him that he made his home with her throughout his life. He was a great mathematician, and worked on the lines of Newton's discoveries and Bacon's methods of thought.

Diderot first conceived the idea of the Encyclopædia, and D'Alembert wrote the introduction. Voltaire contributed, so did the Abbé de

CAMEO VI.

The Encyclopædists. 1751.

Condillac and others. The book came out gradually in folio, 4,500 copies printed, and was eagerly bought up. D'Alembert read the preliminary discourse to the Academy in 1751, and it was admired greatly by Madame de Pompadour and the Duke de Choiseul.

The tendency of the articles was soon discovered both by Jesuits and Jansenists, and on the representations of the clergy, orders were sent to seize Diderot's papers. "Send them to me," said a note from M. de Malesherbes, the director of the press, "they will not search here!"

The volumes continued to be issued till 1765, and were twenty-two in number. Every one was bought up, and Frederick of Prussia corresponded with the two chief writers, and wanted to have D'Alembert at the head of his Academy at Berlin, but the mathematician refused, though he accepted the King's pension. He spent all his life in a distant worship of one lady, Mademoiselle d'Espinasse, and lived always with his good old nurse, whom he supported, delighting in birds and flowers, and showing himself a man who would have been earnestly devout had religion shown itself in a truer aspect.

Reckoned among the men of science whom Romanism dreaded was the Count de Buffon, a Burgundian noble, who had travelled in Europe with a son of the Earl of Kingston, and published such remarkable observations on natural history that he was made director of the Jardin du Roi, a kind of inchoate Zoological Garden. In his hands it advanced to be for its time, the first and best in the world. Linnæus, in Sweden, had invented the principles of classification, and Buffon worked on this, publishing in 1749 a grand Natural History, on which he worked, from personal study and discovery of facts, up to his death, at eighty years old. His works, though necessarily imperfect, were of immense importance by showing the general relations of physical nature, from man to mineral, though his special delight was in birds. He lived between the Jardin du Roi and his estate in Burgundy, at Montbard. He had a fine stately figure, and was said to look more like a field-marshal than a student. His weakness was great vanity. "How many really great men do you reckon?" he was asked.

"Five" he said: "Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself."

Another, who was making the greatest impression of all on the country, was Jean Jacques Rousseau, though he was not a Frenchman. He was born at Geneva in 1712, the son of one of the many watchmakers whose craft was superior to any other in Europe. The family were brilliant and excitable, and the boy learnt by intuition, never being set down to any regular study except that of music. He delighted in romances till he read the translation of Plutarch's *Lives*, which had a great influence over many others besides himself at that time. He lived in them so much that he said of himself that he was more at home in the streets of Athens than in those of Geneva. Not that he stayed there long, for he was apprenticed to an engraver, who, by his own account, treated him so harshly in order to break his spirit, that he ran away at fifteen years old.

CAMEO VI.
Rousseau.

The brilliant musical boy was received at Annecy by a lady called Madame de Warens—a fatal thing, for she corrupted the poor boy's nature, and actually made him her lover. He was meant for nobler work, full of ardour, keenness, and genius, contempt of meanness, hatred of oppression, and sense of beauty thoroughly original, but the power of controlling his own impulses, or of being himself what he admired, seems to have entirely gone from him. On leaving this mischievous woman, with his morals ruined, he wandered about in Italy and Switzerland, interesting every one, but always desultory, and dissipated; once a lackey, once a teacher of music, a tutor and a master in a school, nothing for long together. The Calvinist doctrine of Geneva, which had become very formal and devoid of life, was likely to repel him, and, in a transient fit of repentance, he entered the Catholic Church, but the system presented to him had no effect on his mind or conduct, though he never became an Atheist. At one-and-twenty he came to Paris, and was introduced to the Encyclopædists and the circle of ladies, Madame du Deffand, Madame Geoffrin, Madame d'Epinay, who made their salons the resort of all these able talkers. He wrote essays full of originality and genius, but Paris was no atmosphere for him. He was not high-bred enough for such society, and was so excitable as to be very quarrelsome; besides that he was as vain as any of the rest, and was on many points too clever and outspoken to be tolerated.

He took up with a woman named Thérèse le Vasseur, whom he treated as his wife, and allowed her to tyrannise over him, though he sent his children to the Foundling Hospital. Madame d'Epinay built for him a hermitage at Montmorency, where he wrote the books which made the most noise in the world: *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, *Le Contrat Social*, and *Emile*. The first was a novel full of romantic situations, told with a power and eloquence that enraptured all the readers in France; *Le Contrat Social* was an essay on systems of society; *Emile* displayed Rousseau's system of education, beginning on principles of the simplest and most natural kind. It was this which, launched on a country weary of the artificial life which had been worked up to intolerable formality, drove the world wild. Ladies, who had formerly sent their babies to be nursed in cottages, now went to parties with them slung round their necks; boys were set to run bare-foot in the fields and learn to be hardy; all was to be as Nature meant, and not in France alone; English gentlemen tried Nature on their children, among them Richard Edgeworth himself, and one little girl was actually tossed in a blanket once a week to strengthen her nerves. A German prince constantly corresponded on the training of his son with the man who "sent his poor babies to the Foundling, my dear!"

But "Emile," though his wife was to be a Catholic, was too free of thought not to be denounced, and Rousseau was in danger of imprisonment. He was sheltered at Neufchâtel, where Lord Mareschal Keith was governor. He and his brother, Marshal Keith, were banished Jacobites, almost the only religious men of Frederick the Great's

CAMEO VI.
David Hume.

surroundings, and here he remained till the Swiss clergy excited the peasants against him, and his life was not safe. His next friend was David Hume, a Scotsman of good family, who had on his own grounds, and the study of the previous philosophical system, overthrown his own belief, and lived in a contented state of utter unbelief. In the course of the last ten years, he had published by instalments a history of England, which, by its style and lucidness, won the place, and for a whole century held it, of the standard History of England, in spite of many errors, some involuntary, some the effect of carelessness. It brought him into notice, he became secretary to the Embassy in Paris, and was welcomed by the society of philosophers, being greatly admired by the ladies.

Pitying Rousseau and admiring him, he brought the hunted man to England, and actually obtained a pension for him, but as usual they quarrelled, especially as Hume refused to sit at table with Thérèse, and after much recrimination Rousseau returned to obscure apartments at Paris, where no one molested him. His story seems the saddest of all, when one thinks what he might have been, and what indeed he was, and of the Delilah of his youth.

On another British character the prevailing scepticism took effect, namely on Edward Gibbon, son of an English gentleman, and educated at Westminster and Oxford. The study of Bossuet's books made him become a Roman Catholic when still a lad, and his father, as a cure, sent him to a Calvinist pastor at Lausanne. He did renounce Rome, but unhappily his Christianity went with it. He fell in love with an admirable maiden, Susanne Curchod, daughter to a banker at Lausanne, but his father would not hear of a foreign marriage. She wedded the great financier Necker, and was the mother of Madame de Staël. Gibbon never married at all, but like Hume devoted himself to study, and produced the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, a work wonderful for its able grasp of complicated threads, and for the perfect style of English, but doing harm by the contempt of the Church and of the Fathers and martyrs there veiled. Philosophy, however, did little mischief in England. Sluggishness was far more the evil, and while Wesley stirred the more spiritual, Dr. Johnson's strong sense and honest loyalty and churchmanship were working on the thinkers.

It was as if one of God's great judgments came to rebuke the ambitious and sceptical when, on All Saints' Day, 1755, one of the most dreadful earthquakes on record took place. The centre was probably under the Atlantic, for there were heavings and disturbance of the water in wells on all the coasts, and Spain and Western Africa were shaken, but the full force fell on Lisbon, when most of the inhabitants were in church. Thirty thousand were buried in the ruins, the Tagus rose fifteen feet and destroyed many, and the destruction in a few moments was so complete, that an Englishman, riding on the heights above thought himself giddy, for in one second, as it seemed, palaces, churches, convents, and streets, had all vanished. Fire spread from the

CAMEO VI.

Earthquake at Lisbon. 1755.

ruined hearths and added to the desolation, robbers poured in like birds of prey, and the first thing the Government had to do was to hang a hundred of them to put a stop to their outrages. King José was at his palace at Belem. "What is to be done?" he asked his minister, Carvalho.

"Feed the living, bury the dead," was the answer; and both toiled incessantly for the relief of the people, but unhappily the new Lisbon arose quite as foul, ill-built, and unwholesome, as the old. Large supplies of provisions were sent off at once from England and Ireland, and £100,000 was voted in Parliament for the succour of the survivors.

NOTE.—It is one of the curious links of generations that I knew a lady who had learnt French from a person who had been buried and dug out at this earthquake.—C. M. Y.

CAMEO VII.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

1756-1759.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1725. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

MARIA THERESA had never in heart relinquished her claim to Silesia, mourning over it as an ancient inheritance, and for a people given up to a Calvinist country and an infidel King. She could not forgive George II. for having consented to the province being made over to Prussia, and to see a native brought tears to her eyes.

She had acquired a Minister perfectly able to enter into her views, and to enable her to carry them out—Anton Wenzel Kaunitz, a Moravian count, bred to diplomacy. His first despatch when Envoy to Turin was so masterly, that it was shown to the Empress Queen with the words, "Behold your first Minister," and when he once arrived at that eminence, he kept the same post, with the entire confidence of his sovereign, till extreme old age.

There were a good many petty subjects of vexation, and the English appear to have regarded their services to Austria as causes for dictation, which offended the Empress Queen, and she began under Kaunitz's direction to endeavour to obtain the support of France. She even wrote with her own hand to "her friend" Madame de Pompadour; and the flattery completely gained the heart of that lady, and a secret treaty was arranged, by which the domains of Prussia were to be divided, and little left to Frederick but the old electoral county of Brandenburg. All this was done privately, without even the knowledge of the Emperor Francis, and when it was necessary to produce the treaty for the consent of the Council of State, Maria Theresa caused Kaunitz to bring it forward as if it were a new thing of his own device.

All the council listened with dismay, and the Emperor, striking his hand on the table, declared, "Such an unnatural alliance is impossible, and shall never take place"—then left the room.

CAMEO VII.
War with France.
1755.

Every one was averse to it, but the Empress gave her opinion decidedly, and undertook to persuade her husband, whom she certainly silenced. She justified herself to the British Envoy, Keith, by declaring that England had a treaty with Prussia, and nothing would induce her to be a party to the same.

"Will you throw yourself into the arms of France?" asked Keith. "Not into the arms, but on the side of France," she answered.

She drew into her alliance the Czaritza Elizabeth of Russia, who had been wounded by the report of some of Frederick's sneers, and likewise Sweden, in the hope of recovering Pomerania and Saxony, which had also claims on part of Prussia.

Between England and France the war was more than imminent. The proceedings in Nova Scotia and in India gave quite cause enough, and all the winter of 1755-6 there was a great dread of invasion from France, while William Pitt, the great man now coming to the front, did his best to arouse the spirit, and develop the resources of the nation. However, the first attempt of the French was made on the island of Minorca, which had been captured from Spain in the War of the Succession by General Stanhope and Admiral Byng, and which the English had retained together with Gibraltar at the Peace of Utrecht. The French Government had a great desire for the island, and began to fit out a fleet and a number of transports at Toulon with great secrecy. Intelligence, however, came to England, and Admiral John Byng, the second son of the original commander at the capture of the island in 1704, commanded the fleet against it. They were in poor condition and ill-manned when they sailed from Spithead on the 7th of April, 1756, three days before the French fleet started from Toulon. It consisted of twelve men of war and transports containing 16,000 troops.

General Blakeney put the fortifications into excellent order, and made a gallant defence, but he had only 2,000 men at the utmost. Byng, with two more ships, came in sight, and the two fleets gave battle, on the 20th of May, with the advantage decidedly to the division of the English, under Rear-Admiral West, who broke the line, but was not followed up by Byng, and in the morning the French were out of sight. Byng called a council of war, and decided that as his ships were in a crazy condition, and even a great victory would not save Minorca, he had better retreat, and he accordingly sailed back to Gibraltar.

Blakeney held out till the 27th of June, and beat off a sharp assault; but then, having no hope of relief, was obliged to surrender. All England was in a fury of indignation with Byng. No doubt the usual British sailor would have dashed to the attack, and probably have broken up the French fleet, giving encouragement to the besieged, and time for reinforcements. But though not a coward, Byng was wanting in capacity, and there seems to have been some entanglement of his ships, which hindered him from pressing forward. Such a reverse was so new to the nation that they knew not how to bear it.

The Ministry had been far too supine in making preparations against

CAMEO VII.

Admiral Byng. 1756.

such an attack, and were willing to make the Admiral a victim to the general indignation, though no one of any understanding believed the report that he hung back out of treachery. Sir Edward Hawke was sent out to arrest him, and send him back to Greenwich, while West was thanked by the King, and Blakeney received an Irish peerage.

The Duke of Newcastle promised a deputation from the City that Byng should be hanged, but before the trial he had most unwillingly gone out of office. The Duke of Devonshire was Prime Minister, and Pitt Secretary of State, with the conduct of England in their hands in the war which had already been begun by Frederick.

The court-martial on Byng was held at Portsmouth in the winter of 1757. It acquitted him of treachery and cowardice, but pronounced that he had not done his utmost, and therefore, under the Articles of War, had no choice but to condemn him to be shot.

"They have not put a slur on me?" he asked; and when he heard that he was acquitted of cowardice, he was consoled. Pitt would fain have saved him, viewing this fate as too hard, and an error of judgment; but the King was obdurate, and the general opinion seems to have been that an example was needed to secure the discipline of the Navy. The officers who had sat on the court-martial did their utmost to save the man whom they had been obliged to find guilty, but in vain.

That the charge of cowardice was confuted seemed to satisfy him. He was kept on board the *Monarque* in Portsmouth harbour. One of his friends who came to visit him proposed to try which was the taller. "Why this ceremony?" he said. "I know what it means. Let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He begged to be shot on the quarter deck, and this was granted. He sat in a chair, and refused to have his eyes bound; but when an officer represented that to see his face might make the firing party unsteady, he said, "If it will frighten them, let it be done; it will not frighten me." So his eyes were bound, they fired, and he fell.

Voltaire's comment that he was put to death *pour encourager les autres* has become proverbial. He had harder measure than has since been meted to any one, and in truth there was little need to convince Englishmen that failure was more honourable than over-caution. When Sir John Hawke and Sir John Mordaunt were sent to make an attack on Rochefort, which turned out abortive, there was another court-martial on Mordaunt, which honourably acquitted him, dreading probably the extreme severity consequent on a verdict of guilty.

Frederick had taken his part. He demanded from the Empress a direct answer—Peace or War—not in the style of an oracle; and he had no sooner received it than he fell upon Saxony. Augustus III. was by no means like his strong powerful father, except in luxury, and he with an Austrian allied force, were beaten at Lowositz. He was shut up in Pirna, and Dresden, with the Queen in it, was seized. Marshal Keith was ordered to secure the papers proving the alliance; but the brave Queen, Maria Josepha of Austria, sat on the box where they were,

CAMEO VII.
Battle of Kolin.
1756.

refusing to give them up. Keith sent to his master for orders, and Frederick returned answer that force must be used if necessary. Maria Josepha finally yielded, and was allowed to retire with her husband into Poland, where she died of grief at the sufferings of Saxony. She was one of the daughters of Joseph I., who had been passed over in favour of Maria Theresa.

The Duke of Cumberland, with the Hanoverian troops, was defending the line of the Wesel, but Frederick was resolved to dash at the Austrian army before it could be joined by the allies from Russia, France, and Sweden. So he divided his army into detachments, so as to cross the mountain passes into Bohemia as rapidly as possible, and simultaneously. They met before the walls of Prague, and there had a desperate fight. Marshal Schwerin, who was seventy-two years old, saw the Prussian infantry waver. He sprang from his horse, seized the colours, and dashed forward, crying, "Forward, my children, forward!" Four musket balls pierced his breast, but he still grasped the colours till his last moment. Victory fell to the Prussians, and they believed that if they had had sufficient means for crossing the river Moldau, they would have reached Vienna itself, whereas they could only lay siege to Prague; but here Marshal Daun brought another Austrian army, reinforced by the stragglers from the beaten troops, and set off to rescue the town, entrenching himself on the heights of Kolin. All Frederick's attempts to dislodge him were vain, and 13,000 Prussians fell in the repeated attacks, till in the evening they were forced to desist.

The rallying point was a village on the road to Prague, and here Frederick, bitterly disappointed, sat on one of the tree trunks hollowed out to serve as a watercourse, silent, and drawing lines in the sand with his stick. Some one sighed out, "This is our Pultowa."

"Yes, yes, Pultowa," he answered gloomily.

He was exceedingly angry with some officers who had failed in their duty, or been unsuccessful, especially his own brother, Augustus William, who was so much mortified that he gave up his command, and retired to his country house, where he shortly after died, leaving a son, who finally succeeded Frederick II. This reverse brought all the enemies of Prussia down upon her. The Russians were devastating all beyond the Vistula, and the French, under Marshal d'Estrées, were advancing. The Duke of Cumberland was defending his father's electorate, but with no English save his staff, the rest of his army being all Hanoverian or Prussian; and though brave, he had no great power of generalship, so that he allowed the French to cross the Weser, and lay waste a large portion of the Hanoverian territory, and he obstinately adhered to his own plans instead of taking the advice of the King of Prussia. In consequence, when he made a stand at Hastenbeck, he was seriously defeated, and obliged to retreat over the Lüneburg moors to the town of Stade, whither the archives of Hanover had been taken for security, and in time, for Hanover itself was occupied by the French, as well as Lüneburg.

D'Estrées had been displaced in favour of the Duke of Richelieu, who

CAMEO VII.

Convention at Klosterseven. 1757.

pushed Cumberland so hard that he had to retreat into Stade, and feared being cut off from four English ships of war stationed at the mouth of the Elbe.

He held himself to have no choice but to accept the mediation of the Danish Minister, and to hold a Convention at Klosterseven, at which he agreed to send home all the hired troops from Hesse and Brunswick, and to retire with the Hanoverians beyond the Elbe. It was a great blow to George II., and he could not forgive his son, and on the return of the Duke, he would not speak to him, but only said, "Here is my son, who has ruined me and disgraced himself."

Cumberland threw up his command the next day, and never came forward again, though he was only forty-six years of age; but he never allowed himself to utter a word of blame of his father.

Frederick was left in great distress, and even began to contemplate suicide, carrying about with him a little phial of deadly poison, but exhaling his wrath in French poems. However, he kept his army, though much reduced by losses, in excellent order, and marching into Silesia, he met the Austrians under Prince Charles of Lorraine at Rossbach, and there by his perfect discipline, and full knowledge of the ground, gained, on the 4th of December, 1757, a splendid victory, such as the Prussians ever remembered as one of their most glorious days. Still he had to fight again at Leuthen, and won an equally wonderful victory, chiefly by his generalship.

His valour in defending his little country alone made him very popular in England. Parliament sent him a subsidy, George II. refused to ratify the Convention of Klosterseven, and the command of the Hanoverian army was, at Frederick's request, given to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, a good, upright, religious, and extremely polite man.

The French forces had been neglected, and when the Count of Clermont, a prince of the Bourbon Condé family, came out to take the command, he wrote to the King that he found one-third of the army underground, another in hospital, the third in rags, and thieves and vagabonds. Should he try to bring it this way, or let it wait till it had joined the other two?

He thus had to fall back before Prince Ferdinand, who, however, could not maintain his ground before the reinforcements. British troops were sent out to him under the command of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord George Sackville, son of the Duke of Dorset. Unfortunately Marlborough died soon after his arrival, and Lord George thought it beneath his dignity to take commands from a German prince, so Prince Ferdinand was removed, much to George II.'s regret. England was the only ally of Frederick, and was chiefly concerned with Hanover, and the three great Powers of Austria, Russia, and France poured their huge armies on him. In 1758, he had a terrible, doubtful battle with the Russians, at Zorndorf, when each claimed the victory; but this was followed by a fearful defeat by the Austrians at Hochkirchen on the 14th of October, 1758, the very day of the death of Wilhelmina,

CAMEO VII.

Battle of Minden.
1759.

Margraffin of Baireuth, Frederick's favourite sister. His friend and general, Keith, was killed in this disastrous battle ; and the next year there was another fight at Frankfort, so severe that the Russian marshal said he should have to carry the news of the next such victory alone to St. Petersburg. Dresden was lost to him, but his spirit and constancy were indomitable.

Lord George Sackville was acting in unison with Prince Ferdinand, though not unfortunately under his command. Together they met a great French army at Minden on the 1st of August, 1759. Ferdinand, after hard fighting, disordered the French, and sent orders to Lord George to advance with the cavalry and complete the rout. He pretended to misunderstand. "The Prince cannot mean me to break the line," he said, and he would not stir though three aides-de-camp were sent to him in succession. However, the Prince sent orders to the Marquis of Granby, who commanded the second line, and he charged with all his might ; but half an hour had been lost, and the victory was less complete than it ought to have been, though it really was the deliverance of Hanover.

King George sent his thanks and the Order of the Garter to Ferdinand, and King Frederick wrote him an ode. Lord George Sackville found himself in such disgrace that he resigned his commission and demanded a court-martial. He behaved there in a haughty manner, trying to browbeat the witnesses. He said that the orders Captain Ligonier brought were contradictory, being first to charge with all the cavalry, then in the same breath with all the British cavalry. Captain Fitzroy, who came up next with pressing orders to charge, was told by Lord George "Not to be in a hurry," and he had answered that his orders were positive ; it was a glorious opportunity, the French were broken. Lord Granby, who had all the merit of the day, deposed, as kindly as he could, that the prisoner was perplexed, and another officer testified to his being confused, and that he himself had said to Ligonier, " Repeat your words that that man may not pretend not to have heard them ; you see what a condition he is in."

Lord George declared this to be false ; but Ligoiner corroborated the evidence, and the only possible doubt is whether he was seized by a panic, or whether he really did not choose to act on the Brunswicker's bidding. The judges found him guilty of disobedience to orders, and declared him incapable of serving again. It was in itself an equitable judgment ; though if poor Admiral Byng deserved to die, he did so far more, for he could not plead a simple error in judgment, but was absolutely disobedient to the Commander-in-chief, and thus obscured the glory of what was otherwise a splendid victory.

Yet this year, 1759, was the most brilliantly successful of the life of George, though more so in the Colonies than in Europe ; and in fact this Seven Years' War, of which we have now reached the central point, was chiefly important to England, as it enabled her to establish on firm foundations her colonial empire alike in America and Hindustan, and to drive the French entirely out of competition for either domain.

CAMEO VIII.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

1756—1759.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1725. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

CAMEO VIII. — *Indian inroads.*

THE year 1756 did not dawn hopefully for the American colonies. The woeful defeat of Braddock had greatly encouraged the French, and had given the Indians a meaner opinion of the English. The raids of the Indians on Virginia were incessant, and the solitary manner of living of the planters, each on his own estate, made it almost impossible to protect them. Washington, who commanded the force of the colony, tried to persuade them to collect their families at fortified centres, but every man wanted to look after his own tobacco, and hoped to be the one to escape, and refused, while on an alarm the officers would be recalled to their families; nor was Washington's authority definite enough to retain them. The rich valley of the Shenandoah, the furthest part to which the settlers had penetrated, was becoming almost deserted, and family after family either were slaughtered or fled for their lives, so that Washington wrote that "the supplicating tears of women and the moving petitions of men filled him with deadly sorrow."

It was William Pitt who, as Secretary of State, gave the most efficient aid to the distressed colony, where the young general with 700 men at the utmost was striving to defend a frontier of 350 miles. He had always longed for the Fort Duquesne, which the French held, and to his great joy Pitt authorised an attack on it, and further ordered that the colonial troops should be supplied with munitions of war at the expense of the English Government, and rejoiced the officers in the American Service by putting them on an equal footing with the English. Colonel Forbes was sent in command of a British force, and Washington joined him. A new road was cut through the forest, and though the first detachment of 400 men was cut off, when the main

CAMEO VIII.
—
Canada.
1756.

body of 6,000 advanced, the French retreated. Washington was the first to enter the fort, and the name was changed to Pittsburgh, in honour of the great English statesman. This secured to the English the valley of the Ohio, so long the division between north and south.

Pitt had a further design, namely to add to the recent conquest of Nova Scotia that of Canada itself, so as to have no enemy to the northward. Some have said that the name of this country is derived from the Spaniards' exclamation on finding no gold there, "*Aca nada*"—here is nothing, but it is much more likely that it comes from the Indian word Kanata, meaning a collection of huts. The governor was the Marquis de Montcalm, a native of Nismes, and a very excellent and courageous person, and the colonists were a simple, loyal people, while the Indians were attached to the French.

Recent disasters had convinced Pitt that if he wished enterprises to succeed he must select their leaders, and not trust entirely to seniority or patronage. There was an officer, James Wolfe, already a Lieutenant-Colonel at twenty-two, the son of an old general of Marlborough's wars, and who had entered the army at fourteen, behaving himself so gallantly at the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Laufeldt as to have been favourably noticed by the Duke of Cumberland. He had since been quartered in Scotland. He was an exceedingly shy man, and conscious that he did not shine in society; he was also far from handsome, and had bright red hair which he would not conceal with powder. He was quiet, grave, and studious, and deeply religious. He wrote, when in Scotland, that "rather than want the Word, he had acquired the reputation of a good Presbyterian by attending the Kirk of Scotland till our chaplain arrives." He was of the number of those who captured Cape Breton, but there became so ill that he was invalided home; and indeed he was a constant sufferer from ill-health. However, his view was always "to wish to be where there was most employment and least vice," and he offered his services for the next American campaign.

Pitt chose him as the leader of one of the three expeditions designed for the conquest of Canada, and invited him to dinner together with Lord Temple the day before his departure. When the minister unfolded his plans Wolfe was so elated that all his shyness forsook him; he drew his sword, leapt up from his chair and waved it round the room, talking so wildly of the great things possible that the two statesmen were dismayed, and when he departed Pitt lifted up his hands, and exclaimed—"That I should have entrusted the fate of the country to such hands!" Yet it was really the enthusiasm of genius inspired by hope and seeing all things possible. General Prideaux with New England and Indian troops was to attack Niagara and embark on Lake Ontario; General Amherst with 12,000 men to reduce the fort of Ticonderoga, and push on by Lake Champlain and the river Richelieu; General Wolfe to sail in the fleet of Admiral Saunders up the St. Lawrence; and they were all to meet at Quebec and besiege it.

Prideaux reached Niagara and began the siege. The French and their Indians advanced on him with a whoop that was heard above the thunder of the cataract. He was killed, but Sir William Johnson, the second in command, gained the victory, and won the fort. He held it securely, though he could not make any advance beyond.

General Amherst appeared before Ticonderoga fort, and when the French perceived his strength they retreated to Crown Fort further up Lake Champlain, but abandoned this likewise, and retreated to the Isle aux Noix at the upper end of the lake, with 3,500 men and several armed vessels. He was therefore obliged to remain at Ticonderoga, building boats for an attack on them, and totally unable to communicate with General Wolfe, so that the combination on which Pitt had reckoned was frustrated.

However, Wolfe was sailing for the St. Lawrence, and on the way two small vessels of the French were taken, in which, to the joy of the sailors, were found excellent charts of the river, which enabled the fleet to enter the river in perfect safety from rocks and currents otherwise unknown. On the 27th of June, 1759, they reached the Isle of Orleans, about twenty miles long, and well cultivated with farms and orchards.

The next day the French made an attempt to destroy the invaders, by sending seven fire ships down the strong current of the river, but Admiral Saunders had divined the scheme, and had well armed boats ready to meet them, with grappling irons and chains. They caught the perilous vessels, towed them to the other side of the island, stranded them, and left them to burn themselves out, without having done any mischief.

On the 29th, Wolfe sent Brigadier Monkton to take possession of the battery on the headland of Point Levis, on the right bank of the river, just opposite to Quebec. Meantime he marched along the island with the rest of his troops, and surveyed from the westernmost part the harbour and the city of Quebec, one of the most beautifully and strongly situated in the world. It stands at the point where the river St. Charles flows into the St. Lawrence. A long ridge of precipitous cliffs, called the Heights of Abraham, runs along the river for a considerable distance, and just opposite to the Isle of Orleans, the stream Montmorency leaps straight down into the St. Lawrence in a cascade, whose fame would be great were it not dwarfed by its neighbour, Niagara.

The harbour had a sandbank in front of it, and the French had been reinforced by twenty ships full of supplies of men, but the number of regular soldiers was not great, though Canadians and volunteers raised Montcalm's army to ten thousand men. There was great enthusiasm among them; old men of eighty and boys of thirteen swelled their ranks.

With these he guarded the only side of Quebec not protected by the cliffs, crowned with fortifications, namely a tract called Beauport, with a

CAMEO VIII.

Siege of Quebec. 1759.

bridge of boats across the St. Charles, to communicate with Quebec, and with the forest behind.

Wolfe raised a battery at Point Levis and another on the point of the Island; but his artillery was without effect on the fortifications. He tried to lure Montcalm out of his strong position, by making feints of crossing the Montmorency. But the two commanders were worthily matched, and the French did not move, while the practised Canadian marksmen, old and young, picked off his soldiers from the cover of the woods. He had issued a manifesto promising immunity to life and property to non-belligerents, and he retaliated by the hard measure of ravaging their homesteads. "It will take half a century to repair the havoc," wrote an American officer, with some exaggeration.

Then Wolfe tried an attack on the French camp, fording the Montmorency, and using the ship's boats; but the attack was made too precipitately, without orders, and was beaten off, night, tide and storm, all compelling a retreat with considerable loss. It dispirited the soldiers, and there was disappointment in hearing nothing from the other two armies, only rumours through French prisoners. Wolfe fell ill of a fever, and as soon as he was able, he wrote a very desponding letter to Mr. Pitt, as if he thought nothing remained for him but to keep the enemy in check. "My constitution is entirely ruined," he wrote, "without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the State, or without any prospect of it."

This melancholy letter was scarcely gone when a sudden idea occurred to Wolfe. He sent the ships in two divisions to make feigned attacks on the two opposite sides of the city, and then at one o'clock on the dark night of the 13th of September suddenly embarked his soldiers in all the boats he had collected. They could only carry half; the rest had to wait till they could come back for them. With muffled oars, in the dark, they rowed two miles to a little cove, ever since known by his name. One young midshipman, who was in Wolfe's boat, remembered and recorded that the General beguiled the way by repeating Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and ended by saying, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." The boats reached the base of the cliff, where there was only a single path, so steep and narrow that, for the greater part of the way, two men could not go abreast, and they had to help themselves up in the pitch darkness by catching at brambles and trailing plants or overhanging roots. Some of the Highlanders, newly formed into a regiment, led the way, as the best mountaineers; Wolfe was among the first.

Only when the foremost had almost reached the summit did the French guard hear the rustling. They fired into the darkness at random, and then, in spite of their officer, ran away, while the English succeeded in dragging up a cannon, and the boats returned for the remainder of the troops, who at daybreak stood in order on the Heights of Abraham.

Word was carried to Montcalm, who would not believe it till he

CAMEO VIII.

Death of Wolfe. 1759.

actually beheld them. "I see them," he said, "where they should not be; but if we must fight, I shall crush them."

He hastened his troops across the St. Charles, placing his regular regiments alternately with the Canadians, and spreading the Indians beyond, to attack the flanks of the English.

Wolfe's men were drawn up with equal skill. The right wing numbered his best soldiers, and he rode along it, exhorting the men to stand firm whatever befell, and not to fire till the enemy were only forty yards distant. They obeyed, though the French line advanced firing, so that many men dropped, and Wolfe himself was shot in the wrist, but he wound his handkerchief round it and continued his orders. When the French were near enough a destructive fire was poured on them, and as the smoke cleared off, numbers were seen lying prostrate, others flying, the rest wavering.

Wolfe sprang forward to command a charge, unheeding a second shot in the back, but in the midst a third in the breast brought him to the ground, and he was carried to the rear; but his brave men did not give back, though his second in command was also wounded; but Montcalm likewise fell, while trying to rally his men, and was carried into the town.

Wolfe lay silent, now and then raising himself to look out on the fight till his eyesight began to fail. An officer suddenly cried, "See how they run!" The dying man started up on his elbow, saying "Who run?"

"The enemy!" was the answer, "they give way in all directions."

"Then God be thanked, I die happy." He turned on his side and died.

Montcalm lay giving orders, and saying "All is not lost;" but when told that he was dying, he said, "So much the better; I shall not see the surrender of Quebec."

He was buried in the hole made by a cannon-ball in the floor of the church of the Ursuline nuns. Wolfe's remains were sent to England, and received with all military honours at Portsmouth and at Greenwich, where he was laid beside his father, a monument being also erected in Westminster Abbey.

The two heroes are, however, linked together at Quebec, where in the public gardens there stands an obelisk, sixty feet high. On the land side is engraved the word Montcalm, on the sea front, Wolfe, and the motto is:

"Mortem virtus communem, famam historia, monumentum posteritas dedit."
("Valour gave death, history fame, posterity a monument common to both.")

Quebec surrendered on the sixth day after the battle, the French marching out with the honours of war, and the seat of government was transferred to Montreal.

General de Levis was, however, resolved to recover Quebec, and the

CAMEO VIII.

Decline of Montreal. 1760.

next April appeared before the walls. General Murray sallied out on him, but was obliged to retreat within the walls. The French laid siege to the place, and for nearly a month hoped to win it, but an English frigate appeared in the river, followed by two more, and De Levis raised the siege on the 17th of May.

In September 1760 General Amherst blockaded Montreal, and after a gallant defence, the French were forced to capitulate. It was the virtual conquest of Lower Canada, though the territory was not formally ceded to England till the peace, and the chief of the population remains French in language, habits, and religion, being, in fact, still what the French bourgeois and peasantry were, at their best, before the Revolution.

The Americans of those days had not much in common with those who come to the front in the present time, though much of the stern religion and self-denial still remains. Each colony stood alone, connected with the parent country, but not with one another; each had its own government, and resisted interference with it, and each had its own character.

Virginia was aristocratic, the settlers living in parks, growing tobacco, and thriving thereupon, and surrounded by colonies of slaves, many of whom were employed in domestic service and were devotedly attached to their masters and mistresses, while the white children, to whom they were foster-parents, were almost equally fond of them. Fine old mansions, full of family pictures and plate, adorned the country, and most of the gentry were church people, with churches of the late date, endowed at the time of the settlement. The fashions came to them from England, and the more aspiring sent their sons to be educated there. Georgia, Carolina, and Maryland partook of the same character, but it was very different with the New England states. *The Virginians* shows these ways with great vividness.

Massachusetts, with the capital, Boston, gave the general character here, though Boston, owing to the presence of English soldiers, and the neighbourhood of Harvard University, was more fashionable, more cultivated, and more aware of European politics than the rest, and with a strong independent spirit. The nickname Yankee is supposed to come from the Indian attempt to pronounce English, and the term is always specially applied to the New English. The country folk of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut had a special character of their own, derived from the Pilgrim Fathers, and which has not died out in the villages. They lived mostly in villages or remote farmhouses, and their special centre was their chapel or meeting-house. They were strict and gravely moral in all their ways, and led a life of little indulgence, though of rough plenty. On Sunday all came to both services at church, the more distant and wealthy families keeping a shanty or house for their "Sabbath rest," where their horse might be put up, and they themselves might eat their food. Sometimes two households would combine for the purpose, but nothing like relaxation

CAMEO VIII.

American Meeting Houses.

was permitted to the juniors. The houses were provided with Bibles, sometimes with Baxter's *Saints' Rest* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the last infinitely beloved by the young folk, who found in it some relief from the being examined or making notes on the sermon. Others would carry a luncheon, which was stored in boxes under the seats of the pews, so that the fond recollection of those who had grown old was apt to be connected with the mixed scent of garlic, onions, cheese and Sunday posies.

Fearfully cold it must have been in the meeting houses, for at winter baptisms the ice had to be broken, and sometimes even the wine for the Holy Communion was frozen. Yet the children who lived throve, and were of the hardiest constitution, mental as well as bodily. Balls and the like gaieties were prohibited, but they had a happy life with the delights of the woods around; berry gathering, making of maple sugar, hunting, and the "bees," when all the men assembled to put up a house, or the women to slice apples for preserving, or to quilt one of their great counterpanes. There were sleighing parties in the winter, skating, and much homely country enjoyment. Most persons learnt at home to read, but, unless they were designed for ministers, further knowledge went but a little way. An almanack which was generally circulated had one poem, which went on year after year; another, one story. Noah Webster was growing up, but his wonderful spelling-book and dictionary were yet in the future. His life, and Hawthorne's books, both show the habits of the country. Benjamin Franklin, who has already been mentioned, had all the greater success with his "Poor Richard's Maxims," because they made full impression in the absence of other literature. He belonged to Pennsylvania, the Quaker city, which its founder would have called Sylvania alone, but to which Charles insisted on adding his name. This state had a certain character of its own, and so had New Jersey, which had been the first refuge of the Quakers from New England intolerance.

New York was still chiefly Dutch, and so was the city of Albany, in the same colony. The country life and habits were much the same, but the inhabitants were often substantial old Dutch families, with houses built after the fashion in Holland, stoops or verandahs covering their fronts, with steps beneath them, and the heads of the families exercising a grand patriarchal sway. Madame Van Schuylen is described in Mrs. Grant's *Life* as thus reigning, and the whole scenery and habits, and the Calvinist discipline are well depicted in Florence Wilford's *Dominie Freylinghausen.*

Slavery existed in all these territories, but not severely. The wealthy kept slaves to supply the want of domestic service, and generally treated them well. It was not till the growth of cotton and rice came in that they began to suffer in the Southern States.

Indians were seldom seen in the states to the west, but most had an exposed frontier, where settlers spread, and Indians began in friendship and ended in enmity. John Elliot, and after him David Brainerd,

CAMEO VIII. — *Pioneers.*

strove to do their best for the conversion of these people. There was an Indian college at Cambridge, and Indian Christians came to Albany for their Easter Communion, but in general there was cruel and treacherous war.

Kentucky, not yet a separate state, received the overflowings of Virginia and Pennsylvania, and was the chief field of the never-ending war with the Red men, who found their hunting grounds invaded. Daniel Boone, the son of a Virginian gentleman, was growing up to be the hero of the backwoods warfare, and the protector of the colonists on the Ohio. He was at one time adopted as son of an Indian, and his knowledge of Indian habits, as well as his unvarying good faith and uprightness, together with his dauntless courage and resource, have left a noble name.

Fenimore Cooper's *Pioneers*, and other tales, put the history of the backwoods in the garb of the early part of this century, and Edward Ellis's *Boy Pioneer* series gives its sterner realities.

CAMEO IX.

THE BLACK HOLE.

1756-1761.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

CAMEO IX. — *India.*

THE Seven Years' War, though not marked by any very remarkable achievements of Britain on the Continent of Europe, was, as we have seen, the crisis of the contention between England and France for foreign possessions.

Madras and Bombay had been fairly secured, but there was a third Presidency in the great province of Bengal, on the Hooghly, the estuary of the sacred Ganges, namely Calcutta, where there had been a factory ever since 1689, guarded by a small fort called William, and with a small territory extending for about seven miles. Mahratta forays had been frequent, but the natives of this district had obtained permission to enclose it with a trench and rampart known as the Mahratta ditch which, since 1742, had checked the career of those fierce horsemen. The Calcutta district was in a most thriving condition under a Governor and Council. The vast plain of Bengal was wonderfully fertile, watered by great rivers, especially the sacred Ganges and its tributaries, whose banks were dotted with fine old cities, full of wealth and industry in beautiful articles, silks, shawls, ivory carvings, gold, silver, and brass-work, muslins and chintzes, all in the peculiarly graceful and minute work of the Hindoo. Rice, corn of all kinds, figs, bananas, and endless fruits covered the districts reclaimed from the jungle, where roamed hosts of wild animals, from the terrible tiger to the even more deadly cobra.

The region was the stronghold and centre of Hindooism, in its most superstitious form of corruption from the original germs of nature worship. There reigned belief in the triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva —the two first beneficent, the last, the destroyer. Vishnu's incarnations or avatars in various forms, some to improve his people, others to

CAMEO IX.

Brahmin Doctrine.

avenge, were commemorated in countless temples, and endless observances. Many of these were foul and horrid, especially the worship of Jaghernauth, a monstrous idol, supposed to represent him in one of his appearances, which was kept at Poory in the Orissa province. Once a year the idol made a progress in a huge car, and hundreds of pilgrims made their way to throw themselves before the car and be crushed to death, so that the course was marked by human bones. Bands of Thugs, who deemed murder of peaceful travellers the meet offering to their cruel goddess Kali, roamed the country. All this was implanted on the original Vedas, which in their archaic sanscrit, were only accessible to the highly instructed Brahmins, and among the corruptions were the voluntary sufferings of Faquirs, who hung themselves up by hooks driven in the living flesh, and swung above the pilgrims to the sacred shrines, especially Benares, which swarmed with sacred oxen and sacred apes. Saddest of all was the Suttee, the doom of the widow to share, alive, the funeral pile of her husband. Caste reigned supreme, the Brahmins' children were for ever Brahmins, priests and scribes, the Rajpoots rulers and soldiers, and so on, down to the bheesties, or water-carriers, and nothing would induce one caste to touch with a finger the work of another.

The country was flat, interspersed with rivers, on whose banks lived a population industrious in a languid way, chiefly supported on rice in their swampy fields, and producing beautiful fabrics in silk and muslin. The whole belonged nominally to the Mogul Empire at Delhi; but the Nawab, or Viceroy, always a Mohammedan, had, in fact, despotic power over Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar, reigning at Moorshedabad with considerable magnificence, and it was, in a manner, under him that the East Indian Company held Calcutta.

The old Nawab, Ali Verdi, died in 1753, and was succeeded by his grandson, a youth of seventeen, whose name, on his accession, was made Chiragu el Dowlah, the Lamp of Riches, but on English tongues this became Surajah Dowlah. He was one of those feeble, luxurious, but savage, youths, that are only too apt to grow up as heirs to despotic thrones; he had been flattered from infancy, and allowed to indulge every vice, intoxication especially, and cruelty which delighted in inflicting suffering on man and beast. His courtiers had taught him to hate the foreigners, especially the English, whom he despised, and he had been heard to say that he did not believe there were ten thousand men in all Europe.

Murders and violences began in his domains, and one of his ministers, thinking himself unsafe, had sent his son Kissendas, with his treasure, under pretence of a pilgrimage to Jaghernauth, to Calcutta, where he was admitted by the official Mr. Watts, and hospitably received by Omichund, a merchant of very great wealth, but by no means of equal probity. As Kissendas and his father were suspected of supporting his infant nephew who might become a claimant for the Nawabship, Surajah Dowlah was much offended, and still more so when he heard that

the fortifications were being strengthened; as, in fact, had been rendered necessary by the outbreak of the Seven Years' War.

He sent to demand the surrender of Kissendas, but only in a private letter to Mr. Holwell, one of the Council of the factory, and it was carried by a messenger, disguised as a pedlar, to the house of Omichund. The Council thought the communication so doubtful, that they paid no attention to it, and turned the messenger out of the city. Next came an inquiry as to why the line of guns was under repair, and this was answered at once that it was in prospect of a possible attack from France. The reply put Surajah Dowlah into a sudden rage, and he immediately pounced on the little factory of Cosimbazar, making the English prisoners, among them a youth named Warren Hastings, and forcing the leading ones to sign a requisition that all refugees should be delivered up to the Nawab. Afterwards he marched on towards Calcutta, encouraged rather than pacified by offers sent by the unwarlike residents to submit, and demolish their fortifications. Great was the terror, ships were despatched to ask aid from Madras and Bombay, but they were far distant; and the nearer settlement of Dutch at Chinchoor utterly refused assistance, while the French at Chandernagore only offered a refuge within their walls.

The entire garrison amounted only to 500 men, of whom only 174 were European, and not ten of these had ever seen service or been under fire. A letter to Omichund was intercepted, advising him to put himself and his goods in safety, upon which he was put under arrest, and twenty men placed as a guard in his house. His brother-in-law hid in the Zenana, and when there was an attempt to take him there the servants and peons, or armed followers, 300 in number, fiercely resisted, and the chief of these peons set fire to the place, killed thirteen of the women, and stabbed himself, but not mortally. Kissendas was taken to the fort.

Surajah Dowlah crossed the Hooghly on a bridge of boats, and sent letters to the French and Dutch demanding their assistance, but neither would give it, and his anger was great.

All was disorganised in Fort William, and there was no power of resistance to the batteries which opened upon it. The Hindoos had mostly fled, but 1,500 of the Christians of the Portuguese Church were in the fort, and their cries added to the confusion. Several ships lay in the harbour, and at night, the European women and children were sent on board in boats manned by natives. It was intended to send the poor native Christians after them, but many boats deserted, and the remainder were so overcrowded that several sank, and, those on board were drowned. The vessels were annoyed by the enemy's fire, and without orders removed three miles down the river. A report was brought to the Governor, Mr. Drake, who had been keeping out of reach of fire all the time, that the powder was damp, whereupon he, without a word of warning to the garrison, hurried into one of the two boats that were left, Captain Minchin, the Commandant, still more

CAMEO IX. *The Black Hole.* 1756.

inexcusably followed his shameful example, and they were taken to the ship.

Ninety Englishmen were left, Mr. Holwell took the command, and signalled again and again to the ships to come back to rescue them; but only one attempted it, and that was stuck on a sandbank. Never did Britons behave more disgracefully.

The enemy attacked again. Twenty-five men were killed in the fort, seventy-five slightly hurt, and the stores of arrack were laid open, intoxicating all the rest of the Sepoys.

A flag of truce was sent forward by the enemy, but while Mr. Holwell was parleying, another attack was made. The tipsy Sepoys, meaning to escape, broke open a gate, the enemy poured in, and all was lost. The Nawab sat in state in the chief room of the factory, and civilly received Omichund and Kissendas, but abused Mr. Holwell for presuming to resist, and for having only 50,000 rupees in the treasury, but promised that no harm should be done to him.

This was at seven o'clock in the evening of the 20th of June, 1756, and Mr. Holwell returned to his companions, who were standing under the verandah of the court. Their guards looked about a little for a fit place of confinement, but not easily finding one, drove them into a chamber behind the place where they were waiting, the garrison prison, already known as the Black Hole.

It measured not quite twenty feet each way, and had two small windows, obstructed by the verandah. And into this one hundred and forty-six persons were forced, some remonstrating; but the officer ordered that any one who resisted should be cut down. It was so thronged that it was difficult to thrust in the last, before the door was shut and locked. Every one felt that the heat and suffocation would soon be death. Mr. Holwell was near enough to a window to offer an old jemadar, or officer, outside, a thousand rupees if half could be removed. Twice the man went to ask, but returned with tidings that the Nawab was asleep, and no one dared to waken him.

Horrible thirst came on, and the good jemadar obtained permission that skins of water should be brought; but the agony of struggle this produced led to many being stifled and trampled, while the Hindoo guard laughed at the wild efforts of the sufferers, and held up lights to see them better. By two o'clock only fifty were alive, all who were not close to the windows had sunk and perished. About an hour after the Nawab sent to ask if the English chief survived. He did, having been brought to a window by the generous self-sacrifice of Captain Mills. With difficulty a way was made in half an hour through the corpses so that the door could be opened, and he was carried out, while twenty-three more ghastly creatures, including one woman, stumbled, or were dragged into the morning air. The hundred and twenty bodies were thrown into the ditch.

Mr. Holwell, unable to walk or stand, was taken to the Nawab, who expressed no regret, but only demanded where the treasure was hidden,

and with many threats, threw him and two other Englishmen into prison, loaded with fetters, afterwards sending them in an open boat to Moorshedabad, though they were severely ill and suffered from terrible boils. However, as they passed Cosimbazar, the French and Dutch residents did all they could for them.

The woman was carried to a Zenana, the other twenty were allowed to go where they pleased, and, miserable as they were, succeeded in reaching the ships, where their wretched condition and the horrible tale they told were a terrible reproach to the captains who might have saved them. The Nawab thought himself another Tamerlane. He changed the name of Calcutta to Alinagore, garrisoned it, and issued a proclamation that no European should remain within it, and when all this was done, and he had returned to his capital, he released his three prisoners, who had been living in a cow house all this time.

It was not till the 18th of August, nearly two months after the catastrophe, that it was known at Madras. Clive had volunteered for Bengal, and the Council determined, by General Lawrence's advice, to send him with such force as they could raise, in Admiral Watson's squadron, to recover the lost factory.

Much time was wasted in disputing, for Colonel Adlerkron, who was senior to Clive, refused to serve under him, and when the Council of Madras proposed to assume the Government of Calcutta, Admiral Watson refused them the use of his fleet unless Drake, and the survivors of his Council, took the government, and the only British troops whom Adlerkron would allow to serve were 250 volunteers under Captain Eyre Coote, who were allowed to act as Marines on the Admiral's flagship. Two months were wasted in disputes, and this brought them into the way of the monsoon, which drove some of the ships out of their course, and prolonged the voyage so much that the rice failed, and the Sepoys preferred death to eating meat. At Fulta, at the mouth of the Hooghly, they found Major Kilpatrick, who had been waiting for them with his force of 250 from Madras, which in the dreadful climate had dwindled to thirty!

Admiral Watson was a brave and upright sailor, but punctilious, and he made Clive land so as to have a heavy march through a swamp. He was attacked two hours after his arrival by Manik Chund, the Governor of Calcutta; but Clive made a gallant resistance, and a shot, going through Manik Chund's turban, so scared him that he retreated, and a drunken soldier, climbing over the parapet of the little fort of Baj Baj, found it deserted.

On the 2nd of January, 1757, Calcutta surrendered to Watson, who sent Coote to take possession. Clive came in with the land forces, and refused to recognise the Admiral's authority to appoint a junior officer, and Watson threatened to fire on the fort unless Clive abandoned it. Finally Clive made it over to the Admiral, and he appointed the cowardly and incompetent Drake as Governor. But they were men who could do their duty without personal animosity, and were good

CAMEO IX.
Fall of Chandernagore.
1757.

friends throughout; though the Calcutta Government did all they could to set Watson against Clive, because he came from Madras.

Meantime Bussy was doing his utmost to restore French influence, and it was known that the war had been declared between England and France. The Madras people wanted to set Clive to take Chandernagore, but he waited to endeavour to arrange for compensation to the Calcutta people for the robbery of their property. Meantime Surajah Dowlah and his army approached, and sent to demand deputies to arrange for a peace. Two Englishmen were sent, and haughtily received. On their way back they received hints to take care of themselves, and putting out their lights, reached the camp at eleven at night. Clive determined to attack before daylight, obtained assistance from the Admiral, marched at three o'clock, and fell on the Nawab's army at six in the morning. Fog hindered their success from being complete, but it had the effect of alarming the Nawab, and he agreed to a treaty by which the English should be restored to their rights, and he should bind himself not to take part with the French. Of course he began to treat with them in secret immediately after. Admiral Watson would not act till he had official notice of the war in Europe; but it came at last, and in March, 1757, there was an attack made by land and by water on the French fort and factory of Chandernagore.

The brunt of the final assault fell on the ships, which had anchored close to the enemy's walls. The *Kent* and *Tyger* were so close that their bullets were flattened against the walls of the Governor's palace, and their officers suffered severely from the muskets from the tops of the houses.

The *Kent*, Watson's flagship, received 142 shots in her hull and six in her masts. Every officer but one was killed or wounded, among them Captain Speke, and his young son, who both were struck down by the same shot, which proved fatal to the brave boy, whose whole thought was for his father. Only one man was killed on the land side, but the musketry had a great effect. At nine a flag of truce was shown, but the Admiral, unwilling to show the condition of his ship, sent Coote to receive terms, and the fort was put into English hands, while Watson returned, with his much damaged ships, to Calcutta, and Clive remained to watch the Nawab.

Surajah Dowlah had a large entrenched camp at Plassy, and was more than suspected of calling on Bussy to join him. He received Law and the other French who had escaped from Chandernagore, and took them into his service, and when the English complained, he sent them to Patna, with money and ammunition. Upon this the Admiral wrote, "That while a Frenchman remained in the country, he would not cease from pursuing him."

Clive decided that Surajah Dowlah must be overthrown, and by intrigue. It is painful to go through the details, but Meer Jaffier, a Mohammedan, and the commander of his forces, was to be turned against the Nawab, and Omichund was the chief means of communica-

tion; but this latter stipulated for a considerable reward. Five per cent. on all sums received under the treaty were granted to him, but he insisted on having the same rate on all the Nawab's treasure, and a quarter of all his jewels.

The Committee at Calcutta would not entertain this proposal; but as Omichund had all the papers in his hands, and threatened to betray them, they resolved to deceive him by drawing up two treaties, one on red, one on white paper, the first giving Omichund all he asked, the second leaving him out, and Meer Jaffier was to be informed secretly that only the white one was binding.

Admiral Watson stoutly refused to have anything to do with the red one, but Clive forged his name, and sent the two copies off to Moorshedabad. Surajah Dowlah was beginning to suspect Meer Jaffier, and surrounded his house with troops; but the Vizier signed the treaty and sent it off. Clive marched, but without aid from Watson, who doubted of the success of the enterprise. When near Plassy, intelligence was received that the Nawab and Meer Jaffier were reconciled, and so they outwardly were, having sworn fidelity on the Koran to one another, but there was treachery in their hearts.

Clive assembled a Council of War, which decided against fighting, as Councils of War always do; nevertheless he made up his mind to a battle, and told Eyre Coote so.

They advanced, 1100 Europeans and 2100 Sepoys against 35,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry, 10 field pieces against 53! On the 23rd of June, there was cannonading all day, but the enemy's fire did little harm, as Clive's men were protected by a grove of mangoes. Late in the day Meer Jaffier brought his troops over to the English, and the next day the fight was renewed; when Surajah Dowlah went off to Moorshedabad, while his troops dispersed, and Meer Jaffier was received by Clive, who advised him to press on to Moorshedabad and save it from plunder. When Surajah Dowlah heard of his arrival, he embarked in a boat with his favourite wife, meaning to go to Patna, but his rowers grew weary, and he had to land and hide in a garden, where he was found by a Faquir, whose nose and ears he had cut off. He was sent back to his capital, and there put to death in prison.

On the 29th, Clive entered the city, and installed Meer Jaffier on the *musnd*, after which they proceeded to examine the treasury, which they found much less than they expected, only two millions and a half pounds sterling, instead of forty millions as they had anticipated. Clive received £200,000 from Meer Jaffier, but took nothing that was not fully known, and Omichund was informed that the red treaty was of no force, and that there was nothing for him. He fainted, or perhaps had a fit, on hearing this, for he never recovered entirely, and died eighteen months later,

This is a terrible blot on Clive's character, and even Watson does not come out of it well, for though he would not write his name to the treaty, he did not protest against its being added, and he claimed his

CAMEO IX.
—
Lally Tollendal.
1758.

share of the plunder; but he died soon after the victory in August 1757. Clive remained, upholding Meer Jaffier, but preventing him from crushing the Hindoo merchants. It took fully a year to communicate with the Directors in England, and their orders were in consequence often quite inapplicable. Letters came now making the four senior members of Council Presidents in rotation; but happily they saw the absurdity of this scheme and made Clive President, and shortly after came a Commission making him Governor of Bengal.

The French East India Company saw their power falling, and were urgent to have the Count of Lally Tollendal sent out. He was of an Irish refugee family Tollendal being really Tullydal, and had fought for Charles Edward, was brave and honourable, but passionate and perfectly ignorant of Eastern life. M. d'Argenson declared that he would be a firebrand in the counting houses if he went out. However, they sent him, and he found Pondicherry in the greatest disorder, no money, no ammunition, all had been going down ever since Dupleix had been sent home. He had with him some of the choicest of the French, and a strong body of troops, and he immediately attacked Goodelen and took it, then invested Fort St. David, but found it could not be taken without cannon. Hurrying to Pondicherry, he forced the Hindoos to draw his guns to the attack, without respect to caste, yoking Brahmins and Pariahs together indiscriminately. He mastered St. David's easily, and took Devicottah at once, so that in a month he had almost driven the British out of the southern coast of Coromandel. "My policy is in five words," he wrote, "but they are Sacramental. No more English in the Peninsula," and he recalled Bussy from Bengal to attack Madras; but his harsh military government set all the natives against him, and his fierce objurgations and calls for money offended the merchants. He seized the Black town of Madras, with an enormous amount of plunder in it, especially spirits and arrack, which quickly demoralised his soldiers, only the Lorraine regiment keeping free. He wrote in a sort of impatient despair to his friends in France, "Hell has vomited me forth on this land of iniquity, and, like Jonah, I wait the whale which is to swallow me."

He was repulsed from Fort St. George and the White town, and on the 16th of February, 1759, he had to give up the siege, having been deserted by all his Sepoys, whom he had alienated by his harshness.

His hopes were set on the French fleet, but it was defeated, and never reappeared. Major Coote had taken Wandewash, and Lally marched thither to oppose him, but was utterly beaten. Bussy was made prisoner and sent home, and so much was the French power reduced from their almost imperial force, that they actually had little more than the territory immediately around Pondicherry, and to this, on the 16th of January, 1761, the English under Eyre Coote laid siege.

Lally had taken measures for holding out to the utmost, but with his usual harshness. He expelled all the useless mouths and 1400 of both sexes and all ages wandered for a week miserably between the

CAMEO IX.

Pondicherry Taken. 1761.

camp and the town, till at last they were allowed by the English to pass into the country. Severe requisitions had been made on the houses in Pondicherry, and there was much irritation, especially as the Irish Frenchman could not repress his complaints. "I would rather command the Kaffirs than remain in this Sodom, which sooner or later the English fire must destroy, failing that from Heaven!"

It is only too probable that Frenchmen in India, of the days of Louis XV., gave too much occasion for such denunciations. However, he defended the place like a good soldier, with vain hope of succour from France; but the fleet had orders not to quit the Isles of Bourbon and of France, where an attack was expected. Still, in spite of the general hatred and disaffection, he held out till the 16th of January, 1761, and then was forced to surrender at discretion, when the fortifications and arsenals were destroyed, and though Pondicherry was allowed to remain a French factory, yet it never became, as Dupleix had hoped, a warrior power or the seat of empire.

Lally was sent to England, with high honours from the conquerors. "No one can have a higher opinion than myself of M. de Lally," wrote Coote; "he struggled against obstacles that I thought insurmountable and triumphed over them. Not another man in India could so long have maintained an army without pay and without resources."

So spoke his enemies in the field. There was more hostility at home. He came to England, worn out, ill and dejected, only to learn that all were against him in France, accusing him of treason! He obtained leave of the English Government to go to defend himself. "I bring my head and my innocence," he wrote to the Minister of War, and went straight to the Bastille of his own accord. He was kept there nineteen months, and then one hundred and sixty counts were in the indictment, two hundred witnesses appeared against him, and the affair lasted a year and a half, but without exhausting the bitterness of his enemies, especially the Parliament. He demanded a Court Martial, but was refused. At the bar he showed his scars and his white head. "Here is the reward of fifty-five years' service," he exclaimed.

He was declared guilty of betraying the interests of the King and of the Company. "Never! Never!" he shouted, drawing himself to his full height; but he could not refrain from reviling his enemies, and, pulling out a mathematical compass, tried to stab himself, but in vain.

His few friends were not allowed to accompany him to the scaffold in the Place de Grève, only the Curé of St. Louis l'Isle, and he was pinioned like a malefactor. He knelt down without assistance, and received the fatal blow of the sword with full courage like the brave man he was.

"Every one except the headsman has a right to kill Lally," said D'Alembert, whose tender heart was indignant at his violence and cruelty; but Voltaire was more just, and called it a judicial murder. It was simply injustice committed by those who had let him lose India, and in 1780 his memory was reinstated, and the attaint on his blood removed, on the petition of his sons.

CAMEO X.

THE PEACE OF PARIS AND OF HUBERTSBURG.

1759—1764.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

CAMEO X. — *Seven Years' War.* 1759.

MOST terrible were the battles that raged between Maria Theresa and Frederick II. during these last years of the Seven Years' War. Austria, France, and Russia were all determined on her overthrow, and he had no efficient ally but England. It was even proposed to lay George II., as Elector of Hanover, under the ban of the Empire together with the Landgraf of Hesse and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, if they continued to support him.

At Kunersdorf he had a frightful defeat by the united armies. Two horses were killed under him, and a gold case in his pocket was crushed in. Half his army was destroyed. He dashed off a note, "Remove from Berlin with the Royal Family. Let the archives be taken to Potsdam. Make the best terms you can with the enemy." He threw himself on a heap of straw in a ruined farm-house and slept the sound sleep of exhaustion, but he had made up his mind not to survive the fall of his realm, if it was irretrievable.

But his opponents had suffered nearly as much, and the Russian General Soltikoff said he should have to carry the news of such another victory to St. Petersburg alone. In fact, his army had all the loss, while the Austrians took all the honour, and this made him so angry, that he would not assist in pursuing the Prussians, though Marshal Loudon made sure of capturing the King.

This quarrel saved Frederick, and recalling General Kleist from Pomerania, he was able to protect his capital. The Austrians besieged Dresden, and a fearfully hard winter set in, when each army suffered dreadfully, "dying like flies," so that the cold cost more men than two battles, and the Austrians lost 4,000 in sixteen days.

However in the new year, 1760, they succeeded in entering Berlin,

CAMEO X.

Death of George II. 1760.

and occupying Potsdam, when their commander, Prince Esterhazy, behaved with great forbearance, not seizing even a single picture. Frederick was in Saxony, trying to relieve his garrison in Dresden. Two battles followed, Leignitz and Torgau, in both of which he was successful, though with terrible slaughter; but he had gained all Saxony.

His nephew, the hereditary prince, with whom was the British contingent under Lord Granby, was fighting with the French under De Broglie on the Rhine. The Allies endeavoured to surprise the [illegible]ch camp near Kloster Campen, marching on through the darkness [illegible] an October night. Suddenly, when close to the enemy, the troops seized a young officer of the regiment of Antwerp, the Chevalier d'Assas, at a little distance from the outpost he commanded. Their bayonets at his breast, the advance party threatened instant death if he made the least noise. The brave youth's answer was a shout with all the power of his voice, "À moi, Auvergne, voilà l'ennemi!" it was his last breath, he was slain at the instant, but his sacrifice saved the army, they were roused, and the Prince beaten off with the loss of 1,000 men.

It was in the past year, 1759, that an event happened which cannot be passed over without mention, namely, the death of Handel, the King of Music. He was German by birth, a native of Halle, but he never met with full appreciation except in England, where he lived in Brook Street from 1735 to 1759. His oratorios are to music what cathedrals are to architecture, and it is almost idle to mention those works of his whose perfection has made them known to every one. The great Duke of Marlborough, George II., and Queen Caroline were all his admirers and patrons, and many of the higher nobility followed their example. It is curious that *Judas Maccabæus* was produced in honour of the victory of Culloden, a triumph to the German Protestant mind.

He became totally blind, but could still preside at the organ, and did so at the last performance of the *Messiah* in his lifetime on the 6th of April. On that day week, Good Friday, he died according to what had always been his wish, "that," as he said, "he might meet his Redeemer on Easter Day."

It was a period of royal deaths. It was on the 15th of October, 1760, that as George II. was rising in the morning, a heavy fall was heard, and his attendants rushing in found him on the floor, with his head against a bureau. As they lifted him up he drew his last breath.

Princess Amelia was called. She was near sighted and deaf, and fancying her father called her, she put her face down to his to hear him better, and thus she perceived that he was dead. She burst into passionate grief under the shock. She had been a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and since the death of her mother had been the head of the Court.

As "Princess Emily," she spent her latter years in Bath, the great

CAMEO X
—
George III.
1760.

Lady in the society which was rising into fashionable notoriety under the management of "Beau Nash."

The death of George II. was destined to make a great difference in European affairs. The immediate change of politics was transient, though for the time it was considerable, but the effect of the character of the new King was great and lasting, and to this time we feel the benefits of it in the higher stamp of public men, who have become inaccessible to bribery, and, in every party, stand far above all such suspicion.

Yet George III., though a man of clear judgement and good sense, was far from clever, and had great disadvantages of manner and speech. He had an awkward habit of repeating his own phrases, and exclaiming, "What? what? Hey?" before he was answered; and this led to his being often laughed at. He had not been well educated, owing to the distrust and dislike between his grandfather and his mother, and his taste was never very good, nor had he any of the graces of chivalry or courtliness, only the blunt, hearty ways of an honest man towards his intimate friends, or towards the poor, while his embarrassment made him awkward towards strangers. The foundation of his character was, however, the deepest piety and conscientiousness. His good mother, Augusta, had brought him and his brothers up in an ignorance of evil, perfectly wonderful in those days, and what was perhaps unavoidable, with a certain narrowness and firmness which might often become obstinacy. A King of absolute purity of heart and life together with real strength of character, was an untold blessing in the terrible days that were preparing for every nation in Europe, and likewise he left his impress on the whole standard of men engaged in politics as well as upon the Court.

He was just twenty-two when on the 26th of November, 1760, he was riding in the park with the Marquis of Bute, he received the tidings of his grandfather's sudden death. He went back to Kew, meeting Pitt on the way, and then to his mother at Carlton House, and the next day he was proclaimed as King. Before the month was over he had put forth another proclamation, "for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and for preventing and punishing of profaneness and immorality." Nor was this a mere form. He tried to live up to it, and many years after Hannah More could appeal to it in her efforts for the good cause.

But the nation was in a state of alarm and distrust, for the war was popular, and the Princess of Wales and her little Court were believed to be opposed to it. To the Royal Exchange a hand-bill was affixed with, "No petticoat government, no Scotch favourite, no Lord George Sackville." The Scotch favourite was of course John Stuart, Marquis of Bute, who had always been loved and trusted first by Frederick, Prince of Wales, and then by his widow, a harmless good sort of man, to whom the young King had always learnt to look up, but who was of Tory opinions, of no breadth of character, and who was naturally disliked without much reason.

CAMEO X.
Character of the King.

The Prayer for the Royal Family had mentioned, besides the Princess Dowager of Wales, Princess Amelia and the Duke of Cumberland, but it was now arranged that all, except the King's mother, should be included without naming them in the Prayer for the Royal Family. This was because the King's brothers and sisters ought to come before his uncle and aunt, and he did not think the displacement courteous; but the jealous public were dissatisfied, thinking the Duke slighted.

Princess Amelia had been Ranger of the Park at Richmond. She had tried to close a public path, and a jury had decided against her; she found herself unpopular and resigned the office on receiving an equivalent. Perhaps it would have been wiser not to appoint Lord Bute in her stead, for the choice added to his unpopularity.

A lady said in jest that the King's choice for his bed-chamber fire lay between Scotch coal, Newcastle coal, and Pitt coal, but at any rate Newcastle and Pitt continued to be Ministers, though there was no doubt of Bute's influence.

George II. was buried on the 16th of November, in Westminster Abbey, at night. The streets were lined by the Guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the drums muffled, and minute guns fired at the Tower, the bells of the churches tolling, and within, the whole Abbey lighted up, the Chapter richly robed, the choir bearing torches, all most solemn and impressive; but the service read by the Bishop of London was not made worthy of the pomp, for he stumbled and blundered. The Duke of Cumberland was a melancholy sight, for he was extremely lame, and his face distorted with paralysis, and, indeed, he only lived five years longer.

Two day later, Parliament was opened by the young King. His speech had been drawn up by Lord Hardwicke and revised by Pitt, and it expressed accordance with the recent policy, and admiration for the fortitude and perseverance of Prussia, declaring that though war was lamentable, this was a just and necessary conflict, and was to be prosecuted with vigour. To this the King added in his own hand these words, "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton, and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people whose loyalty and warm attachment to me I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne."

In the main, through his sixty years' reign, all this was true. There were evils and miseries that we shudder at now, but which George III. never knew of, and influences were actually working for improvement from the first; and there was much disaffection, and even at times outbreaks, but the main body of the nation heartily loved and honoured their good King even to the end.

Instead of the morose shyness of his grandfather, George showed much hearty good nature, and walked about at his receptions talking to everybody, and Tories, and even men who had been Jacobites, came to the Court, and received appointments. However, there were intrigues and

CAMEO X.
Queen Charlotte.

jealousies all round, Newcastle and the Whigs were murmuring at the Tory atmosphere, and Bute and Bubb Doddington wanted not only to keep all in their own hands, but to overturn Pitt, and to withdraw the support of England from Prussia, and finish the war.

Bute and Doddington wished to abandon Frederick, and still more to overthrow Pitt, and they scattered pamphlets for the purpose, not however, succeeding further than in getting Lord Holderness out of the Cabinet, and Bute appointed a Secretary of State as colleague with Pitt, the King being reported to have said that he was tired of having two Secretaries, one of whom would do nothing, and the other could do nothing, and he wanted one who could and would act. For Pitt, dreading the change he saw impending, was moody and discontented.

The King was greatly taken at the time of his accession with Lady Sarah Lennox, the extremely beautiful daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and it was said that to keep up the attraction, she was set to make hay, in an Arcadian costume, in front of her father's house, when the King was likely to ride by. But the Princess of Wales, with her German notions, could not but have a horror of such a connection, and he yielded to her representations. Moreover, Frederick II. sent over to him a German letter, from a young girl barely seventeen, Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz. It had been written out of the warmth of her young heart, on hearing that the Prussians were ravaging the dominions of her cousin, the Duke of Mecklenburg Schverin, and was as modestly expressed as it was wise and noble. It was a most unusual thing for a mere girl to do, and the appeal so struck the woman-hater Frederick, that he sent it to his young cousin in England, whose decision it fixed. Brave compassion, good sense and principle won the day against beauty and spirit, the proposal was made to the amazed family, the young lady was for the first time arrayed in hoop, powder, feathers, and all the paraphernalia of the Court to be presented to Lord Harcourt, two duchesses and a countess were sent to attend her, and a royal yacht came to fetch her. After a stormy voyage, she landed at Cuxhaven, and on the 8th of September, 1761, the King met her in the gardens of St. James's, and they were married the same afternoon. Lady Sarah had to hold up her train, together with other Dukes' daughters, and some pretended to aver that King George blushed when he heard of Sarah in the exhortation. Charlotte was then pale and thin, and never had any beauty, but the King gave her his whole heart from the first, and she well deserved it, for, like him, she cared above all for her duty to him and to her children, and though not clever, she had much quiet good sense, and from the very first, they purified the Court, by admitting no lady who did not bear a spotless character, a rule which, except for one short interval without a queen, has endured ever since.

There was a sense of exhaustion, tending towards peace. The Duke of Choiseul, Louis XV.'s minister, sent M. de Bussy to London to offer terms, to endeavour to make peace, by a general exchange of the conquests of the colonies, but to retain Minorca and Gothingen. Pitt, how-

CAMEO X.

Change of Tzar in Russia. 1761.

ever sent off Admiral Keppel to seize the little island and fort of Belle Isle, which he intended only to yield up in exchange for the recovery of Malta. News of the conquest of Quebec on the one hand, of Pondicherry on the other, did not make things look well for France.

But there were other changes in Europe which deferred matters. For these were years of death and change in royal families. Fernando VI. of Spain had died childless, in 1759, when only forty-seven years old, and was succeeded by his brother Carlos, who had been reigning in the Two Sicilies, but as by the Peace of Vienna it had been determined that Spain and the Two Sicilies should never be united, he had to resign this later kingdom. His eldest son was imbecile, and was passed over, the second became Prince of the Asturias and heir of Spain, and the Italian kingdom was settled on the third son, Fernando.

In December 1761, died the Tzaritza Elizabeth of Russia, a worthless, weak, and superstitious woman, and the Empire passed to the son of her sister Anna, Duchess of Holstein Gottorp. Peter III. had led a miserable, depressed, neglected life, but he was an amiable, gentle person, unhappily, however, addicted to drinking, and infected by the unbelief of Frederick II., whom he admired beyond all measure, called him master, and declared that he was prouder of the rank of Major-General in the Prussian army than of his imperial crown. He withdrew the Russian troops from the spoliation of Prussia, but had not time to do any more.

He was married to Catharine, a princess of Anhalt, and had one son, named Paul; but the two disliked each other extremely, and their private life was disgraceful, though Catharine was by far the superior of the two in intellect and force of character, and had contrived to make herself as popular as her husband was the reverse. Hearing that he had determined to divorce her, and disown her child, she called to her councils five brothers, named Orloff, the Hetman of the Cossacks, Count Panin, and an adventurer named Potemkin, as well as her own intimate friend, Princess Dashkov, and even the Archbishop of Novgorod, who was displeased with Peter's church reforms.

While the emperor was absent, she called together his Guards, who had been embodied, and proceeded to the cathedral, where she was proclaimed Empress by the Archbishop, after which her soldiers were allowed to plunder the houses of her opponents.

The miserable Tzar was utterly helpless, and had not resolution to take the advice of his one faithful General, Munich, and place himself at the head of his army. However, he sailed for Cronstadt in a yacht, but this turned out to be in Catharine's hands.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel.

"The Tzar."

"We have no Tzar."

"What, do you not know me?" cried Peter, throwing back his cloak, and showing the star on his coat.

CAMEO X.

War with Spain. 1761.

"No, we know no Tzar! Long live Tzaritza Catharine."

Munich urged him to make another attempt, but in vain, he was deaf to all brave counsels, and threw himself on the mercy of his wife. He was shut up in a fortress, and in another week was strangled by one of the Orloffs, and it was believed by Potemkin.

Catharine reigned as Tzaritza, and soon showed herself an exceedingly able sovereign, though utterly without principle, religion, or modesty.

The death of Elizabeth saved Prussia, and the accession of Carlos VI. in Spain gave the Duke of Choiseul, who acted for Louis XV., the opportunity of persuading all the sovereigns of the House of Bourbon, namely, the Kings of France, Spain, the Two Sicilies, and the infant Duke of Parma, to join in what was called the Family Compact, namely, to defend one another from all attacks with a secret treaty, binding Spain to declare war on England in concert with France. The treaty with the latter country was not concluded by the 1st of May, 1762, and the reward of Spain was to be the restoration of Minorca, which was in French hands.

The desire of recovering Minorca, and if possible Gibraltar, influenced the new King of Spain, but it was a very foolish arrangement for a country with distant colonies, treasure-ships, and a very feeble fleet and army. On the tidings of the compact Pitt gave up the negotiations, dismissed M. de Bussy, and decided that war ought at once to be proclaimed against Spain. Only Lord Temple agreed with him, Newcastle was against him, so was Bute, the King was unwilling to make the venture, and Pitt felt it time to resign.

The King parted with him so kindly and cordially, showing so much gratitude for his services to the nation, that he was quite overpowered and burst into tears. "The Great Commoner," as he was called, had raised the power of England to a marvellous extent, especially in the East and West, and left a mark on the councils of the country that few have equalled. Rewards were proposed, the Government of Canada, but without leaving England, and a pension of £5,000 a year, or else the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. Pitt did not wish for a peerage for himself, but his wife was created Baroness Chatham with the pension. His popularity was immense, and when on the Lord Mayor's Day all went to the State dinner at Guildhall, his plain [illegible] absorbed the cheers. The young King and Queen were neglected, while the people hung on his wheels, hugged his footmen, and kissed his horses.

Lord Bute was predominant in the Cabinet, and though he was absolutely obliged to declare war against Spain, it was most unwillingly. He disliked and distrusted the King of Prussia, and delayed the giving him the subsidy which England had promised, thus overthrowing his trust in the country for ever. Newcastle resigned on the plea of the denying the subsidy to Prussia, and the vacant posts were filled up by creations of Lord Bute, who was more and more hated. John Wilkes, who was beginning to come forward as a demagogue, actually had the

effrontery to write a prologue to an old play on the fall of Mortimer, in which allusions were evident to Bute as the wicked favourite, and to the Princess Dowager as Queen Isabel.

CAMEO X.
Peace of Paris.
1763.

Yet the English arms were triumphing. Admiral Rodney took Martinique from the French, Lord Albemarle, after a sharp siege, Havanna, the capital of Cuba, from the Spaniards, and on the other side of the world, the great Spanish settlement of the Philippine Isles was mastered by Admiral Draper, and many of the Spanish treasure galleons fell a prey to the English fleet.

Still, however, Bute was bent on peace, and finally terms were agreed upon between the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Nivernois. Each country was to cease to assist in the German wars. In return France ceded to England all Acadia, Canada, and Cape Breton, receiving back Martinique and the little islets around it, as well as her factories at Pondicherry and in Africa. Minorca was exchanged for Belle Isle, and all that had been taken from Hanover was restored. Spain was included in the peace, with much less advantageous terms than if Havanna had not been yielded, though this and the Philippine Islands were restored; but she gave to England the right of cutting mahogany in the Honduras, and also her great colony of Florida, thus completing the Atlantic coast-line of the English colonies from St. John's to the Gulf of Mexico. By way of compensation for what she had suffered by rushing imprudently into the war, France gave her the great tract then called Lousiana, which, however, with the exception of New Orleans, was almost a desert, full of the unwholesome swamps of the Mississippi.

Thus each of the hostile Powers was deserted by the Allies, Prussia lost England and Sweden; and Austria, France and Russia, and both were too much exhausted to continue the Seven Years' War. Plenipotentiaries met at Hubertsburg, a hunting palace between Leipsic and Dresden, and the result was that each party remained in the same condition as before the war, Frederick retained Silesia entire, though Maria Theresa struggled hard for the fortress of Glatz, which she said was necessary to the frontier of Bohemia. It had been a most bloody and needless war, entirely of pride and ambition on the part of the Empress Queen, and had been endured by Frederick with the most marvellous perseverance and ability. Out of ten pitched battles which he had fought, he had been beaten in three, but victorious in seven, and all his generals had been defeated in turn. He reckoned that he had lost 180,000 Prussians, the English and the Allies in their pay, 160,000 men, Sweden 25,000 men; and on the other side there had perished 140,000 Austrians, 12,000 Russians, and 200,000 French! Added to all this bloodshed in the open field were all the horrors that make no figure in history, the plunder, the cruelty, the burning, the famine, the pestilence—a little less fatal than the Thirty Years' War, because they did not last so long, and the soldiers were under more discipline and had acknowledged commanders. Whole districts were depopulated, only women and children left in many parts of Prusssa, specially

CAMEO X.

Death of Emperor Francis. 1764.

Pomerania and Brandenburg, and in Hesse an officer rode through seven villages without finding a single living soul except a pastor, who was boiling horse beans for his dinner.

It was on the 15th of February, 1763, that Frederick re-entered Berlin, after an absence of six years, in an open carriage, with Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick by his side, and was hailed with ecstasy by the people whom he had defended in such a wonderful way for all the seven years against such marvellous odds.

No one had really gained in this Seven Years' War except the English, not, however, in England, but in the colonies. The signature of the Peace of Hubertsburg was soon followed by the election of Joseph, the eldest son of Maria Theresa, to be King of the Romans, which secured a peaceful succession to the Empire.

The August following, his father, Francis, was at Innspruck when he became unwell, and thinking the Tyrolese mountains oppressed him, he longed to return to Vienna, but before he could depart, he was seized with apoplexy, fell into Joseph's arms, and sinking to the floor, died immediately, in his 58th year, on the 18th of August, 1764. He was an amiable, affectionate man, not made for a King, and leaving affairs mostly to his Empress and Kaunitz, and though not avaricious and very charitable, he amused himself with saving money.

He was very fond of experiments, among others of trying to make one large diamond out of several small ones, and he was patron of many scientific men. He made a splendid collection of gems and coins, which remains in the museum of Vienna, and he was exactly one of those men who can employ themselves well and beneficently, and probably was very wise in so doing, and avoiding collisions with his high-spirited wife, who loved him greatly, but could not brook interference.

Two anecdotes of him show that he deserved to be loved. There was a fire at a manufactory of saltpetre at Vienna, and he refused to be held back from putting himself into danger to save the people employed. And when there was a great inundation, and many persons had taken refuge on the tops of their houses, where day after day they could get neither food nor succour because of the blocks of floating ice which made every one afraid to take boats across the river, he set the example, entering a boat and leading the way to their help.

He left a large family, four sons and ten daughters, many of whom made a remarkable figure in history. Two more sons had died as infants, and two of the daughters died from a visitation of small-pox soon after his death.

CAMEO XI.

MEN OF LETTERS.

1763—1770.

England.	*France.*	*Germany*
1760. George III.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

CAMEO XI.
—
Public Schools.

IN the brief lull that followed the agitation of the Seven Years' War, it may be well to look at Europe and the condition of the world in general, and England in particular. Modern life and habits may be said to have fairly begun among the upper and middle classes, in such respects as were involved in the scale of comforts and necessities in the better sort of houses, in fairly good roads and means of communication, regular though tardy posts, and the amount of education required by the gentry.

Most gentlemen went to public schools; and were drilled in the classics, if in nothing else, and it may be feared that the boys lived a neglected and barbarous life among themselves, though the higher spirits rose above it and rejoiced, carrying away more good than evil. Even so tender and shy a spirit as that of the poet, Thomas Gray, could carry away affectionate remembrances of Eton, though to the sensitive nature of William Cowper, Westminster afforded nothing but horrors, so that he never durst raise his eyes above the shoe-tell of the oppressive senior, whose fag he was. While one sighs, —

> "Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
> Ah, scenes beloved in vain,
> Where last my careless childhood strayed
> A stranger yet to pain,"

the other, though owning that we may "love the play-place of our early days," still speaks of the

> "Mob of boys,
> Childish in mischief only, and in noise,
> Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten,
> In infidelity and lewdness, men;"

CAMEO XI.
The Clergy of the Century.

and indeed gives a fearful picture of what might be learnt at a public school. And the like was carried on to the Universities, where, alas! it was thought that—

> "Church ladders are not always mounted best
> By learned clerks and Latinists profest.
> Let Reverend Churls his ignorance rebuke,
> Who starve upon a dog's-eared Pentateuch,
> The Parson knows enough who knows a Duke."

There were men of high qualities of course in every position, and good old customs had not entirely dropped. There was catechising in church, and the really earnest clergy, always wearing black gown, cassock, sash and bands, would walk about their parishes, visiting the poor, and paying attention to their duties as they understood them. But the standard of these duties was low, it did not include much individual or personal influence, and seldom any endeavour to raise the tone of instruction, or improve the condition of the poor. Indeed, the clergy themselves were generally very badly off, except those who had prosperous connections, and who absorbed the livings. Curates were hardly esteemed gentlemen. If invited to the dinner-table of Bishops, Canons, or affluent Rectors, they were expected to retire to the housekeeper's room when the cloth was removed, and they rang at the servants' entrance when making a call. Their daughters became ladies' maids or dressmakers. Some carried the benefits of their father's training into their trades, such as the daughter of "Wonderful Walker," who never sent home a dress without a secret prayer. Wonderful Walker was the Reverend Robert Walker, curate of Strathwaite, in Cumberland, for sixty-seven years till his ninety-second year. The curacy was an incumbency, and was worth £5, but later rose to the amount of £7 10*s*. He was a saintly character, though he maintained his family by being a farmer, a spinner and weaver, and a schoolmaster, spinning as he taught his scholars; but with no place in which to do so except the church, where he taught writing upon the altar; but in spite of this ignorant lack of reverence, impressing his holiness of life and influence on his children and clergy. Old foundations kept up daily or weekly services in town churches, and the Methodists had inspired much devotion both within and without the Church, though it was long before the more conscientious appointments to Bishoprics of George III. began to tell, and indeed the King himself, devout and good as he was, had had scanty training in Church principles. He went daily to the matins at St. George's at Windsor, and was found to have changed in his Prayer-book, "Our gracious sovereign," &c., into "Thy humble servant," and "the sinner"; but he would not join in the Athanasian Creed, and did not understand the true position of the Church. He earnestly desired the advance of his people in all goodness, and Queen Charlotte actually translated a pious German comment on the Scriptures.

A child was born to them every year to the number of sixteen, be-

ginning with George, Prince of Wales, and Frederick, who at first bore the strange title of Bishop of Osnaburg, that See having been secularised as an appanage for younger sons of the house of Brunswick. Then came Charlotte, the Princess Royal, William Henry, and Edward. It is difficult to know how George III. erred in the management of his sons. His Queen paid the greatest attention to the education of her daughters; but the boys probably were taken out of her hands very young, and the King, it seems, was so afraid of spoiling them that he had them flogged for all sorts of small offences, and never seems to have made himself beloved by the elders; while the dulness of their surroundings told on them. We are singularly deficient in anecdotes on any other evidence to show why the education of the three elder boys was so unsuccessful. George especially had good abilities, but there seems to have been a lack of wholesome pursuits and interests on which the energies of a lively boy could have been expended. Music was the only accomplishment in which the King took pleasure or had any real good taste. He never cared for the work of the great painter of his day, though he knighted him; but Sir Joshua Reynolds was not the favourite artist of the Court, and the portraits of triads of princesses are by an inferior hand. Reynolds, son of the master of a grammar school in Devonshire, Plympton St. Maurice, had found his way to the highest eminence in London by his exquisite portraits, especially of children, whom he contrived to give with all their grace and playfulness, and his ladies and heroes all have a character of their own. His "little Samuel," kneeling and listening to the call from Heaven, is probably the best known of all his works, having earned the honour of being hackneyed, the true sign of merit.

The great people asked him who Samuel was, for there was much and grievous ignorance of religious subjects among the fashionable world at the time. Manners were very stately and punctilious, in accordance with the huge hoops, the lofty plumes, and erections of powdered headgear in which the ladies appeared, sometimes being obliged to sit on the floor of their coaches or sedans to accommodate the structure raised hours before by the artist. The gentlemen still wore powdered wigs, long coats of bright colours, and waistcoats of much length, and swords in full dress—swords too apt to be used, for duelling was in vogue, and the ceremonious manners were a mark that offence might be easily taken and might be a matter of life and death. The King and Queen did their best, but the tone of fashionable society was very low; the young men, who called themselves "bucks" and "bloods," were given to the grossest dissipation and licence, gambling was the general fashion, and intoxication was universal among men of all ranks. Dinner-parties began very early, at three o'clock in general, and after the ladies had withdrawn there was hard drinking. Men were despised who showed the effects of more than one bottle of wine, and eminent lawyers were said to give a better opinion after they had swallowed a bottle of port. Squires and farmers

CAMEO XI.

Gray and Walpole.

thought no shame of drunkenness, and it was the usual end of fox-hunting.

There were, however, other influences at work, and an absolutely intellectual society, more or less religious, though entirely removed from the Methodism which, as has been related, was spreading throughout England and leavening many places which did not avowedly accept it. There were curious links between all the circles.

Thomas Gray, the secluded old bachelor fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, who lived an almost hermit life in his rooms, or with his old mother and aunt at Stoke Pogis, was nevertheless the intimate friend and correspondent of the brilliant and courtly Horace Walpole. His "Elegy," as already mentioned, had charmed General Wolfe, and was repeated by him on the way to his glorious death. "The Bard," the "Ode to Eton College," the "Ode to Spring," are wonderful both for their melody and exquisite finish and polish, and the "Long Story," and the epitaph on the "Pensive Selima," Horace Walpole's drowned cat, are charming specimens of an elderly don's playfulness. He was also the first to plunge into the mine of Scandinavian poetry, though it was not worked for many years after his death in 1771. He was as minute an observer of the ways of animals as his contemporary Gilbert White of Selborne, but as he had no correspondent equally interested, his observations are all in a diary, and a wonderful interleaved copy of Linnæus' *System of Nature.*

Horace Walpole, the third son of Sir Robert, spent most of his life at Strawberry Hill, where he amassed as many treasures of art, ancient and modern, as he could, and was really the first to revive interest in Gothic architecture, though his taste is now laughable. He had a private press, whence he sent out books elegantly got up, for his friends. *Royal and Noble Authors* was one, and another was *The Castle of Otranto*, the first modern attempt at romance; but his chief merit in literature was his correspondence, the very model of that gossip which furnishes material for history, and places the actors before us as they really spoke and looked, though in his case with too much of satire.

If he began to revive the romance, there was also almost the creation of the novel. Samuel Richardson, a bookseller and stationer, began by attempting to compile a sort of "Polite letter-writer," but as he became interested in the letters, he hung them upon the same characters, and by and by produced a series in which Pamela, a young servant-maid, is admired by her mistress's son, and by her modesty and propriety of conduct comes at last to be solicited by all the family to become his bride. It was true that Fielding, a gentleman by birth, infinitely cleverer, and the author of a very brilliant, though very coarse tale, *Tom Jones*, was excited to parody Pamela and write a story of her hypocritical brothers, using the same arts in guile instead of simplicity; but Pamela remained an object of extreme admiration to numerous good people; and Richardson was incited to write in letters also the history of Clarissa Harlowe, a young lady of extreme beauty and

excellence, whose parents are endeavouring to force her into an untoward marriage, but who is abducted by force by a libertine called Lovelace, and suffers at his hands the utmost evils, so that grief finally causes her death, but not without a grand triumph of the spirit over the flesh, purity of character over the utmost misfortunes. It is wearisome in coarse, lengthy detail, and outspoken in language and can hardly be read in these days, but it had the curious charm of reality, was a great novel triumph, and the raptures it excited are scarcely credible. The eight or ten volumes of letters came out by instalments, and were watched for with the utmost eagerness, and Richardson was assailed with countless letters begging for a happy conclusion. One lady who, it seems, had fallen in love with Lovelace, piteously implored the author to save his soul, and on a false report that he had been married to Clarissa, the church bells were rung in one place.

The ladies entreated Richardson to write a portrait of a "Male Clarissa," and accordingly, in his slow detailed fashion, he produced another novel in which he sent a charming Miss Harriet Byron to see the fashionable world in London, and made her fall in love with the type of perfection, Sir Charles Grandison. This was written at some disadvantage, for high life was not of course familiar to the good bookseller, and he only succeeded in making Sir Charles a proverb for a certain dull dignity when he was meant to be a model of chivalrous courtesy. Moreover, by special request, he was to refuse to fight a duel, and he rescued Miss Byron when only just seized by her other admirer. The interest had to be thrown on a lovely Italian, who pined in vain for him, and the liveliness of his sister, Lady G——, who is decidedly vulgar. Nevertheless, the delight and admiration of the ladies was intense, and no one had any impatience with the long volumes after the catastrophe, where the happy pair receive the bows of everybody in church when they appear there on the first Sunday after the wedding, and we are even told the way Sir Charles managed his household, and the library he kept in the servants' hall.

The books were much read on the Continent, and one correspondent of Richardson was Meta, the enthusiastic young wife of Friedreich Klopstock, a German, native of Quedlingburg, whose poem on the "Messiah" was one of the tokens that there was religious life in Germany. But his devoted admirers were a circle of English ladies, refined and thoughtful women, of whom Mrs. Montagu was the leader. Her husband was a younger son of the house of Sandwich, and her house, in Montagu Square, standing apart in gardens of its own, became a sort of Hôtel Rambouillet, in a far inferior degree, and without the element of pretension that resulted in furnishing a theme for *les Précieuses Ridicules*.

There seems to have been some allusion to the *Salon bleu* in the title of blue stocking which then arose, though it was also said to come from a Frenchman's saying that dress was so little regarded that one might go in blue stockings. One of the youngest, and later, the most distin-

CAMEO XI.
The "Bas Bleu.'

guished of the party, Hannah More, wrote a poem on the society called the "*Bas bleu.*" Mrs. Montagu was, however, in earlier days, quite the most observed as hostess, and having evidently the art to *faire un Salon.* She had been so much disturbed by Voltaire's attack on Shakespeare as a barbarian, who knew nothing of the "unities" of the drama, and permitted violent action on the stage, that she wrote a vindication, which was so much admired that it is wonderful to find how little to the purpose there is in its stilted language. She was an excellent as well as a gifted woman, and while she hung her drawing-room with peacocks' feathers, she gave a feast to all the London chimney-sweepers in her grounds every May Day. Mrs. Vesey, a bright and lively little creature, whom her friends called the "Sylph," and Mrs. Boscawen, the wife of the Admiral, were much beloved members of the circle; but by far the most learned of all was Elizabeth Carter, who had translated the works of Epictetus from the original Greek.

She was the daughter of a clergyman at Deal, with whom she had studied eight or nine languages, so that it was the saying of the rest of the family that when she and her father had drunk up the last cup of tea, and got beyond Hebrew, it was time to leave them to themselves. She kept up her attainments by studying a small bit of each tongue every morning, and later in the day did household cookery, took long walks and wrote lively letters. She only made passing visits to London, where she was gladly received and welcomed, and her most intimate friend was Catherine Talbot, the niece of Thomas Secker, Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. She was a lady of much graceful talent, and wrote charming letters, as well as some pretty essays and fairy tales; but she died young. All these are so entirely free from all taint of coarseness as to show that Richardson was mistaken in painting it in Lady G——.

The most remarkable person of all was Hannah More. She had been well taught by her father, a clergyman and schoolmaster, and joined with her four sisters in opening a young ladies' school, which came to be of high repute at Bristol. She was so brilliant, both in looks and manners, that an old gentleman fell in love with her, and when teased out of the engagement by his relations, he settled an annuity on her. This enabled her to go to London, the vision of her childhood, "to see Bishops and booksellers,"—and there is a wonderful charm in the letters in which she and her sister Patty recount her experiences. At this time she had no notion of "doing good." Her longing was to gratify her curiosity and satisfy her hero worship.

"Eager-hearted as a boy when he quits his father's field."

An enthusiastic description of the great actor, David Garrick in Richard III., was shown to him and led to his seeking her acquaintance. Soon this became a friendship, and for many years Garrick's house was her

London home. He had raised infinitely the tone of the theatre, so that his name is still a proverb. His wife, Eva Maria Veilchen, was an Austrian, who had appeared as La Violetta in the opera at Vienna, and had so greatly struck the young Archdukes, that Maria Theresa, to prevent any possible mischief, sent her off with good recommendations to London. There Garrick at once fell in love with her, married her, and made her a most admirable and much respected hostess to the numerous guests whom he entertained. Hannah More was one of his special favourites, and was commonly called "Nine," as representing all the nine muses in one. "Nine, you are a Sunday woman, you had better retire," he used to say if they had secular music on a Sunday evening. Mrs. Garrick was Roman Catholic, but she used to call Hannah her chaplain, and they kept up the close friendship for many years after Garrick's death. Hannah was a clever writer of "*vers de société*" and ballads, and was the author of the play of *Percy*, which was very much admired.

Another centre of society was the tea-table of Frances Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister, who collected about her many brilliant friends of her brother. He was deaf, but a bright and pleasant host. Here, probably, Hannah may have fallen in with Horace Walpole, who kept up a correspondence with her to the day of his death, and here she attained her wish of an introduction to the great Dr. Johnson.

Born in 1709, the son of a small bookseller at Lichfield, Samuel Johnson could just recollect being taken to London to be touched by Queen Anne for the King's Evil, the scrofulous affection which, in spite of the royal hand, adhered to him all his life, made his sight feeble, and gave him a constant look of suffering, which sat strangely on his massive features and heavy form. His whole nature was that of a scholar. He grew up at the Lichfield Grammar School, and was able to go to Pembroke College at Oxford. It was during this time that, as he afterwards remembered with bitter pain and shame, he refused to take his father's place at a bookstall, which was held weekly in the market-place at Lichfield, where in after years he actually stood bareheaded, doing penance for the act of undutifulness.

His father's death, greatly in debt, threw him on his own resources, and he led an obscure and struggling life for many years, disabled by bad health, and by strange involuntary distortions of countenance, from acting as an usher.

He married Elizabeth Porter, a widow twenty years older than himself, to whom he was most sincerely attached, though unhappily he frittered away her fortune of £800 in trying to keep a school, at which David Garrick was one of the pupils. He came to London, and there worked in many ways for booksellers, especially making the fame and fortune of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but his great achievement was the great Dictionary, the first really literary performance of the kind in England, where the words were illustrated by quotations aptly chosen from different authors. It remains the great standard of the English

CAMEO XI. *Goldsmith.*

language of the eighteenth century as the French "Dictionnaire de L'Académie" is of its own tongue. The failure is that Johnson's mind was entirely formed on classical models, and he did not enter into the Teutonic element in the language, either as to derivation or structure, so that his work has been a great deal superseded in the last fifty years, but for full a century it stood alone. The *Rambler* and the *Idler*, as well as the curious, thoughtful semi-romance of *Rasselas*, were produced by him under the spur of necessity; but after George III. gave him a pension of £300 a year, he wrote little more, and remained a sort of giant of common sense and right religious judgment, uttering ponderous but intensely wise and often witty judgments, and in spite of awkward, ungainly manners and strange habits, often the consequence of ill-health and constant suffering, his wonderful force of wisdom and goodness made him the centre of a band of the most devoted admirers, of whom, as before mentioned, Hannah More was one. But the most remarkable was James Boswell, the son of a Scottish laird, who attached himself to him, with enthusiastic appreciation, and also with the full intention of writing his life, for which purpose he kept constant records of the conversations to which he listened, and which have become, in his wonderfully graphic writing, the chief mode in which Johnson is known to the present generation. The sayings were sometimes cynical, sometimes prejudiced, always hard on folly, but with a downright force and wisdom that carries them home. Reynolds' portrait of Johnson in Pembroke College, Oxford, is one of the most characteristic and withal pathetic memories of this great intellect. His last message to Sir Joshua, on his death-bed in 1784, was to entreat him never to paint on a Sunday. Johnson's generous kindness to his step-daughter, Lucy Porter, to a blind lady, Anna Williams, and his black servant, were unspeakable. Mr. Thrale, a rich brewer, with a home at Streatham, and his clever wife, were great favourites; but Thrale died young, and his wife lost herself by a foolish second marriage, and quarrelled with Johnson, writing an unkind book of anecdotes in opposition to Boswell's.

Another member of this notable society was Oliver Goldsmith, born in 1721, the son of a clergyman in Westmeath. He was bred up to be a doctor, but had no turn that way, and was a thorough Irishman, though with great literary genius, second only to Johnson's, if not superior to his in power of invention, and a poet, only equalled in his own time by Gray. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson; "he was a very great man." So he was in ability of writing, but he was one of those entirely unpractical and wasteful men whom it is impossible to keep out of dire distress, as much from their reckless generosity as from their mismanagement. He wrote histories for publishers, but his spontaneous works, his remarkable humorous and pathetic tale of the Vicar of Wakefield, his poems of the *Deserted Village* and the *Traveller*, will live as long as English is spoken, and so will his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and his epigrams of "Madam

Blaize" and the "Mad Dog" have passed into proverbs. He died in 1774, before any of the others of these friends to whom, indeed, he belonged, chiefly as an outsider, for he was uncouth and ungainly, and except on one occasion when he came out in a wig and sword and a plum-coloured coat, never attempted ladies' society, and chiefly met his friends at St. James's coffee-house. His poem called "Retaliation," imaginary epitaphs on his others, can never be forgotten, and characterises the greater ones still, while the lesser are only thus immortalised.

Of Edmund Burke, his countryman, two years his minor, whose fame for surpassing eloquence was not yet, he says—

> "Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
> And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining"—

ending with predicting his fate

> "To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.'

Garrick was

> "being small of stature,
> An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man."

And for Sir Joshua,

> "To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
> When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
> When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

CAMEO XII.

FALL OF THE JESUITS

1750—1774

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

CAMEO XII. — *Jesuit Missions.*

WE may remember how Ignatius Loyola came to the aid of the Church of Rome at the time of the Reformation, and how he founded the wonderful Order that he called after the name of the Saviour, and who were trained and disciplined to the service, bringing spirit, soul, and body into absolute subjection to what they believed to be His will.

Many a saint had grown up, many a soul had been trained in the way of salvation, excellent teaching had gone forth from them, and they had done noble service in the missions in India, Japan and China, and again among the American Indians both in the North and South. In Paraguay especially they had grand mission establishments for work and trade for the native Christians under the care of the Fathers.

But there was a flaw in the system. As far as we can dare to judge, it was that the exclusive devotion was given to the Pope, and that the supposed visible head of the Church was allowed practically te eclipse the true Head; and in this idolatry, the perception of abstract right and wrong, of justice and truth, was sacrificed to the cause, and to expediency and power. Thus the Jesuits trod down all opposition unscrupulously, not only that of heretics, real or so-called, but that within their own Church, as in the case of the Jansenists both in France and Holland; while they had recourse to almost any means for crushing opposition, dealing with Turkish authorities against the Greek Church, and fomenting rebellion against Protestant sovereigns, crushing national forms of communion, tolerating loose morality rather than alienate supporters, and, though the days when assassination was encouraged were only in a passing fever of furious opposition to the Reformation, the recol-

lection of it always continued, and made the Order dreaded. Still, in the eighteenth century, it was more for their good than for their evil deeds. Philosophy looked in other directions. They were no longer viewed as able teachers of secular knowledge, but as stiflers of investigation. The motto chosen for a Church history was—

"Vestra Fides nostra Victoria est."

A philosopher wrote beneath—

"Votre bêtise est notre force."

The bitter contest with all religion began with attacks on the Order as its most questionable, therefore most vulnerable outwork.

In the January of 1757, at six in the evening, Louis XV. was going to get into his carriage to drive from Versailles to Trianon. It was very cold, every one was in a greatcoat, and the light was bad. A man came through the guards and stabbed the King in the breast with a penknife. Staggering back, Louis put his hand to his waistcoat, and saw blood. "That gentleman struck me!" he cried. "Arrest him, but do him no harm." Then—"Take care of M. le Dauphin; do not let him go out."

It was a very slight wound, but Louis and all his court feared that it might have been poisoned. He went to bed, ordered Madame de Pompadour to depart, and sent for his confessor; and he remained in abject terror for several days till an old Marshal, used to wounds, ventured to show him that nothing ailed him.

The assassin was a man of Artois, named Robert François Damiens, who had been a servant in a Jesuit house, and also to one where the councillors of the Parliament lived. The blow had been given with a little penknife, but in his sleeve was a sharp, fatal-looking dagger. He was put to the torture instantly and answered all interrogations in a contradictory manner, once indeed declaring that if the surgeon would have bled him the evening before, it would not have happened. He said he only meant to give the King a warning, and again he accused the Archbishop of Paris; but, in fact, he seems to have been one of those semi-lunatics who have a passion for striking at Royalty. The utmost and most horrible ingenuities of torture were employed upon him. "Damiens' bed of steel," as Goldsmith terms it, was as frightful an instrument as ever the ancient martyrs felt, and his mutilated limbs were finally wrenched apart by horses driven different ways, as had been done more than twelve hundred years before with the fierce Queen Brunehault, and later with Ravaillac.

The French court, with outer civilisation, was almost as demoralised as ever it had been under the Merovingian kings. Louis XV. was plunging deeper and deeper into the mire, and the efforts of the Jesuits in the cause of morality only made him willing to connect them with Damiens' attempt. They had affronted Madame de Pompa-

CAMEO XII.
—
Jesuits Expelled.
1750.

dour, who considered herself to have reformed her life, and to continue in the palace only as friend and adviser to Louis XV. She desired to be admitted to the sacrament, and her confessor, De Sacy, a Jesuit, had at first given her hopes, provided she would do certain penances, which she fulfilled. At least, such was her account of the matter; but, at any rate, De Sacy finally refused to absolve her, unless she absolutely retired as Madame de la Vallière had done. The Duke de Choiseul Praslin, whom she had brought forward, joined in this enmity, and the Dauphin, as the Jesuits' friend, fell into greater disgrace than ever. When he spoke to the Duke de Choiseul on their behalf the only answer he received was, "Monsieur, I may have the misfortune to become your subject, your servant never." He was treated like a sort of imbecile, though he wrote papers which show him to have had much thought and ability; but all he could do was to apply himself to the education of his little boys.

At the same time the Jesuits' Indian work was questioned. Those who have had to deal with missions know that one great difficulty is to find employment for the natives, especially those of tropical countries where food needs no labour, and the people were not civilised enough to feel any other need. In South America, especially in Paraguay and Uruguay, the Jesuits solved this difficulty by becoming themselves the employers. They lived in pairs, in houses the centre of little villages, close to the church and cacique's house, and kept their converts close in hand, each family having a garden, but the surplus productions being stored for time of need, for the sick, and for exportation. Maize, corn, cotton, tobacco, and potatoes were grown, and the Jesuits were the first discoverers and growers of caoutchouc, or india-rubber, and of quinine, which was long known as Jesuits' bark.

Unfortunately, in 1750, the river Uruguay was made the border line between Brazil, which belonged to Portugal, and the Spanish possessions, and orders were sent out that all the Portuguese settlements should be removed. The poor Quarani Indians, who had been settled for two or three generations, were in great distress. Their Jesuit fathers entreated for delay, and in consequence were inhibited by the Bishop of Buenos Ayres from administering the sacraments, while their attempts to keep the peace were resented by the Quaranis themselves, who fancied they had sold the lands to the Spaniards, and treated them like prisoners. Some of the tribe took up arms, but of course were easily defeated, and much cruelty followed; the lands were devastated, and they were forced to resort to the mountains and revert to savage life.

King José of Portugal, and Pombal his minister, seem really to have believed that the Jesuits oppressed their Indians, forced them to labour, and lived like little kings on the profits, not understanding the incapacity of the race; and orders were sent out that, from the river Amazon to the Paraguay, no ecclesiastic should hold Indians under his power, and that all the Jesuit settlements should be made into towns with the Portuguese system of management, and the natives were to be

CAMEO XII.

Attack on the King of Portugal. 1758.

made like Europeans. Pope Benedict XIV. sent out an inquiry into the management of the Indian missions. Just then there was a strange conspiracy, never perfectly understood, against the King, José I., and his minister, José de Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, the known enemy both of the aristocracy and of the ecclesiastical system then prevailing, and which encouraged very severe and unreasonable persecution. José was an amiable, beneficent, but dissipated man, and in September, 1758, as his carriage was passing through the streets of Lisbon, he was met by three men on horseback and fired upon. He was slightly wounded, but his coachman was killed. Some say that the matter was entirely one of private revenge, provoked by the King's licentious habits; others that the object had been to place on the throne his brother Pedro, who was not at issue with the Church.

Pombal declared that but for him the streets of Lisbon would have flowed with blood. The Duke de Aveyro, who had private reasons for revenge, was broken on the wheel, and there were a great many arrests, especially of Jesuits, against whom Pombal quoted the old dictum that sanctioned murder of evil sovereigns. Foremost was Father Malagrida; but Pope Benedict XIV. refused to consent to his trial for treason. However, the Portuguese Inquisition trumped up a charge of heresy against him, and he was actually burnt in an *auto de fé*. He is chiefly remembered by one of Goldsmith's blunders, when he said to Lord Shelburne, "I wonder they should call your lordship Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good man."

Pombal demanded the suppression of the Order from the Pope, and at the same time it had fallen into disrepute in other places.

There was a great tumult in Madrid against the improvements introduced by the minister Squillace—the paving and lighting of the streets, and the disuse of the short cloak and shady hat, as favourable to disguise and assassination. The Jesuits were accused of having excited this, and the various sovereigns united in petitioning the Pope for their suppression or reformation. Benedict XIV. died in the midst, in 1758, and one hundred and eighty bishops from all the Roman Catholic countries petitioned in their favour. Clement XIII. promised to stand by them to the last; but a further misfortune befell them. Their agent for the South American and West Indian trade was Père Antoine Lavalette, who lived at St. Pierre, in Martinique—a man of great ability, who made the traffic that was carried on extremely profitable to the Order, and was in correspondence with the great mercantile houses of France, especially Léoncy and Goúffre, of Marseilles. In the Seven Years' War, however, some ships of Lavalette's were taken by the English, and he was obliged to apply to his superior, Père De Sacy, to make good the demands of his creditors. This De Sacy could not do, and sent to Rome for instructions; but the death of the General of the Jesuits made a delay, during which the Marseilles firm was declared bankrupt for want of the sum owed. The new General, Lorenzo Ricci, refused to accept the debt of De Sacy and Lavalette,

CAMEO XII.

Debts of the Jesuits. 1760.

and the Consular Court of Marseilles gave a decree against Lavalette, requiring him to pay off the amount of £60,000. This being beyond his power, the creditors sued the whole body of Jesuits, and the Marseilles court declared the entire Order to be liable for the debt.

Imprudently, they appealed to the Parliament of Paris, declaring that the mission of Martinique was alone responsible, not the whole Order. The Parliament had never been friendly to the Jesuits, had hardly admitted them into France, and had always supported the contrary opinions. Now, it was required that the society should furnish a copy of its original constitution to be examined. No outsider had ever beheld this constitution, and the Abbé Chauvelin, to whom, with two others, the examination was committed, was a Jansenist, and a friend of Voltaire. He made known that he found therein many things contrary to good discipline, the welfare of the realm, and the rules of the Church, especially the absolute obedience paid to a General who might be, and actually was, of foreign birth. By the decree of the Parliament, the debts were charged on the whole Order, and the decision was received with insensate ecstasy by the public, who escorted the Premier President home with clapping of hands and shouts of joy, while a Jesuit father hardly durst show himself in the streets.

The King sent for the copy of the constitution, and ordered that all the title deeds of their French property should be sent up for examination. Two decrees of Parliament came out in August, 1761, one condemning a great number of their books to be publicly burnt, and another forbidding the King's subjects to enter the society, putting a stop to all their teaching, and closing their schools and colleges. The Crown suspended the execution of these orders, for Louis was afraid on one side of committing such a sacrilegious act and of offending the Pope and clergy; and on the other, he was dreadfully afraid of the supposed malignancy of those who might arm an assassin against him.

A summons was sent to the French bishops to examine into the advantages or disadvantages of the Order of Jesuits. Almost all returned an answer favourable to the work of these priests in education and in confession; but six, led by Cardinal de Choiseul, wished to see them reformed, and one, Fitzjames of Soissons, the excellent, fearless Jansenist, voted for their entire suppression.

A scheme of reform, or rather modification of their rules, was drawn up and submitted, first to the King, and then to the Pope and to the General. The answer, some say of the General, some say of the Pope, was, "*Sint est sunt, aut non sint*"—"Let them be as they are or not at all."

The King made an attempt at conciliation, but in vain. The Order was expelled from eighty-four colleges under the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris, and the example was followed by all the provincial Parliaments. Of course there was much controversy; pamphlets were drawn up from their writings, or supposed writings, containing quotations mischievous to all government and morality. They

called for proof, but it was not forthcoming. However, minds were too much inflamed for justice to be done; and on August 6, 1762, the Parliament registered an edict declaring the society to be inadmissible in any state and contrary to the law of nature. The houses were to be given up, the dress forbidden, oaths of allegiance to be taken, and no correspondence to be kept up between the members.

The Pope, Clement XIII., immediately annulled the decree, Archbishop de Beaumont of Paris denounced it, but was exiled to La Trappe. All in vain. The fathers were summoned to take an oath, overthrowing their institution of absolute obedience to their General. The alternative was exile, and out of the 4,000 French members only twenty-five accepted it. In November, 1764, Louis was induced by the Duke of Choiseul to suppress the Order in his dominions, though the members were to be allowed still to act as priests in their birthplaces, but on condition of showing themselves to the authorities once in six months, and never coming within ten leagues of Paris.

Clement XIII. sent forth a bull reversing all this, and supporting the Jesuits, but this only made matters worse for them. In the Portuguese dominions in America every Jesuit was sought out, 168 from Bahia, 145 from Rio. The sick were taken from their beds, they were stripped of their books and papers, and cooped up between decks like negroes till the doctor declared that they would spread a fever among the crews. They were taken to Lisbon, where some were kept in prison for eighteen years, till Pombal's death; the others were turned adrift into the Pope's dominions. Their poor Indians fell under Governors without fear of Heaven or love of man, and relapsed into savagery, while their gardens became wildernesses.

The King of Spain, Carlos III., was brought with difficulty to consent to the expulsion; but in one night guards were placed round their houses, the fathers were assembled, the order for their banishment read, and each permitted to take with him his breviary, his money, his linen, and a little chocolate and snuff. They were put ten together into carriages, guarded by dragoons, and taken to the coast, where they were shipped off to Civita Vecchia; but the Governor had no orders to receive them, and they were kept on board suffering so much from the heat that many old and infirm men died. Finally they were landed in Corsica, where they had a small pittance allowed them by the King. The mission fathers in America suffered the same treatment, and their peaceful settlements were ruined.

The King of the two Sicilies followed his father's example. So did his nephew, the Duke of Parma, adding inhibitions to his subjects to attend to monitions from Rome. Parma had once been a fief of the papacy, and Clement in great anger excommunicated the young prince, whereupon all the Bourbon sovereigns united against this attack on their family, and suppressed the bull. At the same time the Jesuits were expelled from Venice, Modena, and Bavaria, and French troops were sent to seize the old papal city of Avignon.

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CAMEO XII.

Death of Clement XIII. 1769.

Clement appealed to the Empress Maria Theresa to support him, but she replied that it was an affair of politics, not of religion. His spirit was broken, and when in January, 1769, ambassadors from France, Spain, and Naples appeared to demand the abolition of the Order, he replied that he would call a consistory to consider of it; but the very day before it was to meet, he died, on February 2, 1769.

There was a conclave lasting three months, and of course there were all sorts of intrigues, which ended in the choice of Giovanni Vincenzio Ganganelli, the son of a physician near Rimini, a Franciscan monk of very high reputation for piety and learning, and for the gentleness of his disposition. He had been made a cardinal by Clement XIII., whose papal name he took, and his election was owing to the French envoy at Rome, Monseigneur Bernis, who believed him not to be averse to the extinction of the Jesuits, who had never been in good odour with the brothers of St. Francis. He was, however, a thoroughly wise, good, just man, who had kept up his monastic rule through his cardinalate, and still retained it. He had always hated cabal and intrigue, and still avoided it as much as possible; but his advice had always been sought by many in public and private affairs, and he was a great letter-writer. His correspondence shows him to have been a wise and sensible, good man, but not above condoning the evils of his time, and not trying to lead most of his friends to such heights of spirituality as St. Francis de Sales. He was an excellent Pope, much beloved, and he deeply considered this question of the Jesuits—not without personal terror; and he put off the decision for four years, during which it was under consideration.

During this time, Louise, the second daughter of Louis XV., obtained permission to enter the Carmelite convent at Paris, where she lived a most saintly life, but was as much congratulated by every one, from the Pope downwards, as if she had not given up a most dull and dreary life for one that was very happy and full of interest.

Her brother, the good Dauphin, was far less happy. He was in greater disgrace than ever, and he had given up the one royal recreation, sport, ever since he had the misfortune mortally to wound an equerry with his gun. He was fully sensible of the cruel oppression of the poor, and never would accept an increase of his pension, so as not to add to the burthens of taxes. He kept his household on the lowest possible footing, and denied himself all that he could, giving in charity all that could be saved. His family was large. The first son died an infant, but next followed in succession the boys called Dukes of Burgundy and of Berry, the Count of Provence, the sister Clothilde, the Count of Anjou, and Elisabeth. The children were baptised instantly on their birth, but the other rites, with the chrism, the tapers, and the vows of the sponsors, were deferred, and the Dauphin reserved them till the elder boys were of an age to remember them. Then he showed them their names inscribed in the register among the poor. "Remember," he said, "that religion and nature put all men on a level; virtue alone

makes a difference. Perhaps this one who stands before you, will be greater in the eyes of God than you will ever be in the eyes of the people."

One of those three boys, like himself, was to be taken away from the evil to come. The Duke of Burgundy, when at play, received a blow of which he never spoke as long as possible, but it brought on a painful tumour, which had to be operated on. He absolutely refused to mention the name of the giver of the blow, and held his resolution to the last, no doubt assisted in keeping to it by his father, whose health began to give way from the time of his attendance upon this noble child. The boy's last words were "God's will be done," "My kingdom is not of this world."

The one delight beyond his home of the Dauphin's life, was the command of his regiment of dragoons. He was at Compiègne with them in 1765, and had the pleasure of presenting his Dauphiness to them. "My children," he said, "behold my wife." Simple words, treasured as great condescension.

There, however, he had an attack on the lungs, and never entirely recovered, but went on wasting away. But he had a gleam of better hope for his father, since the temptress, Madame de Pompadour, died, at forty-four, on April 15, 1764. Louis XV. showed no feeling for the loss. Perhaps he felt her to be a tyrant, and looking from the window as her funeral departed, he is said to have made the same remark as Louis XIII. about Cardinal Richelieu, "Madame La Marquise has a bad day for her journey." But he was kinder to his Queen and his daughters, and very fond of visiting Madame Louise in her convent, where Kings were allowed to enter, and the simple nuns adored him. Once when he brought them a pot of jam, and used a knife to cut the string, the Superior, shocked at waste contrary to rule, cried out, "Ah! Sire, remember holy poverty!"

The Dauphin grew worse all through the year. The nation prayed for his life while the court despised him. He said he could only pray that God's will might be done in him. He could not wish for life, but he earnestly thanked God for his good wife who "taught him to die." His last Communion was full of peace and joy, and he uttered fervent thanksgivings. As he lay propped up on his pillows, he could see in the court below, the carriages packed for the general departure the moment his last breath was drawn. "It is time I was gone," he said, "since I keep so many waiting." He died on December 20, 1765. He was thirty-six years old, and his life, like a pure and limpid stream, had passed through the most corrupt of courts, with the most evil examples around, and he had to the full tasted of the cup of scorn and contempt, as well as of absolute helplessness to touch the festering evils around him. The sins of the fathers were coming on the children, but he was "gathered to his grave in peace." He was buried by his own desire at Sens; but his heart, as he had entreated, was laid beside his first wife at St. Denis. "Poor country!" cried Louis. "A King of

CAMEO XII.

Suppression of the Jesuits. 1773.

fifty-five, and a Dauphin of eleven." There is something strange, almost appalling, in the manner in which again and again a man of power and ability was taken away, as if the people were to be left to fill up the measure of their sins and their madness.

Marie Josephe of Saxony, his beloved wife, was kindly treated by the King, but she seems to have caught her husband's malady in her long nursing, and she sank gradually, and died fifteen months later.

The poor Queen had already had another sorrow. Her father, Stanislas, the ex-King of Poland, who had won much affection as Duke of Lorraine, was eighty-eight years old, when his dressing-gown caught fire, and after severe suffering he died, much lamented. These repeated sorrows broke down the health of the Queen. She was too dejected to respond to the King's renewed attention; she slept a great deal, became more and more lethargic, and died in 1767.

It was in 1773, July 21, that Clement XIV. finally published his bull against the Jesuits, having prepared the schools in his own diocese to continue in good hands without them. He had never loved them, nor thoroughly approved them; but he felt that their devotion and charity weighed against their errors, and that the Chair of St. Peter had no better supporters, and he was extremely afraid of the consequences. "This suppression will be my death," he said.

In the Holy Week of the ensuing year a violent attack of pain came on, which he believed to be the effect of poison; but he lived, often in great suffering, till September. The truth has never been known, and some believe that his own fears and suspicions were the true cause of his malady and death. Several times he started from sleep, crying, "*Misericordia, misericordia, compulsus feci, compulsus feci!*" as if he were rent by the thought of what he had done to the Order, instead of what had been done to him.

Maria Theresa and her son, Joseph II., who hated all monastic orders, acquiesced, and the only shelter the Jesuits found was under the infidel sovereign Frederick II. After fifty years the Order was again revived by the restoration of Pius VII., in 1814, and it has since gone on its old foundation, with equal training, equal devotion and self-sacrifice, equal talent for education and power over the minds of penitents, and with less scope for ambition; but, as ever, making the Pope the supreme object of loyalty on earth, and thus becoming the straitest and most eager champions of all that is most superstitious, most exclusively Roman and uncatholic in the Church,—not, indeed, in their personal faith, for they are enlightened in both theological and secular knowledge, but in the beliefs that they tolerate, if not encourage, in their disciples.

CAMEO XIII.

THE BOSTON TEA-FIGHT.

1763–1773.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

CAMEO XIII.

Bute retires 1763.

PEACE had been made by the Great Powers, but the seeds of war remained, and were already germinating.

George III. was, in these early days, hardly popular, being supposed to be only a sort of tool of his mother and Lord Bute.

There was a great outcry at a cider-tax, led by Thomas Wilkes, a mischievous man, member for Aylesbury, whose name long continued a proverb for disaffection. It ended in Lord Bute resigning. A jack-boot and a petticoat were burnt in many of the western counties as insults to him and to the Princess of Wales. Another person who retired from this juncture was Fox, who was created Lord Holland. He had various quarrels with the Administration, and in his bitterness he took his second son, Charles James, away from Eton at fourteen, and carrying him first to Paris, then to Spa, introduced him to every sort of dissipation, especially gambling, as if he had designed to ruin a very fine character. The boy begged to be sent back to Eton, but his tastes never recovered the harm he had suffered from his father.

Mr. George Grenville became Prime Minister, but matters remained perplexed, and the King had several interviews with Pitt, but without coming to an agreement. Grenville continued to be Prime Minister, and it was in his time that the measures were taken which occasioned the beginning of the American Revolution. The wits declared that he lost America because he read the despatches, which no one else had done.

This was so far true that he was struck by the prosperity of the thirteen colonies, and likewise with the heavy expenses that their defence against French and Indians had brought upon the mother country, and he thought that they ought to contribute to the cost; but such

CAMEO XIII.

Navigation Laws. 1761.

colonies were so new that precedent was wanting, and he forgot that, according to the principles of the Constitution, it was due to those who were taxed to have a voice in the apportionment of the burthen.

His objects were, first, to secure to the old country the trade with the new ones; next to keep British soldiers in America and to obtain a tax for their support. The Navigation Acts, as they were called, forbade goods to be taken to or from the colonies, except in ships built or owned in England or the colonies, and forbade various commodities to be taken to other places than England. It was, in fact, a very much milder law than was in force in the colonies of France and Spain, for these forbade the use or ownership of colonial ships; and it dated as far back as 1645, but it had never been properly enforced, and the New England States were carrying on a free trade with the Spanish settlements.

Grenville, with the King's consent, determined to enforce these laws and put down the traffic, which in his eyes was smuggling. So, to ensure detection, *writs of assistance* were asked for, by which custom-house officers were empowered to search houses and vessels for goods which they had no right to contain. In February, 1761, application was made to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for such a writ.

On this, James Otis, the Advocate-General of the colony, resigned, in order to be free to argue against the writ. He declared that England had no right to impose the law without consent of those subject to it, and that the Acts of Trade ran counter to the colonial charters, and were thus void, transgressing, as he averred, the Rights of Nature derived from the Author of Nature.

He did not succeed; the writs were granted, though apparently not acted upon; but this doctrine of the inherent rights of man, which he had probably imbibed from the French philosophers, was really the beginning of the American Revolution. The Puritans and the Round-heads thought of the English rights and of the Constitution; he, of the rights of man. So, the afterwards noted John Adams declared "that American independence was then born." Government at home was offended, appointed fresh duties, and caused ships of war to watch over the exports, much to the annoyance of the naval officers employed, since they disliked such work as overhauling cargoes and examining licences that they did not understand.

The Stamp Act then followed. It was a very moderate impost. It merely required wills, agreements, leases, and other documents to be written on stamped paper, costing an exceedingly small sum, but only to be procured from tax-gatherers, and without which the papers were invalid. No one objected to the law, which had long been in force in England, but the matter was strongly opposed in America and by the friends of the colonies.

Colonel Barré, who had fought at Quebec, is said to have made a strong speech in their favour, when they were said to be the indulged children of England, planted by her care.

"Planted by your care?" said he. "No, they were planted by your oppression! Nourished by your indulgence? They grew up under your neglect!" and more of the same spirit. The speech was immensely admired in America, and boys learnt to declaim it in school with great energy, but the awkward thing is that it cannot be found in the Parliamentary records, nor are authorities agreed whether the speech which provoked it was Charles Townsend's or Grenville's, and it is much suspected that Barré worked it up afterwards.

However, the Stamp Act passed, while the King was dangerously ill with what then passed for fever, but with an aberration of mind that made it necessary to have it signed by Commission, and which made him, on his recovery, anxious as to the future, and desirous that a regency should be arranged, since his eldest son was barely three years old. The name of the Queen was obvious, but there was absolutely a difference of opinion as to the Princess of Wales, so bitter was the prejudice against this good woman, who had really been guilty of nothing save keeping her sons aloof from a corrupt Court and society and showing too blind a trust in the one man whom she had learnt to respect. The proposal for the Regency Bill then limited the appointment, by the King's most unwilling consent, to the Queen and the descendants of the late King. Chief Justice Morton, however, moved that the Princess Dowager's name should be restored; and whereas the Whigs hated the Ministry even more than they hated poor Augusta, the insertion of her name was carried by a great majority.

The King was much hurt by his Ministers' conduct in the matter, and by the evident discontent of the country. A Bill had been brought into Parliament for imposing high duties on Italian silks, such as were already paid by the French silks. This was in the interest of the Spitalfields weavers, a great colony of Huguenots, who were still far from dropping their language, and had their own chapels and hospital. The Bill was thrown out, chiefly owing to the Duke of Bedford, to the great disappointment of the weavers, who, after having been much favoured, found their trade carried off by fashion setting in for foreign silks. Three or four thousand of them went in a peaceable manner out to Richmond to petition the King, and finding him gone to Wimbledon to a review, followed him thither. He listened to them kindly, and promised to do what he could for their relief, and they retired; but the next day they appeared in numbers, carrying red and black flags, abusing the peers, and actually stoning the Duke of Bedford's coach. One stone cut his hand and grazed his temple. The next day he received intelligence that the mob were going to attack his house. He had time to collect a garrison of friends and to call in soldiers, before the mob arrived, and began to pull down the wall of the court; but the Lord Mayor read the Riot Act, and the cavalry rode in and dispersed them, without serious damage, and the only further harm was the breaking the windows of a mercer who dealt in French silks. The town was restless for some days, but a subscription was

CAMEO XIII.
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American opposition,

made for the poorer weavers, and the mercers entered into an engagement not to import foreign goods, and sent plenty of orders to the Spitalfields looms, so that the disturbance was quelled; but there were some who thought that the riot among these ordinarily peaceable men had been due to Lord Bute, and others, who, with far more probability, ascribed it to John Wilkes.

The King saw his Ministers to be incompetent and bringing him into difficulties and unpopularity. He consulted with his uncle of Cumberland, who went at once to see Pitt in his sick chamber at Hayes, and offered him to return to the Ministry with whatever colleagues he wished. Pitt wished for Lord Temple as first Lord of the Treasury, but, to his great vexation, this could not be done, Temple having reconciled himself to Grenville, and having plans for forming a Ministry with him. Pitt held himself bound in honour not to accept office without him, and the scheme was rendered impossible, so that the King was forced to retain Grenville and Bedford, though most unwillingly.

Grenville's Stamp Act had been received with extreme displeasure in America, and the colonies were on the point of resistance. In Virginia a young man named Patrick Henry, who was gifted with remarkable eloquence, though he had failed in all his undertakings, and was a rough-hewn man who had rejected all education and culture, stood forth in the House of Burgesses and made a memorable speech. "Cæsar," he cried, "had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, George III.——"

"Treason! treason!" broke in the Speaker.

"Treason! treason!" was the cry.

Patrick Henry went on with, "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

His resolution of remonstrance against the Stamp Act was adopted by a small majority, consisting chiefly of the younger members.

James Otis proposed in Massachusetts that the colonies should be represented in a congress which should send a united remonstrance to England. Only nine of the thirteen sent delegates, but these drew up a Declaration of Rights and a petition to the King, including the Stamp Act and the enforcement of the Navigation Laws.

The merchants agreed not to import from England, but homespun clothes were to be worn and native produce used; and one lady wrote that her people would rather go about wrapped in sheep and goat-skins than buy of a people who had insulted them. Of course this was mere enthusiasm. The question had to be marked out. The colonies were really willing to contribute to the Government, and thought themselves loyal, but they claimed to be allowed to decide the means and the amount, and if more far-sighted men than Grenville and Bedford had been at the head of affairs, probably there would have been found means of satisfying them before the contest had gone too far.

Andrew Oliver, the agent for selling the stamps at Boston, was hung in effigy from an elm, since called Liberty Tree. The sheriff was

CAMEO XIII. — *Chatham in office.* 1765.

ordered to take the figure down, but the people said, "We will take it down ourselves in the evening." Then they paraded the figure through the streets, burnt it, plundered Oliver's house, and burnt the stamp papers. In Maryland, Rhode Island, and New York the like destruction occurred.

When these proceedings were reported in England, and the petition presented, Pitt spoke very strongly. He declared that to say that the Americans were represented in Parliament was a mere delusion, and that it was entirely contrary to the Constitution that any people should be taxed without their own consent.

"The Americans, I say," he declared, "have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. They have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side."

"Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind."

Franklin, who had come over in charge of the petition, was closely cross-examined in Committee on the effect of the Stamp Act, and of the enforcement of the Navigation Laws. He was asked (no doubt on purpose)—

"What used to be the pride of the Americans?"

"To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain."

"What is now their pride?"

"To wear their old clothes over again till they can get new ones."

The Stamp Act was repealed, though there was a strong party in opposition, and the King wished it to have been modified, not repealed, so as not entirely to give up the principle. There was ringing of bells and great triumph among the Americans, who burned in their bonfires a boot, as an emblem of Lord Bute, whom they fancied their enemy and the King's adviser, though George III. had entirely turned away from him. Charles Watson, Marquis of Rockingham, a descendant of Strafford, a good man, sensible, but not a genius, was much trusted by the King. He was a Whig, and much wished to have Pitt in the Administration, but could not persuade him to accept office until 1765, when all the Ministry were changed, and he became Prime Minister, taking the title by which he is best known—of Earl of Chatham; but he was in such continual bad health, and suffered such agonies from gout, that he was very little able to interfere.

The question of how America should be made to feel its shame came up again, and duties were imposed upon glass, red and white lead, painters' colours, paper, and tea. The proceeds were to be spent in the country itself in maintaining the governors, judges, and other public servants. British regiments were also sent out and quartered in the chief towns, Boston especially. The officers added much to the general gaiety, and were popular among the gentry; but in the old Puritan

CAMEO XIII.

Tumults in Boston. 1770.

places a good deal of scandal and demur was created by their balls and theatricals. There were quarrels in many quarters between the private soldiers and the people at New York. The soldiers cut down the Tree of Liberty, and the people planted it again, only to be cut down and fresh planted.

Very unnecessarily, as it seemed, the soldiers beat down the hills of snow that the boys of Boston raised, that they might sleigh down the slopes. The lads complained to the captain, but he gave them no redress, and then they went to the English Governor, Gage.

"What!" he said, "have your fathers taught you treason, and sent you here to exhibit it?"

"Nobody sent us, sir," said one of the boys. "We have never injured or insulted your soldiers, but they tread down our snow-hills and break the ice on our skating-grounds; and when we complain they call us young rebels, and bid us help ourselves. We went to the captain, and he only laughed at us, so we are come to you."

The Governor was pleased with them, and sent orders that they should not be molested; but there was much ill-feeling, which might have been avoided by proper discipline. The soldiers were allowed to ramp about the streets, carrying arms, and the people were only too ready to provoke them, calling them bloody-backs and lobsters, a name carried on from the Commonwealth wars, when it alluded to the jointed armour of the legs of the Ironsides, but now was applied to the red-coats of the regular regiments.

One moonlight night in March, 1770, some soldiers quarrelled with the populace, and there were teasing shouts on either side; then the boys threw volleys of snowballs, and the guard was turned out under Captain Preston. At first, the mob gave way, but the boldest pressed on the soldiers, headed by a mulatto called Crispus Attuck, and knocked at their muskets with sticks, till at last Captain Preston gave the word to fire, and nine men fell, three of them killed, among whom was Attuck. There was great indignation, and Preston was tried for murder, but acquitted on the plea that he was doing his duty as a soldier, and indeed the provocation was great. The two regiments were withdrawn to an island in the harbour, but the incident, though really only a street affray, was remembered as the Boston massacre.

A royal vessel, called the *Gaspée*, was stationed in Narraganset Bay to look out for the numerous smugglers who tried to avoid the Royal Trade Act. In pursuit of one of these suspected vessels, the *Gaspée* ran aground near Namquit Point, seven miles from Providence. Her superintendence was so hated that when it was known through the town that there she lay helpless, till a high tide should float her off in early morning, there was a determination to destroy her, and a drummer went through the town, telling all who were willing to help to meet at a certain tavern at sunset. Eight boats were manned, the oars were muffled, and in the darkness the party reached the schooner, overpowered the crew, sent them on shore, and then set their vessel on fire,

CAMEO XIII.

The Caucus, 1770.

returning in broad daylight, and though Government declared the act treasonable, nobody would give information, and it remained wholly unpunished.

The country, meanwhile, was bent on doing without any imported goods, rather than pay the duties on them. Garments were made of homespun wool, and the plants that bear the name of Jersey tea, or Labrador tea, remain to testify to the decoctions that attempted to supply the place of tea. Revenue officers were tarred and feathered, and the colonial authorities, instead of protecting them, ignored their existence.

Hitherto the Governor and other officials had been paid by the States, but the Crown proposed to take the salaries into its own hands. This raised a storm, for the Americans felt that power lay in the purse, and it was even proposed to prosecute the Chief Justice for having accepted his salary from the King.

A body of men at Boston, of whom Samuel Adams was the leading spirit, were secret movers in all the resistance to England. They got the name of Caucus—whence derived no one seems to know, the most plausible derivation being that there was a standing feud between the soldiers and the calkers, or rope-makers, and that any meeting of the disaffected came to be called a Calkers' meeting, and this was corrupted into Caucus, a word which has become only too familiar to us, for all inner secret boards of direction.

The Caucus arranged to obtain from their fellow-citizens at Boston the election of a Corresponding Committee, to keep in touch with the other States; and this became an engine of great force. Benjamin Franklin was agent in London for the Assembly of Massachusetts, and did much to secure the cause of the discontented. He published a satirical article, in which the Emperor was supposed to claim the supremacy of England, as being peopled by an offshoot from Germany; and another, called "Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One," by treating it like a large cake and nibbling at the outside edges.

It was determined in England to give up all attempts at taxation, except upon tea; and the teas were to be sent straight from the East India Company, and would be sold at a lower price than in England, where tea remained an excisable article for a century longer.

The Americans, however, were in the greatest excitement, believing the tea only the small end of the wedge, and expecting all manner of oppressions to follow. They were resolved that no import should be made, and in Pennsylvania some went so far as to issue handbills, warning pilots against bringing in English tea, which was meant to poison the people.

The ships arrived. At Charleston the freight was landed, but stored up in warehouses, and left to perish unused; but at Boston the feeling was much stronger and more violent, when those vessels came into harbour. Their captains were willing and anxious to sail away without

CAMEO XIII.

The Boston tea fight.

a contest, but they had entangled themselves with formalities with the Governor and harbour-master, and could not start at once. The Committee of Correspondence set a guard over them, and people from all quarters implored the men of Boston to stand by the liberties of America.

Seven thousand people met in Faneuil Hall, and adjourned to Old South Church, to have more room. The owner of one of the ships went to the Governor to ask to have the ships sent back to England, but the Governor thought this inconsistent with his loyalty. He offered to have the tea landed and stored, as at Charleston; but the people were too furious for this compromise, and Samuel Adams declared, "This meeting can do no more to save the country."

A war whoop was heard at the porch, and forty or fifty young men, disguised and painted as Red Indians, took boat that night, swarmed into the three tea-ships, and threw 340 chests of tea into the water, but did no further mischief to the crews, and dispersed quietly; but sundry Boston housewives found their stores quietly replenished. The damage was reckoned at £18,000, and this "Boston tea-party" is reckoned as the beginning of the American Revolution.

CAMEO XIV.

THE MEASURE FILLED UP.

1765-1774.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1715. Louis XV.	1745. Francis I.
Austria.		*Spain.*
1742. Maria Theresa.		1745. Ferdinand VI.

THE tone and temper of England were beginning to recover under the influence of a religious and conscientious King, of the awakening brought about by the Wesleys, and of the gradual purification of literature. France was, however, sinking lower, and the forces that were to lead to a terrible upheaval were preparing. The crushing of all zeal and independent thought, alike in Jansenists and Jesuits, had led to the irrepressible yearning for intellectual discovery and research taking refuge in philosophy, and at the same time the last attempts at constitutional freedom were suppressed.

The Parliaments had always hated the Jesuits, and rejoiced in registering the decrees for their suppression; but their own liberties (such as were left) were in great danger. The Seven Years' War had left the public credit in a dreadful state, and the Duke of Choiseul was casting about for means of meeting the terrible deficit. As to touching the wealth of the nobles or the clergy by contributions, that was not thought of, but fresh taxes were announced, and Louis XV. went down to hold a bed of justice to have them registered on the 31st of May, 1765, attended by six princes of the blood, three great ecclesiastical peers, twenty-five lay peers, and four Marshals of France, while a double hedge of French and Swiss guards lined the streets, from the Tuilleries to the Palais de Justice. No deliberation was allowed in the royal presence; the Parliament registered but could not debate.

However, after the ceremony was over and the King had retired, a debate took place, and a strong remonstrance was drawn up, and presented to the King, but all the answer to the first president was, "I should wish to take the remonstrance of the Parliament in good part, but to warn them not to show too much zeal." All the provincial

CAMEO XIV.
—
Choiseul's Ministry.

Parliaments likewise remonstrated, and the King actually found himself obliged to yield, though commanding silence. No wonder he did not like to hear them. "France," said the Parliament of Paris, "is a country that devours her inhabitants. One has only to leave the capital to see impoverishment, traces of emigration, misery and helplessness in those who remain. Daily are seen wretches whose imposts have been paid by the sale of their crops, their cattle, or their tools. If they die of want, or their children waste by disease and their ground is uncultivated, the State loses these men and the produce, and it is on the Lord King, on his paternal heart, that all these losses fall."

Every Parliament spoke in these terms, yet, as has been before said, they were horribly severe in their judgments of criminals, and savagely carried on the Huguenot persecutions. The whole head was sick, the whole heart faint.

The new Dauphin was a quiet, studious boy, and his Aunt Madame Adelaide, the cleverest person in the family, dreaded that he would not have sufficient strength of will and character for the times that he was to encounter, and used to say, when he went into her room, "Make more noise, Berry. Throw things about! Make a disturbance." The family never called him dauphin. He was always known by his original title of Berry—an ill-fated one, as was often recollected. The old King, with some notion of impending danger, sometimes said, "I wonder how Berry will weather the storm."

Nature had meant Louis XV. for simple homely occupations and for family affections, but it was art—the art of the serpent—that had perverted him from these. He only wanted to be amused, and he had been taught to seek amusement in whatever he chose.

The woman who gained possession of him was not even a lady by birth, nor an educated person—Jeanne Lange, who came from the same village as her utter contrast, Jeanne d'Arc, namely, Vaucouleurs. She had already lived an abandoned life, when, under the title of Countess Du Barry, she became the favourite of the wretched old King, chiefly because her vulgarity, coarseness, and insolence amused his jaded mind, though she really had a certain fund of simplicity and good nature, together with a good deal of beauty. "See, La France! your Parliament will cut off your head," she said, pointing to pictures of Henry IV. and Charles I. She always called him La France, a name specially degrading, because La France and La Pierre were the stock names of footmen in great families.

The Duc de Choiseul thought such a creature could not be dangerous to him and favoured her, in the fear that the King might marry again some respectable princess who might obtain the ascendency over him. But Choiseul's star was on the wane, though in his ministry he had accomplished two acquisitions for the crown: one a very easy one, though not long retained—the first the old papal city of Avignon, which was occupied by French troops to punish Pope Clement XIII. for refusing to suppress the Order of Jesuits. The poor old Pope, pressed

on all sides, appointed the 5th of February, 1769, for the signature of the bull of suppression, but died almost suddenly the night before.

The other acquisition was the island of Corsica, which had hitherto belonged to the Republic of Genoa, which had been a very severe and unjust oppressor, so that a gallant patriot, Pasquale Paoli by name, had maintained the cause of his country, and with the aid of the French had organised a just and independent government, when, in 1768, the Genoese sold their claims to the island to France, while Paoli was deceived by Choiseul's negotiations. Suddenly he found his island made over to those he had thought his allies, and a large force poured in on him under the Marquis de Chauvelin. The Corsicans are brave and vindictive, and the mountains of their eastern coast were defensible. Paoli, by desperate bravery and high talent, maintained the struggle for two years, with brilliant ability, but was forced at last to give way, step by step, and embarked for Leghorn, while his countrymen obtained fair and kindly terms from the Count de Vaux, and took the oath of allegiance to France. It was in that very year 1769 that at Ajaccio a young Corsican was born, who would make the name of France a terror to all European nations—Napoleon Bonaparte,—the reconstructor of France, yet the avenger of her corruption and crimes.

Paoli was welcomed and much honoured in England. It was the sympathetic history of his campaigns that brought James Boswell into notice and intercourse with Dr. Johnson. Choiseul was angered at the English sympathy with the Corsicans. He also let the American malcontents understand that they had a friend in France, and on all sides he was preparing for a war to efface the disgraces and defeats of the Seven Years' War, but the King was not of the same mind, remembering enough of old Fleury's policy to dread wars with England. Marshal de Richelieu, a man of much brilliancy and a proverb for dissipation, was bitterly jealous of Choiseul, and paid court to Madame du Barry to secure his fall. So did the Chancellor Maupeou and the Duke d'Aiguillon; but Choiseul worked on, and one of his last undertakings was the marriage of the Dauphin. The youngest of Maria Theresa's daughters, Marie Antoinette, was only fourteen, the Dauphin only sixteen; but the Empress, though an affectionate mother, was too anxious to secure the French alliance to make serious difficulty as to launching a young and giddy girl into the most corrupt Court in Europe.

Yet Maria Theresa had many high qualities. Her devotion was real, and she had a true love for her people, remitting many of their burthens, and mitigating the old exactions of the feudal system. She lived on the most friendly terms with the people of Vienna, and they liked to remember how, on receiving a message in the theatre, she stood up and called out, "Franz has a son!" so that all might participate in her joy over her first grandson, in the male line. She had four sons and eight daughters, and it was believed that she had educated them excellently,

CAMEO XIV.

Small-pox at Vienna. 1767.

but in the case at least of the younger ones it proved that their training had been very slight.

Soon after her husband's death, the small-pox broke out violently in her family. Her daughter Johanna, who had been betrothed to Ferdinand, son of Charles III., King of Naples, died of it. Then her sister Josepha, a fair and lovely young girl, was to take her place. All was prepared for her departure, and she was to be married by proxy on the 14th of August, 1767. She was in agonies of grief at the prospect of parting with her sisters, probably for ever, and being carried to a new and unknown world, and either by her own wish, or the family decree, she descended into the vault of the Capuchins to weep and offer her prayers at her father's coffin. She came back chilled and exhausted, fell sick of the small-pox, and died on the very day appointed for her journey. Her sister Caroline was then substituted, and was destined to make some noise in the world as Queen of Naples.

When the disorder was at an end in the palace, the Empress Queen established a hospital for inoculation, and when the first sixty-five children, corresponding with her own age, had recovered, she brought them to dine at her palace of Schönbrunn, waited on them, gave them each a piece of money, entertained them with a play, and ended with a dance.

She hoped to keep her ascendency over France through her daughter, in whose train she placed her old tutor, the Abbé de Vermond, who was charged to advise the young lady. So also was the Ambassador, the Count de Mercy, who sent home full reports of her conduct. The correspondence which has come to light of late years, shows the poor girl to have been headstrong as well as indiscreet, and to have committed follies that were truly atoned for as few ever have been.

She was beautifully fair, with fine blue eyes and splendid hair; her features were of the Austrian type, not beautiful in themselves, but capable of lighting up into much animation and showing great majesty, and when her childish figure developed, she had a truly majestic deportment; but a child of fourteen could not be at her best, and she was lively and thoughtless in manner, speaking very imperfect French, and giggling from shyness. She did not strike any one as attractive, not even her young bridegroom, and the Austrian alliance was very unpopular. The Court met her at Compiègne, and by her mother's orders she was very gracious to Choiseul. The King had the effrontery to introduce Madame du Barry whom she received with the words "You are the lady who amuses his Majesty." This woman was the only one admitted to the young Archduchess's supper at La Muette, a hunting lodge in the Bois de Boulogne, with the royal family, the Dauphin with his two brothers, Clotilde, a most amiable, kind-hearted being, but, like her two elder brothers, afflicted with a corpulence that caused her to be popularly called "Gros Madame," and the bright little Elisabeth, only eight years old, destined to be the stay of her family, and to share their fate, when their piety and resignation converted

into martyrdom the doom that their grandfather and others before him brought on them.

CAMEO XIV.

Marriage of Louis and Marie Antoinette. 1770.

The next day, the 16th of May, 1770, Louis the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette were married in the Chapel of Versailles by the Archbishop of Rheims, while the Bishops of Senlis and Chartres held a canopy of cloth of silver over their heads. The rings were exchanged, and the bridegroom endowed the bride with thirteen gold pieces, after the regulation custom.

A terrible thunderstorm was raging overhead, and on the 30th of May, when the rejoicings were to be terminated by a grand exhibition of fireworks at Paris, there was a frightful catastrophe. The scene was to be the square called "Place Louis Quinze," the exit from which was the Rue Royale, where much building was going on, and the ground was encumbered with materials, and was full of excavations for cellars and foundations. Police arrangements were hardly known; there were only a few *gardes françaises* to deal with the crowd, which amounted to a hundred thousand, and was thickest on the parapets of the river. In the midst of the exhibition part of the scaffold took fire and in a few moments there was an ungovernable panic. The narrowness of the openings prevented escape, the wretched multitude trod one another down, and though comparatively few were burnt, when the agonised throng were at length dispersed or cleared away, a hundred and thirty-three corpses, with many more injured persons, were found in the square and in the streets, the pits and the river bodies amounting to twelve hundred.

The grief of the newly married pair was very great. They gave all in their power to the families of the sufferers, and even the King was moved, but the grants of the Court were far from sufficient to relieve the distress. Here is the account of the Dauphiness's day as she wrote it to her mother. Rising between nine and ten o'clock, she went in morning *déshabille* to the three aunts' apartments, where she often met the King. On her return to her own she had her hair dressed in the presence of every one who chose to look on, put on her rouge (a strange necessity), washed her hands, then turned out male spectators, and was dressed in long-waisted bodice, huge petticoat and lengthy train. Thus the whole family attended Mass, and dined in different divisions at two. Then came occupations in the Dauphin's rooms, afterwards singing lessons, and reading with her old tutor, a walk or drive, and playing in the aunts' room, where at half-past eleven there was another visit from the King, which lasted till he chose to go to bed.

Marie Antoinette was fond of the King, and could say anything to him. Once when Madame Victoire had the measles and he chose to go out hunting, she scolded him and said, "That was not kind of you, papa!"

"Ah!" said Madame Adelaide, "it is plain you are not of our blood."

She also would rush in on the two young brothers and part them

CAMEO XIV.

The end of the Parliament of Paris.
1771.

when their boyish quarrels came to blows. It was unfortunate that the Abbé de Vermond was not a wise man, and did not choose books of much worth or weight to form his pupil's mind, and he was also said to have encouraged the taste for raillery and persiflage which was by-and-by to do her so much harm.

It was unfortunate for her that she had been brought to France by Choiseul, who had long been unpopular in the country. His lavish expenditure and love of war were blamed for the horrible misery and famine in the country, where absolute starvation prevailed, and people might be found dead, with handfuls of grass in their mouths. Louis XV. heeded not, and remonstrance only embittered him against the Parliaments. The system of taxing only the bourgeois and the peasants, and recklessly granting pensions to all who could obtain the favour, was grinding the country folk to utter misery. We see how even good people regarded these grants, when we find a young lady praised for importuning the King for a pension for her dancing-master, never guessing that the poor were suffering misery from these multiplied expenses.

A remonstrance from the Parliament of Paris was again silenced, and the Duke d'Aiguillon took the opportunity of inflaming the King against Choiseul, seconded by Madame du Barry. He was accused of stirring up the Parliaments, of provoking the English to a naval war and making too lavish promises to Carlos III. of Spain; and on the 20th of December, 1770, orders were sent to Choiseul to give up all his offices and leave Paris in twenty-four hours.

The Duke d'Aiguillon, the Chancellor Maupeou, and the Abbé de Terray became a sort of Triumvirate, managing everything. Maupeou, though once first president of the Parliament, was resolved to sweep away this only obstacle to the royal despotism. An edict of the harshest came from the King, forbidding any resistance as disloyalty. On this the Parliament declared that, while the constitution was violated, and they were treated as criminals, they could not attend to the administration of justice. There being no other tribunals in France, this suspension of the law had gained the victory for them in former cases, but Maupeou was ready for this. Each magistrate on awaking found two musketeers beside his bed, who held out to him a paper, demanding if he would resume his functions. Only the words "yes" or "no" were permitted, and if he said the latter, he was hustled into a carriage, and taken off to a place of detention.

So, in 1771, ended the Parliament of Paris, commenced by St. Louis and long the most respectable body of men in France. Maupeou got together, with considerable difficulty, a sort of new Parliament of young lawyers and striving men, who were willing to register acts and attend to business without asking questions, and there Louis XV. held his last bed of justice in 1772. There were strange doings in other parts of the world. It was an evil time, and the kingdoms were filling up the measure of their evil doings. Prussia was, indeed, prospering under the

strong, just, and sagacious government of Frederick II., but his infidelity was doing evil work, though more among the sovereigns than the people.

Young Joseph II., the eldest son of Maria Theresa, and Emperor after his father's death, had imbibed his ideas to a great extent, though not to that of open scepticism. Many of these were sound and beneficial, but Joseph held them in a crude fashion of early youth, and did not live to mature them, nor were his people ripe for them. His mother was shocked and grieved over them, preventing his schemes from being carried out in the hereditary kingdoms, which were still her own. It was the contest fought out in every generation between the Conservative mother and Liberal son. When it was proposed to her to destroy the fortifications of Vienna, she said, "I am an old woman. I can almost remember Vienna besieged by the Turks. I have twice seen it almost the frontier of my dominions. Let Joseph do as he pleases when I am dead. While I live Vienna shall not be dismantled." The Empress-Queen's son, though not Joseph, was destined to prove the wisdom of her decision.

In Russia, Catherine II. was a woman of great ability, but corrupted to the heart's core by the horrible surroundings into which she had been thrown. In her heart she embraced to the utmost the scepticism of Voltaire and Frederick II., and she had the smallest possible amount of conscience, and conformed outwardly to all the requirements of the Greco-Russ Church, while she extended the bounds of the Empire on all sides.

The eyes of all three potentates—in Russia, Austria, and Prussia—were fixed upon Poland, which, it must be owned, was a very inconvenient neighbour to them all. It had no frontiers traced by nature in mountain or river; the population were Slavs, but Roman Catholic, for Lutheranism, which had once flourished, had been stamped out. The people were all either abject, helpless serfs, or very brave and gallant nobles, but the national character was *inconséquent* and turbulent to the last degree, greatly resembling the Irish, and the constitution—if constitution it could be called—quite unmanageable in the face of advanced civilisation, when every noble of the diet assembled on horseback had an equal right to be chosen King. Poland had produced one great man, who had been able to unite his subjects and save Vienna from the Turks, but ever since his death all had been chaos. Bribery from one of the great powers generally decided the choice of a King, and after the death of Augustus III. of Saxony, Catherine, half by bribery, half by force, obtained the election of Stanislas Poniatowski, a Polish noble, indeed, but young, of an undistinguished family, and a favourite of her own; but when she tried to dragoon him, he and the people resisted, and Frederick pretended to espouse their cause, but sent his brother Henry to Prussia to confer with Catherine on breaking up this unhappy country, and dividing it among the neighbouring powers. Henry was extremely disgusted with the frivolous and licentious

CAMEO XIV.

Dismemberment of Poland. 1772.

Court of St. Petersburg—a great contrast to the plain, stern, outward morality and intellectual habits of Berlin,—and he preserved a serious conduct that displeased the Russians, not relaxing even when at a masquerade a gigantic green parrot hopped into the room, calling out "Henri! Henri!"

However, the mission was accomplished. "I will undertake to frighten Turkey and flatter England," said Catherine. "You may buy over Austria that she may amuse France."

The dealing with Austria was possible from Joseph's admiration of Frederick, whom he had visited incognito as Count Falkenstein, at Neisse, in Silesia, and called his master. Frederick politely wore the white uniform of Austria, lest his own should excite painful recollections, but the next year, on coming to Neustadt, Joseph, with his attendants, wore the blue of Prussia, and told Frederick, "Here are a troop of recruits for your Majesty." In this interview Joseph was drawn over to the scheme, for which there was really much to be said on the grounds of expediency, but his mother was most strongly averse to it. "Never in my whole life did I feel so anxious," she wrote; "I am ashamed to let myself be seen. What an example we shall set the world if for a wretched piece of Poland we give up honour and fair fame! I plainly perceive that I stand alone, and am no longer *en vigueur*, therefore I let things take their course, though not without the greatest grief."

Upon her objections, Frederick wrote: "I would sooner undertake to write the Jewish history in madrigals, as to make three sovereigns agree, especially when two of them are women."

So the treaty was made, and on the edge Maria Theresa wrote "*Placet*, because so many good and learned men will have it so, but after I am dead and gone, people will see the consequences of thus breaking through all that has hitherto been held just and holy. —M. TH."

Protest was vain: each of the three powers seized a portion, and only a fragment, torn by dissensions, was left to the King. England would not risk a war by interference, and France did not stir, though Louis feebly said, "If Choiseul were here, I should not suffer this;" but there was not vigour enough in him to exert himself. Poland was thus dismembered, though Stanislas retained a fragment twenty years longer, amid perpetual dissensions and disturbances, till at last he was carried off to Russia, and died in obscurity at Gradin. Poland has brought a nemesis to its spoilers. The nation, enthusiastic and affectionate, yet incapable of combined or sustained action, has been the perplexity and misery of each of its spoilers ever since in turn, and has sown malcontents and intriguers all over Europe. The Austrians not being alien in religion have perhaps done best with them, and Prussian discipline and toleration of their faith have led to a certain amalgamation, but Russia is bitterly hated still, and the efforts to force all into the Greek Church grievously offend the people.

CAMEO XIV.

Death of Louis XV. 1774.

The two young brothers of the Dauphin were married to two daughters of the King of Sardinia, dull and silent girls, but their coming enlivened the Court, and the young princes and princesses indulged in private theatricals, of which, unfortunately, the elder generation disapproved, and the Dauphin, though persuaded to act audience, had much rather have been indulging in his favourite mechanical amusements—masonry, and lock or watch-making.

In the course of Lent of 1774, Bishop Beauvais, of Senedy, preached at Court a sermon on the text, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." It made Louis XV. turn pale, and he was restless, saying that he should not be happy till the forty days were passed. Easter came, however, but the time was not over, when the King, while walking in the garden at Trianon, was seized with giddiness and headache. He returned to Versailles, and the illness soon proved to be virulent small-pox, and his self-indulgent life had left his constitution in such a state that there was little hope for him. His neglected daughters, Adelaide and Victoire, nursed him devotedly. The rest of the family were kept from the room, and prayed in the chapel the devotions of "the Forty Hours." Madame du Barry was sent away in one of the carriages of her ally, the Duke of Aiguillon. The King bade his grand almoner ask his courtiers' pardon for the evil example he had set, but seemed to reassure himself by repeating, "Kings owe an account to God alone."

"That is exactly what I fear," said Maria Theresa, when this was reported to her.

There was a violent thunderstorm just as the final struggle began, and carriages were drawn up in readiness to carry the royal family away, while couriers waited in the court booted and spurred to carry away the news. The King lived till three o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of May, 1774, his sixty-fourth year, the fifty-ninth of his ruinous reign. Instantly, when his last breath was drawn, the clocks were stopped, a signal was made from the windows, the couriers mounted and galloped off in every direction, and the young Louis and Marie Antoinette burst into tears, and fell on their knees, hand in hand, crying aloud, "O God, help us, we are too young."

They were immediately thrust into coaches, the first containing the three brothers and their wives, the eldest of the party being barely twenty; the second, the sisters Clotilde and Elisabeth, with their governesses and ladies; the third, mesdames, who had already taken the infection, but had the disease lightly. The Court went to Choisy, the young party grave and sorrowful, till the little Countess of Artois said something that sounded absurd enough to make a reaction set in, and all were soon chattering and laughing as usual.

Versailles was deserted before three hours had passed. A few servants and a few priests stayed to do the last offices to the miserable corpse, and paid for it with their lives. They placed the remains in a box filled with quicklime, and carried it to St. Denys, no one showing

CAMEO XIV.

Funeral of Louis XV. 1774.

any token of respect except an old soldier of Fontenoy, who saluted as the almost unattended coffin passed by.

Thus almost emblematically ended the old *régime* of France, when corruption had so done its work that the days of vengeance were imminent. France, the country which above all has produced the greatest saints, has also had the strange power of stifling their influence and turning aside to the evils ever accumulating.

CAMEO XV.

1774-1776.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph III.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

THE Boston tea fight was regarded in very different light on the two sides of the Atlantic. On the west side, it was viewed as a patriotic demonstration against unjust oppression; on the east, as an overt act of rebellion against just and moderate demands from the parent State.

On the 7th of March, 1774, George III. sent a royal message to the Houses of Parliament, communicating the despatches received, and requesting their deliberation upon the same. On the 11th, Lord North brought in a bill, forbidding any ship to lade or unlade within Boston harbour, so as to transfer the trade of that city to Salem by way of punishment to the inhabitants; but it was added that when order was there restored and full compensation for the tea had been made to the East India Company, his Majesty might revoke the order.

Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox were against this bill, but even Colonel Barré did not think it unjust or even severe in itself, though Chatham declared that compensation should have been first demanded, and the penalty only inflicted on refusal. Washington, on his side, said that the penalty could not have been complained of, if compensation had been asked and refused.

At the same time another bill was brought in by Lord North, setting aside great part of the Massachusetts charter granted by William III., and vesting the nomination of the magistrates in the Governor.

The punishment, if carried out, would be very severe. No vessel, except those bringing fuel or provisions, might enter Boston harbour, and even these had first to go to the port of Marblehead, thirty miles off, and there be overhauled at the Custom House, taking on board one of its officers; nor could a barrel of flour, a stick of wood, or a

CAMEO XV.
Congress.
1775.

brick be brought to the wharf from any part of the coast, except by way of Marblehead.

On the 1st of June, when this Act was to come into force, many of the other towns hung their churches and houses with black; the bells were tolled as for a funeral; and in some churches there was a sort of fast day service. Material aid was sent to Boston by land; two hundred and fifty sheep from Connecticut, salt fish, grain, and other necessaries; and the whole of the colonies seemed more closely united. Still in spite of these succors, the city, which was mostly dependent on trade and the industries connected therewith, was in a state of suffering; but the population was kept down by the English garrison in the fort, and by the English men-of-war which lay at anchor in the harbour. Across the Neck, the isthmus of the peninsula, was a line of earthworks watched by a British guard of soldiers, and the officers were on sociable terms with the gentry of the place; but in the lofts and attics, on most nights, clubs met and took counsel for assistance over their pipes and punch-bowls, or they read letters from various parts.

Another tea ship was openly rifled and its contents thrown into the harbour, and, as Lord North said, this was a fine way of showing repentance and asking pardon. The Governor of Massachusetts, General Hutchinson, was recalled, and an experienced soldier, General Gage, sent in his place, underrating, however, American power of resistance, by declaring that the Americans only showed themselves lions as long as the British showed themselves lambs.

Large reinforcements were sent him, and he had under his command six regiments and a train of artillery, encamped for the most part on Boston common; but there was so much desertion from the many temptations held out to his troops, that he was obliged to keep the most careful watch while the men were kept at work fortifying the Neck and building temporary barracks, in the face of the obstruction of the inhabitants, who burnt his straw, upset his boats of bricks, and overturned his waggons of timber.

There was a general tendency to violence. Thus Commissioner Halliwell passed through Cambridge while there was an assembly there. Some one proposed to bring him back to have a conference with him, and a man on horseback rode after his carriage and ordered him back. Halliwell tried to fire his pistol, but it would not go off, and he was obliged to take his outrider's horse and gallop to Boston, closely followed by the horseman till he reached the guard.

Gage thought of calling the officials of Massachusetts together, but changed his mind, and dissolved the assembly before it met. The colonies decided on a Congress, or rather the centre at Boston decided, and sent out letters to all the communities, appointing Philadelphia as the place of meeting early in September, 1775.

This meeting had no legal status, but it was very important. Washington was there, Adams and Patrick Henry, and a Declaration of

CAMEO XV.
—
Paul Revere's ride.
1775.

Rights was drawn up, after which, means were taken to organise the militia and to have men ready for immediate action.

General Gage on his side sought to find their stores of ammunition, and they kept watch lest he should endeavour to have them seized. A special guard was kept at Charlestown, with the Charles river between it and Boston; and it was agreed that on any symptom of a large force leaving Boston, a lantern should be hung up on the church steeple, as a sign to be on the alert. On the night between the 18th and 19th of April 1775, this token was seen, and messengers were sent out in all directions, while boats with men bringing the tidings were also crossing the river. One of these Boston men, named Paul Revere, mounted a horse on landing, and performed the famous ride to Lexington, which Longfellow has commemorated:

"So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

In fact, two hundred British troops, commanded by Major Pitcairn and Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, were crossing in boats, intending to seize the stores amassed by the Americans at Concord, and were silently crossing the marshes on their way, when peals from all the church bells around broke on their ears, and it was plain that the alarm had been given. Lexington was reached at 4 a.m., and there stood about sixty or seventy men, drawn out in order with arms in their hands.

Major Pitcairn galloped up to them. They declared that his address was, "You rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms!"

He avouched that he never used the word "rebels," and in like manner, each side averred that the first shot came from the other party. At any rate, Major Pitcairn's horse received two wounds and some Americans fell, and this was the first bloodshed of the war.

The English made their way to Concord, where they destroyed such of the stores as they found, but most had been carried away into the woods, and by the time they had finished, a great number of the colonists had collected near a spot called the North Bridge, just outside the village, whose name seemed far from appropriate.

They decided to attack the English stationed on the bridge. "I have not a man who is afraid to go," said Isaac Davis; and he marched down with his company, but was at once shot dead, and there was an exchange of shots, ending in the English retreating to the main body.

Concord having been destroyed, the homeward march began; but

CAMEO XV.
Siege of Boston.
1775.

the whole country had been roused by this time, and as one of the officers said, men seemed to drop from the clouds, not drawn up in array, but firing from behind walls and hedges, and with the skill of marksmen trained to the chase of bears and deer.

Worn and weary with their night march, the English lost order, and would have been entirely cut off if General Gage, apprehending danger, had not sent out a detachment under Lord Percy, who met them at Lexington, and, forming a hollow square, received into it the fugitives, so much exhausted that they flung themselves on the ground, some with their tongues hanging out of their mouths, like dogs.

After they had recovered, the whole force made their way back to Boston, harassed all the way by the Americans behind walls and hedges. They lost two hundred and seventy-three men, the Americans, being thus shielded, only ninety; and the latter declared that Lord Percy had gone out with his band playing in defiance "Yankee-Doodle," but had gone home to the tune of "Chevy Chase."

A very fair idea of the state of things in New England may be gained from Fenimore Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*, and still more vividly from Mary Hoppus's *Great Treason.*

The insurgents were delighted with their success, which they called a glorious victory. "Send the news on night and day," was written on the message sent out to all quarters, and on all sides there was in Connecticut a rising. Israel Putnam, who had been a colonel in the French and Indian war, was working at his stone fences in a checked shirt and leathern frock and apron, when the news was brought to him. He went home, put on his militia uniform, mounted his horse, and was at Concord the next morning, three thousand following from the State; and in a very few days fifteen thousand men had collected at Concord, and General Artemus Ward, as senior officer of the militia, took the command.

A siege was determined on, but some kind of central authority was requisite, and three weeks after the skirmish at Lexington, the second Congress met at Philadelphia, on the 5th of May, 1775, representing nine colonies, and continued sitting for a year, avowedly for the purpose of carrying on the administration till the King should appoint a Governor who would rule the country according to the charter.

General Gage, in the meantime, was fortifying the Neck, sending to England for reinforcements, and getting rid, as well as he could, of superfluous inhabitants. The loyalists who had means, and dreaded danger, went off to Canada, Nova Scotia, or England; the families who sympathised with the insurgents were freely allowed to carry away their property, boats being lent for the purpose, and for many days the roads were thronged with waggons, the fugitives being distributed in the villages. The men who remained were obliged either to become volunteers in the Government service, or else to deliver up their arms, which were stored, marked with their names, in Faneuil Hall to wait till better days should come; but, of course, there was squabbling,

CAMEO XV.
Bunker Hill.
1775.

General Gage declaring that all arms were not brought in, and that merchandise was not included in the word effects.

There were five thousand regular troops by this time in Boston, and it was open towards the sea. Three generals had arrived—Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne,—and the latter declared that he would soon make elbow room. In fact, the English blunder was the despising the enemy, forgetting that these were the sons of stout Britons and of Dutchmen, with no notion of giving way.

The men of the province (not the city) of New York meantime, under Benedict Arnold, an apothecary of New Haven, and Ethan Allen, with a band of "Green Mountain boys," had made a raid upon Canada, and surprised Ticonderoga fort early in the morning. There were only forty-four soldiers in it, and their captain, rushing out half dressed, demanded in whose name he was called on to surrender. "In the name of the great JEHOVAH and of the Continental Congress," answered Ethan Allen, who, nevertheless, was rather a Free-thinker than a Puritan.

The generals proclaimed martial law in Boston, and both sides acted as if the regular siege was begun. Boston and Charlestown both lie on their own peninsula, with the river Charles between them. Charlestown was nearly deserted by its proper inhabitants, but it was commanded by two hills lying on either side—Breed Hill and Bunker Hill to the north-west, and Dorchester heights to the south. Each side felt their position to be very important, and General Gage had not yet occupied these.

The colonists heard that he was planning to extend his lines so as to take these in, and decided to be beforehand with him.

A force of a thousand men, mostly farmers armed with fowling-pieces, were told off, under Colonel Prescott, to take possession and throw up earthworks. They mustered on Cambridge common, joined in a prayer offered by the President of Harvard College, and set forth on their night march at 9 p.m. on the 16th of June, 1775. Either deliberately or by mistake, they began to entrench themselves on Breed's Hill, the nearest to Boston, just as they heard the clocks within the town chime twelve and the sentries in the ships call out "All's well."

In the early light of the June morning these same sentries saw them, gave the alarm, and the ships began to fire on them; but they went on with their works. General Gage could see them with his telescope, and recognised Colonel Prescott. "Will they fight?" he asked. "To the death," answered a patriotic American who stood beside him.

He decided on sending three thousand British soldiers to dislodge them, going in boats across the bay. On their side, the Americans had sent back for reinforcements, and had guarded a fence on their flank, heaping it behind with new-mown hay. There old Israel Putnam was abouring in his shirt-sleeves, with a cartridge belt strapped round him. Dr. Warren, President of the Massachusetts Congress, came with the fresh troops. The British forces had to charge uphill. "Aim low,"

CAMEO XV.
Bunker Hill.
1776.

called out Putnam and Prescott; "wait till you see the whites of their eyes."

It was burning hot, and the red-coats had their heavy knapsacks on their backs. At the first burst of fire a great number of them strewed the hill, while there were loud hurrahs on the American side. Three times they advanced, three times they were obliged to fall back; much galled likewise by musketry from the buildings at Charlestown. General Howe, therefore, ordered the place to be set on fire by the mariners from the ships.

The spectacle was terrible, as the Boston people, in no danger themselves, looked out on the battle raging in full view on the slopes and Charlestown one great blaze, the flames mounting up the church steeples and making them pyramids of fire, while there was a horrible roar of sounds—cannon and musketry by sea and land, and the crash of houses falling in.

"Colonel Abercrombie, are the Yankees cowards?" called out one of their leaders, as the British troops toiled up against them. "We are ready for the red-coats again?" was the cry of old Putnam. But he knew that their ammunition was exhausted and they had no bayonets. All they could do was to retreat, suffering more as they gave back and left the shelter of their earthworks, than in the battle, and among them fell Dr. Warren, a loss, it was said, equal to five hundred men. There was little pursuit, and certainly the battle of Bunker Hill was such that most people would refer to it as an American victory, though it certainly was a defeat.

When Washington heard of it, he asked how the militia had behaved; and when their firmness was described, he said, "Then the liberties of the country are safe." The loss on either side had shown of what substance the combatants were made, but the want of skill of the British officers was thought to have been responsible for their heavy losses.

A day or two before the battle, and before it could be known, a second Congress had met at Philadelphia and appointed George Washington General-in-Chief, with four Major-Generals under him—Artemus Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler, and Israel Putnam. A Virginian was chosen that the revolt might be shown to be less of New England than of all the Colonies; but Washington had already proved his talents, and was besides in character by far the fittest person for a leader. Lee was English—a regular soldier of fortune, who had fought in the Hungarian wars, and was a strange eccentric person; while Ward and Putnam represented the true Cincinnatus-like type of American.

Washington went at once to take the command of the army, and on the 2nd of July, 1776, he met the forces under a great elm at Cambridge, still known as Washington's elm. He was at that time forty-three years old, over six feet high, well made, active, and rather slight, with a handsome countenance, refined, high features, and the complexion of an

CAMEO XV.

Capitulation of Boston. 1776.

English country gentleman. He was one of the few who wore a uniform as Colonel of the militia. It was blue and buff, with a black cock's feather in the hat. The men who belonged to the militia alone had any uniform or regular weapons. Most of the others had only fowling pieces or muskets, used against Indians, bears, or panthers, and came in their ordinary working dress. The Virginian contingent, however, had, many of them, holland shirts, like the Indian dress, with "Liberty or Death" embroidered on the breast, and they carried good rifles. Most lived in little stone hovels or wigwams, put up by themselves; only a very few had tents. Provisions came by chance as they could, from home, and were often very scanty; and powder was more scarce still, each man having only seven cartridges, so that the continual cry of generals, officers, and privates, was only "powder, powder."

For want of it nothing could be done but to shut up Boston on the land side, so that the want of fresh meat and vegetables was felt there, though the sea being still open, there was no severe want; besides that, many inhabitants were sent away to lessen the number of mouths. Fuel, however, was wanting, and empty houses were pulled down to supply the need.

All was done to amuse the besieged and keep up the spirits of the troops. Faneuil Hall was turned into a theatre, and one night a farce was acted there by the military, called *The Blockade of Boston*, in which the rebel leaders were represented by ludicrous figures. General Washington, tall, lean and gaunt, had just come on the stage, attended by a peasant with a long rusty gun, when a sergeant rushed in behind him crying out, "The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker Hill!" The audience applauded, thinking this part of the play; but it was a veritable attack, though it proved unsuccessful. However, Washington had procured supplies from ships taken by privateers, and from the stores of Ticonderoga, and he was able, one December night, to erect batteries on the Dorchester heights which commanded the city and harbour. They were entrenched before morning, and a tempest prevented the British garrison from attacking them. It had become impossible to hold out longer, and General Howe, who had succeeded Gage, capitulated on the 16th of March, 1776, and the first American flag, a pine tree bearing a cap of liberty, was borne into the city after an eight months' siege.

Arnold had made a dash into Canada, suffering much from snow and ice in boating to Lake Champlain. He appeared before Quebec, hoping to tread in the steps of Wolfe, but the place was too strong for him, and he was forced to retreat. Some thought his failure was owing to the want of unanimity among the States, in several of which little wars were going on. "We must all hang together," said a man to Franklin. "Yes," he replied, "or we shall all hang separately."

The want of discipline was a terrible drawback. "The privates are

CAMEO XV.

Declaration of Independence. 1776.

all generals, but not soldiers," said one general; and another wrote to his German friend: "You say to your soldier, do this, and he doeth it. I am obliged to say to mine, 'This is the reason why you ought to do this;'" and as to the officers, John Adams wrote, "They quarrel like cats and dogs. They worry one another like mastiffs, scrambling for rank and pay, like apes for nuts."

Authority was wanting if ever there was to be success, and New Hampshire was the first to propose the formation of a more regular Government, since George III. had rejected their petition. Therefore, in July, 1776, was drawn up and signed the "Declaration of Independence" of the British Crown, written by Thomas Jefferson.

The allegiance to the King was renounced, the colonies were to call themselves the United States, and each State was to form its own interior constitution, while all were to be united for dealing with general and external matters by one general Congress of representatives from each State.

Of these there were now thirteen—Georgia, the Carolinas, and Pennsylvania having joined the original nine. Their flag was now changed for the thirteen red and white stripes, and the stars on a blue ground for each State; and as fresh States are added to the union, the stars are added to, though the stripes remain the same in number.

All was still irregular and disorganised, but every family throughout America was obliged to choose their own part, and many of those who had means migrated to Nova Scotia or Canada.

The clergy of the Church were almost all loyal. They would not give up mentioning the king in the prayers, and many of them were ill-treated in consequence. Washington was a Churchman, and only desired to leave out the king's name, but Jefferson was a deist, and did all he could to depress the Church and favour the numerous sects; the Presbyterians descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, the Quakers of Philadelphia, the Independents everywhere, and though the Church still subsisted, the temper of the times was against her, and there being as yet no American episcopate, her clergy depended on England, whence they had derived their orders.

CAMEO XVI.

CHANGES OF MINISTRY.

1763-1773.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

Bute's retirement. 1763.

THOSE early years of George III. were years of blundering, only retrieved by the good Providence of God on a nation which meant well on the whole, and on a King whose honest and good heart was blessed by God and trusted by man when it was understood.

The only persons whom he loved and trusted at first were his mother and the Earl of Bute, and he had on principle an objection to war, though, as managed by Pitt, it was leading to great prosperity. Therefore he had given his full adhesion to the Peace of Paris; but this was a most unpopular measure, and Bute was hated for it. The jealousy of a royal favourite centred upon him, all the more because he was a Scotsman, and the most horrid reports of the attachment of the Dowager Princess of Wales to him were circulated. Poor woman, she had simply rejoiced in his influence over her son because he was the only moral and reputable nobleman to whom she had access. She had brought her son up to strong ideas of his power, duty, and responsibility as a King, and he had a desire to be really, as he said, a King, governing personally, as had been done before the Revolution, instead of letting measures be in the hands of the predominant party, and he thought this could be done by appointing a Ministry divided between each party, so as to balance one another. This plan proved unworkable, and led to the perplexities of his earlier reign.

Lord Bute retired from office in April, 1763, but nothing would persuade the public that he did not govern the King as much as ever through the Princess, and he continued to be the object of the utmost hatred, while the Princess Dowager was said to keep her younger sons, and even the young Queen, in the most rigid seclusion. Queen Charlotte was not allowed to gossip with her ladies, and only to play at

CAMEO. XVI.

Grenville's Ministry. 1763.

cards with her husband in private—probably an excellent precaution to prevent the fatal royal habit of gambling.

The King saw that the Government must be strengthened, and Grenville and Lord Halifax insisted on his bringing back the Whigs, and no longer listening behind the scenes to Lord Bute. He declared that he would never accept "a whole party in gross," his view being to be the real ruler himself, not to let affairs be managed by the ministers. However, Lord Egremont's sudden death made a difference in his mood. He sent Lord Bute to hold a conference with Mr. Pitt, and hear his opinions.

"Why not express them to the King?" said the Earl.

"My Lord," said Pitt, "I am not of His Majesty's Council. How can I presume to demand an audience?"

"Suppose His Majesty desired you to attend him?"

"The King's command would make it my duty, and I should have no choice but to obey."

So George III. sent an open unsealed letter requesting his attendance at St. James's Palace on Saturday at noon.

Pitt had a sedan chair with a large leathern excrescence in front to accommodate his gouty foot, and this, as he said, made his goings, and comings as well known as if his name had been painted on it. So he was watched along Pall Mall by the anxious crowd, and had a three hours' interview with the King, while Grenville was fuming and waiting. This was followed by two more conferences, but the "Great Commoner" would only accept office on condition of having colleagues of his own Whig party, and the King was determined on balancing the council between Whig and Tory, so as himself to be entirely the presiding spirit. "I must think of my own honour," he often repeated; and at last, with much regret, said, "I see it will not do."

Grenville was allowed to continue in power, but he made the condition that Bute should go into the country and give no more advice to the King, either publicly or privately, and there was even impatience at tardiness of movement, when Lady Bute found it difficult quickly to give up her house in London, and take her six daughters to Luton. Even there, and when he went abroad, and was in Italy, he was still supposed to influence the King, and popular hatred here and in America fixed upon him.

Minds were freshly stirred up again in 1765 by a dangerous illness of the King—a cough and fever, as was given out, but there was much secrecy as to the symptoms, and probably there was delirium enough to cause anxiety for the brain. At any rate the country was reminded that there was no secure tenure on the life of even a man of twenty-seven, and his two boys, George and Frederick, were only three years old and a few months. He soon recovered, but it was needful to decide on a Regency, in case it should be required, and the royal family, with the Queen foremost, were naturally named as the fit persons; but the

CAMEO XVI.

Regency Question. 1765.

selection of the individual, the King wished to be left to himself, and that no one should know beforehand whom he nominated.

This awoke all the furious jealousy of the poor Princess of Wales and of Lord Bute. One of the ministers took it into his head that George III. was in a galloping consumption, and that they would soon be under the rule they so dreaded. So there was a resolution to exclude the Princess, and in the House of Lords the question was mooted, "Who were the Royal Family?" Some said the Princess had never been nationalised as an Englishwoman, and others that she was not of the royal family. Lords Halifax and Sandwich decided on going to the King in person and asking him to exclude his mother himself, if he did not wish the House of Commons to do so, as they certainly would. The King was much distressed, but was surprised into saying, "I will consent, if it will satisfy my people." He was extremely grieved when he thought over what he had done, and found that Halifax had framed the Bill so as to include only the Queen and the persons descended from the late King.

He saw the insult to his mother, and perceived the use that had been made of his unwilling consent, "if it will satisfy my people," to bring in words to which the Lords, guided by the Ministry, had agreed. The Bill had yet to go down to the House of Commons, and he represented to Grenville how monstrous it would be if they refused to pass the exclusion of his mother, to which his own ministers had represented him as agreeing! He even shed tears, but Grenville would not be moved.

However, much as the poor lady was disliked, there was active hatred to Grenville, and the Lower House brought back her name by an overwhelming majority. The King was rejoiced, but very indignant at the deceit practised on him by his ministers, in order to obtain his consent.

He could no longer endure his present Ministry. Halifax and Sandwich had bitterly offended and deceived him, Grenville had been with them, and really was the prime mover. Besides he wearied the King with endless harangues. "When he has wearied me for two hours," said George, "he takes out his watch and asks if he may tire me for two hours more." He had also annoyed the King by refusing a grant of £20,000 to purchase the ground adjacent to Buckingham House, so that it was left open to the erection of Grosvenor Place, whence the royal children in the gardens could be overlooked.

At last the King sent for his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, and begged for his advice how to free himself from his present Ministry. The Duke, retired from public business, and in feeble health as he was, actually set forth to Hayes for a conference with Pitt, who was disabled by gout. Pitt listened, and said he would take office on three conditions: the abolition of General Warrants, such as that on which Wilkes had been arrested; the Restoration of Officers dismissed on political grounds; alliance with Protestant powers, to balance the family compact of the Bourbon Houses in France and Spain. The

CAMEO XVI.
—
Rockingham Ministry.
1765.

Duke said the first two points had been decided on already, but he doubted as to the consent to the third, though he promised assent to the ministers with whom Pitt wished to act, and all went well till Lord Temple arrived. He was brother to George Grenville, brother-in-law to Pitt, and he not only refused to take office, but dissuaded Pitt, and showed such opposition that Pitt gave up the scheme, and parted from him with the words of Virgil—

> "Extincti me, te que, soror, populus que, patres que,
> Sidonios, urbem tuam,'

implying that this obstinacy meant general ruin.

Grenville and the Duke of Bedford thought that they had the King completely in their power, and they were so hot and peremptory with him that he could bear it no longer. The Duke of Bedford even brought up the reproach about Bute again, in spite of the King's direct denial of political intercourse with him. He absolutely asked point-blank whether the royal promise had been kept.

Once again the Duke of Cumberland went to Pitt with unconditional offers. Again Pitt formed a Ministry, including Lord Temple. Again Temple wrecked all by refusing, saying he had a delicacy which he could not surmount, and again the negotiation failed.

The King and the Duke of Cumberland together then, with the assistance of the old office-loving Duke of Newcastle, formed a Ministry, at the head of which was placed Charles Watson, Marquess of Rockingham, who was descended on the female side from the great Lord Strafford. He was only thirty-six, and was chiefly known for his love of the turf. He was no speaker, and had some common sense but no remarkable ability. The Duke of Grafton and General Conway were the Secretaries of State. It was not a strong or a wise Ministry, nor had George III. attained to his desire to surround himself entirely with men of unimpeachable moral private character, though the conduct as to public affairs was on a higher grade than in the former reigns. The secretary of Lord Rockingham was, however, Edmund Burke, a man of noble character and of the most delicate, upright, refined mind, which had the power of expression in eloquence, the most famous that ever delighted the House of Parliament. If the Duke of Grafton, a descendant of Charles II. and Lady Castlemaine, lived openly a scandalous life, he was honest as a public servant, and Rockingham was really virtuous.

The death of the Duke of Cumberland was a terrible loss to the King and his new Ministry. He had long been out of health, but the end came suddenly on the 11th of October, 1765. He was a brave man, honest, patriotic, and upright, but the memory of the atrocities encouraged by him in Scotland has blotted his memory indelibly. His view was to stamp out all allegiance to the House of Stuart and resistance to his father, and he and his men had made their apprentice-

ship to the cruel modes of German warfare. He was much lamented in England, but the Duchess of Bedford showed her animosity by the slightness of her mourning.

The Ministry had not been a year in office before the Duke of Grafton resigned, on account, as he publicly said, of the weakness of his colleagues. Again Pitt was applied to, and he returned to office, but being no longer equal to the fatigues of the Lower House, he accepted the Earldom of Chatham; but his health was altogether ruined, and he was obliged to leave the chief government to the Duke of Grafton.

Only two months after the death of the Duke of Cumberland, the youngest brother of George III., a promising, studious lad of fifteen, died, and only a year and a half later another brother, Edward, Duke of York, who had been brought up as a sailor, and served under Lord Howe. He had cast off the serious impressions in which his mother had striven to bring up her sons, and had greatly disliked Lord Bute, making himself the subject of gossip by his dissipated habits and his transient attentions to various ladies; but he seems to have been of a very sweet and amiable disposition, and was the favourite brother of the King and the Princesses.

He died at Monaco (not then enjoying its present evil celebrity), being taken ill on a journey to Italy. He dictated a letter to the King, asking forgiveness for his excesses and his opposition, and begging him to be kind to his servants. He was only twenty-eight, and his friends thought he would have shown high qualities in a longer life.

The next brother, Henry, who on his uncle's death was made Duke of Cumberland, was far less amiable, and of much worse life. He even was brought into the Divorce Court, and had to pay £10,000 damages, and in the midst he went to Calais, and there married a young widow, Mrs. Harton, who supported her dignity well, though it was an unhappy marriage.

The youngest brother, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, was more like the King, and was a religious, well-conducted youth, but very slow and dull. It was said that the Princess of Wales encouraged the two livelier brothers to laugh at him. He kept silence, and she said he was sulky. "I am not sulky," he said. "I was only thinking." "Pray, what were you thinking of?" "I was thinking, if I had a son, what I should feel if he were as unhappy as you make me." However, he and the King were always warm friends, but at nineteen he fell in love with a beautiful widow, the Countess of Waldegrave. After his constant and earnest pursuit, she consented to a private marriage on the 6th of September, 1766, but this was not avowed till 1772, before their first child, Sophia Matilda, was born. The Princess of Wales, with her strong German exclusiveness, probably embittered the mind of George III., for it was many years before he forgave his brother, or treated the Duchess and her children as relatives, though their whole life was exemplary from the first. An act was passed rendering illegal

CAMEO XVI.

Royal Marriage Act. 1772.

any marriage of a member of the royal family without the consent of the Sovereign.

Yet, except the marriage of the King, the royal unions, conducted after the true *mariage de covenance* fashion, were not successes. Augusta, the eldest sister, was very wretched with her half crazy and wholly dissipated husband, the Duke of Brunswick, and poor Caroline Matilda, the youngest, fairest, and most gifted of the family, had the saddest of fates. At fifteen, her hand was given to Christian VII., King of Denmark. She wept so much that Sir Joshua Reynolds could hardly take her likeness, and to the last moment, as she left London, she was still in tears as long as any one could see her. Well she might weep. Her destined husband was deformed, and almost deficient, as well as very dissipated. After two years, during which two children were born, he chose to set out on a tour in Europe, leaving her behind. She was only eighteen, and in this time of liberty she gave herself up to gaiety, and acted in an incautious manner. The Prime Minister was Count Struensee, a physician, whom the King had promoted. He had attended the Queen, and there were habits of intimacy between them, which his enemies, and especially the King's stepmother, the Dowager Queen, Juliana Maria, were not slow to observe, and to report, in the blackest colours, to the King on his return.

Suddenly, just after a grand ball, the Queen was waked in the night and told that it was the King's pleasure that she should be taken to a palace in the country. She sprang up and rushed towards the King's apartment in her night-dress, but seeing the Minister of War in the way she hurried back to put on some clothes, and by the time this was done the King had been removed to a distant part of the palace, and she was dragged away with her youngest child, a girl of six months old, in her arms, and carried off to the fortress of Cronstadt, with one English lady.

Struensee and his friend Brandt were thrown into prison and heavily ironed, and the King was carried, as if in triumph, through the streets of Copenhagen in a carriage drawn by eight white horses. He was almost imbecile and quite apathetic, and the managers of all this were the Dowager Queen, Juliana Maria of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, and her son, Prince Frederick, together with the many enemies Struensee had made while acting as Prime Minister for the helpless King. Struensee was a true pupil of the French philosophers, an infidel in opinions, and an open libertine in his habits, but he had made some beneficial reforms, emancipating the peasants, abolishing torture, and encouraging toleration, and such measures were sure to stir up enemies. His dissipated life gave them further occasion, and, above all, the habit into which the royal indolence had let him fall, of writing the King's signature to State papers. He and his friend were tried by a special commission of their enemies for treason, and were beheaded, after having their right hands cut off. The clergyman who attended them in prison testified to their repentance for their past life and their resignation.

CAMEO XVI.

Queen Matilda of Denmark. 1773.

Queen Matilda was divorced, though even to the very last she declared herself innocent of all save imprudence.

When the terrible news reached England, Matilda's mother, the Princess of Wales, was slowly dying of cancer. She suffered terrible agony, often unable to swallow, and frequently fainting, yet not allowing that she was ill, nor admitting any medical aid except that of a German page; and went out daily in her carriage; but from the moment she heard the tidings, she was only kept alive by cordials. The King and Queen came constantly to see her. Eight o'clock was their hour, and on the last evening, though she had had convulsions in the course of the day, she had risen and been dressed to receive them, and talked with them for four hours, even saying as she parted with them that she hoped for a good night. Soon, however, it was plain that she was sinking. She asked how long she might live, then added, "It is no matter, I have nothing to say, nothing to do, and nothing to leave," and she drew her last breath tranquilly at six in the morning of the 8th of February, 1773, at fifty-three years old.

Poor woman, she had lived a blameless life, and more than blameless, for she had gone her own brave course, in spite of enmity and opposition. She had, out of her own income, paid off the heavy debts of her reckless husband, and had devoted £10,000 a year to pensions to deserving unfortunate persons, most of whom never knew who was their benefactress till after her death, and she rented a house at Kew as a home for her old and faithful servants. She had done her utmost to bring up her numerous fatherless family to the practice of piety and conscientiousness in the face of the evil examples around them, and if she were too severe at times, and her strictness did not tell well on some of her children, yet she succeeded entirely with the King and the Duke of Gloucester, and to her we may surely trace the higher principles that prevailed in the latter part of her son's reign, and were not overthrown by even the laxity of the sons of George III., laxity that was probably partly due to the severity and narrowness that the King had learnt of her, and that had succeeded so ill with his own brothers. She was beloved by her ladies and those in contact with her, but the state of resistance in which she had been forced to live, had rendered her ways stern, proud, and harsh, and she was the object of bitter hatred and obloquy for her trust in Lord Bute, the only moral and respectable man who came in her way. His policy was mistaken, but the jealousy alike of him and of her was absurd and finally iniquitious.

The King had sent instructions to his minister at the Danish Court, Sir Robert Keith, to make a resolute stand on behalf of his sister, and after four months' captivity at Cronstadt, she was surrendered to English keeping. When Sir Robert brought her the tidings she burst into tears of joy, but these were soon turned to grief when she found that she must part with her little Louisa, over whom she wept as though she could never surrender her, and when taken on board ship, stood gazing at the battlements of Cronstadt as long as they could be seen.

CAMEO XVI.

Death of Queen Matilda. 1775.

She was sent to the Hanoverian palace of Zelle, where her great-grandmother, Sophia, had been imprisoned by George I. She was gentle, kind, and affectionate, and much beloved by all her suite. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall was engaged in a plot for her restoration, and had two interviews with her, thinking her manners very winning, but her beauty not remarkable; and her speech had the same hurry as that of her royal brother. Only seven weeks after he saw her she died of a fever, in her twenty-third year, on the 10th of May, 1775.

It was a cheerful domestic life that the King and Queen led, either at Windsor, or at Kew, or occasionally at St. James's. They rose at six o'clock and had the time to themselves till eight, when their elder children breakfasted with them, and at nine the babies were brought in by their nurses. Then came the serious business of the day, but after this was over the Queen worked while the King read aloud to her, and they saw all the children again before the bedtime of any. The Queen had Princess Charlotte, who was by several years the elder of the daughters, much with her, and did a great deal for her education. The food at the royal table was studiously plain, the Queen seldom ate of more than two dishes, and the King generally lived chiefly on vegetables. In dress, plainness was preferred, and only articles of English make were allowed at her toilette. Indeed, she encouraged economy in her ladies, and took especial pains to praise the carefulness which adapted an old gown of the mother to fit a little girl. The dishes that were called after her were all especially simple. She was laughed at for her economy, which was esteemed a parsimony, but it was by far the safer extreme; and though it was really impossible to find only moral and conscientious men for the Ministry, she took care to receive no ladies at her drawing-rooms and balls who had not a blameless record—a rule which, with one short interval, has continued in force for the last century. She had made herself acquainted with English, though she always wrote letters upon ruled paper; and she translated into English a German book of the outline of Scripture history, Ostervald's *Arguments of the Old and New Testament.* It was adopted by the S.P.C.K., and for about fifty years remained the puzzle of teachers and of scholars, with its lengthy paragraphs and German tone of thought.

Her piety and that of the King was deep and sincere, though showing tokens of the German Lutheranism of their education. He regularly attended daily prayers in St. George's Chapel, and in the book which he used, in the prayers for the King, he had effaced all the titles and inserted "miserable sinner" in their stead. On Sunday afternoons, the whole family turned out and promenaded on the terrace at Windsor Castle, to which any respectably dressed person was admitted, as was then possible before the days of railways, and the King often halted to speak to friends or to any one who attracted his attention. He delighted in riding or walking about at Windsor, and took an interest

CAMEO XVI.

Habits of George III.

in the estate, which made the favourite name for him, "Farmer George," whether pronounced in affection or derision.

He was a great lover of horses, and rode well. Often, when the Court was at Windsor, he would ride, in any kind of weather, to Buckingham House, and thence go in a sedan chair to hold a *Levée*, where he generally spoke friendly words to every person presented, after which he transacted business with his ministers, his only refreshment being a cup of tea and slice of bread-and-butter, often taken standing, and he drove back to Windsor to supper. His uncle of Cumberland had once told him that nothing would prevent his growing fat and heavy by middle age, and he determined from that time to live as abstemiously and take as much exercise as possible, and to these habits, no doubt, he owed not only his power of activity, but the long intervals between the attacks of his mental malady. He never once missed a Drawing-room or *Levée* between 1765 and 1787, a proof of unbroken health.

He was a great collector of curious books, and had a splendid library at Buckingham House, now in the British Museum, and though his actual taste in literature and art was not of a high order, he wished to encourage both; but he did not appreciate Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the only first-rate genius whom he did value was Handel, who found a true home in England when undervalued at home. Altogether, the sterling worth of George III. was the tower of strength to England in the troublous times that were coming.

CAMEO XVII.

THE WILKES PROSECUTIONS.

1757—1775.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XVII. — *Wilkes.*

NOT only was there revolution beginning in America, while in France Voltaire, Rousseau, and after them the Encyclopædists were sowing dragon's-teeth, but in England there were tokens that the tranquillity which had been purchased by the changes of 1682, would not endure to the end of the century.

One of the first to stir the passions of the people was John Wilkes. He was born in 1727, the son of Israel Wilkes, a wealthy distiller at Aylesbury, of ostentatious habits, so that he used to travel with six horses. He seems to have been a Dissenter, for he sent his son with a Dissenting tutor to be educated at Leyden, where John certainly acquired a considerable amount of Latin, together with foreign literature, unusual in an Englishman of that period; also he had a very agreeable tongue and fascinating manners. He began life as a brewer, but dropped the business when, at twenty-two, he was married to a lady ten years older than himself, the daughter of Dr. Mead, who had written a treatise on poisons, and had left her a large fortune; but he began squandering this rapidly, and soon grew weary of her, parting with her after the birth of a daughter, while she reserved to herself an annuity.

He indulged in all kinds of dissipation, and had, without doubt, a wonderful power of charming all sorts of people, so that he used to say that, though he was the ugliest man in England, he only wanted half an hour to make him even with the handsomest.

In conjunction with eleven other men of wildly libertine habits, he rented the estate of Medmenham Abbey on the Thames, a beautiful old place, full of fine trees, which once had been the home of Cistercian monks, but was now desecrated by the orgies of these men, who

covered the doors and walls with inscriptions, of which "*Fay ce que voudras*" was the least objectionable. They even celebrated parodies of the monastic ritual, calling themselves Franciscans, from Sir Francis Dashwood, the chief and the most audacious member of the community.

Desire to shine in politics seized upon John Wilkes. He stood first for Berwick, where he was defeated, after spending between £3,000 and £4,000, and then for Aylesbury in 1757, where he was successful, but at the expense of £7,000, spent, no doubt, in the shameless treating and bribery which were then held as the necessary adjuncts of an election. He was driven to dealing with the Jews, and then proceeded to endeavour to strip his wife of her annuity; but in this she defeated him, in the Court of King's Bench, and from that time all connection with her ceased.

He became known, however, to the leading men of Buckinghamshire as a clever and flippant speaker. Earl Temple, the Lord-Lieutenant, made him Lieutenant-Colonel of the Militia, and he expected further promotion, especially to be made Ambassador to Constantinople. He attributed his rejection to Lord Bute, and thereupon became his bitter enemy. There was nothing that was too bad for the poor Scotchman who had risen into prominence on the accession of young George III. A new dedication to an old fragment of a play called *The Fall of Mortimer*, actually compared the Princess of Wales to Queen Isabel and Bute to Mortimer. A newspaper called the *Briton* being in the interests of the ministry, another, called the *North Briton*, was set up by Wilkes, which reviled Bute and his colleagues with the most furious censure. Old friends did not escape. Sir Francis Dashwood, who had been made Chancellor of the Exchequer, had his share; and Lord Talbot, who, as Lord High Constable, had to ride on horseback into Westminster Hall, was so ironically commended for the courteous feat of horsemanship at the recent coronation, with which he backed his steed instead of turning his back upon the King, that he sent a challenge to Wilkes, and they fought a duel by moonlight on Bagshot Heath; but neither shot took effect, and they shook hands, and retired with their seconds to drink claret together at the nearest inn, in high good humour.

A tax upon cider, amounting to ten shillings on the hogshead, but afterwards reduced to four shillings, was the immediate cause of the great unpopularity of Lord Bute, and also of Sir Francis Dashwood, the *North Briton* leading the attacks. A jackboot, as an emblem of Lord Bute, was burnt in Devonshire and Worcestershire, "the cider counties," as well as in America, and loud were the appeals of the ancient loyalty, which made these lands of orchards think that they deserved better of the Crown. Every possible accusation was stirred up against Bute—his patronage of literature, and, above all, his Scotch birth, which made it possible to call him a Jacobite. He began to yield to the storm, and on the 2nd of April, 1763, the *North Briton* declared, "The minister himself seems conscious of his decline; his

CAMEO XVII.

Fall of Bute. 1763.

fears appear, in spite of his pride." Some secret information must have been received, for on the 7th of the same month it was announced that Lord Bute's health was no longer equal to the fatigues of business, and that he would resign all his employments.

It seems to have been as great a shock to the King as to the people, for George had grown up to love and esteem his old friend, but Bute wrote to a private friend: "The ground I tread on is so hollow that I am afraid not only of falling, but of involving my royal master in my ruin."

With him fell Sir Francis Dashwood and Mr. Fox. The old barony, once held by the unhappy favourites of Edward II., his ancestors, was revived on Dashwood's behalf, and Fox became Lord Holland. He was, however, a discontented, moody man, whose spirit of discontent found vent in taking his second son, Charles James, a brilliant lad of fourteen, to the Continent, and plunging him in a course of the wildest dissipation at Paris and at Spa, where the boy acquired a taste for gambling which lasted him his life, and was his continual bane, though he was wise enough to persuade his father to return him to Eton after a year.

The new First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer was George Grenville, and Lords Egremont and Halifax were Secretaries of State. Parliament was prorogued immediately after, and the King made a speech, in which he rejoiced over the general Peace, "on terms," he said, "so honourable to my Crown, and so beneficial to my people."

This peace of Paris every one knew to have been Lord Bute's work, and it was extremely unpopular. Wilkes, in the forty-fifth number of his *North Briton*, had the audacity to declare the royal speech as containing a falsehood. This could be construed as merely an attack on the ministers, whose manifesto such speeches are always supposed to be, rather than the actual words or sentiments of Majesty. But Grenville treated the article as an attack on the King, and a warrant was issued and signed by Lord Halifax against the printers, publishers, and authors of the treasonable and seditious paper, who were to be brought before the Secretary of State.

The messengers began by serving the warrant on a printer, who had nothing to do with the matter, but they afterwards arrested Kearsley and Balfe, the real publishers, and, on their confession, the Crown lawyers were consulted, and a warrant was issued for the apprehension of John Wilkes. He received it with such violent language and declarations of its illegality that the officers were terrified and returned without him. They were sent again the next day, and this time they brought him, but it was only a "general warrant" against all concerned in the *North Briton*, no special writ against Wilkes individually, as he had a right to demand, and did demand, when carried before Lord Halifax. While one was being prepared, he refused to answer any questions, but before it was brought a coach arrived, and he was con-

veyed to the Tower, where he was closely confined, denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and the visits of his friends, Lord Temple and the Duke of Bolton, were both refused admittance to him. This was, however, relaxed, and he wrote a letter to his little daughter, who was at school in France, and sent it open for Halifax's inspection. In it he congratulated her on living in a free country—irony, indeed, since France was the land of *lettres de cachet* and of hundreds of other abuses which were on the point of producing a fatal explosion. At that very moment Wilkes had applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*, and in consequence appeared before Sir Charles Pratt, in the Court of Common Pleas.

He made a long speech, complaining of having been robbed, *i.e.* by the seizure of his papers, and declared that he had "been treated worse than any rebel Scot." The rabble of spectators greeted this with a great shout, which had to be repressed by the firm dignity of the Lord Chief Justice. He also declared that Government thus persecuted him because they had failed to corrupt him—a remarkable statement, considering that he had only begun his opposition out of revenge for having been denied office!

It delighted the mob, however, who cheered Wilkes with all their might when he was taken back to the Tower while his case was considered.

Two days later he was brought back, and the Chief Justice, in the name of the other Judges, pronounced that except for treason, felony, or a breach of the peace, a Member of Parliament by his privilege could not be arrested, and that as a libel was not an actual breach of the peace, but only tended thereto, Wilkes ought not to have been brought before the Court. He was therefore released, and the mob cheered him vehemently. Thus encouraged, he sued the officers for damages on the goods that he alleged had been stolen from his house, set up a private printing press, and threatened to challenge Lord Egremont. During the recess of Parliament, he went to visit his daughter in Paris, and there was challenged by a Scottish Jacobite, jealous for the honour of his country; but the duel was prevented by the lieutenant of police.

The court deprived him of his colonelcy of the Buckinghamshire Militia, and Lord Temple of the Lord-Lieutenancy of that county, as well as of his seat in the Privy Council, which was conferred on Lord Despenser, no better a man than his old boon companion, though not such a demagogue. The duel challenge to Lord Egremont was still impending when that nobleman died. Wilkes wrote to Lord Temple: "The account I had to settle with Lord Egremont is at length put an end to in another way, and as a Frenchman would say "*il m'a joué un mauvais tour.*"

Lord Egremont was a great loss to the ministry, as the most able man among them, and the young King was much disgusted at the turn affairs were taking, and the unpopularity of Bute testified not only by his being

CAMEO XVII.

Wilkes riots. 1767.

hanged in effigy in a tartan and the order of the Garter, in the cider-making counties, but by the popularity of Wilkes, his enemy.

There was an attempt to recall Pitt, but it failed, and Grenville continued in office, but he insisted on Bute's retirement, so as to be completely beyond suspicion of personal interference. So declared likewise Lords Halifax and Sandwich, and they were impatient and murmuring till Lord and Lady Bute had removed themselves and their six daughters to Luton in Bedfordshire. Sandwich was Secretary of State in the stead of Lord Egremont, the Duke of Bedford president of the Council, much against the will of Grenville, who had a great jealousy of him.

The ministry were resolved to continue the proscription of Wilkes, who was certainly a most evil man, though the absolute justice of the proceedings was questionable, and still more so their prudence. Wilkes had written a wicked and obscene parody on Pope's *Essay on Man*, calling it an *Essay on Woman*, but it had never been published, only thirteen copies printed at the private press in Wilkes' own house, and given to a few of his wretched companions, probably one to Sandwich, who had been one of the Medmenham brotherhood. Another had been seized among Wilkes' private papers in the raid that Lord Camden had pronounced illegal, and a third was obtained by bribing the printer. It could not be said that the work had gone forth to taint the public.

However, when Parliament met, even before the answer to the King's speech was considered, Sandwich, though hitherto one of Wilkes's clique, laid the poem on the table of the House of Lords, denouncing it as a foul and blasphemous libel, in terms true, indeed, but most unbecoming in a sharer in all the ribaldry. Lord Despenser, another of that choice company, declared that never before had he heard the devil preach. The most shocking passages were read aloud, till Lord Lyttelton groaned, and entreated that they might hear no more.

Some of the worst passages were parodies on a commentary that Warburton the Bishop of Gloucester had written on Pope's Essay, and these had not been spared by Sandwich. The bishop's wrath was unbounded. He rose in his place declaring that the blackest fiends in hell would not keep company with Wilkes. And then begged pardon of Satan (he must have been thinking of Milton's Satan) for the comparison. Government sought for further libels among Wilkes's papers. An unfair proceeding, which provoked Pitt to say, "Why do they not search the Bishop of Gloucester's study for heresy?" The Lords pronounced the *Essay on Woman* to be a most scandalous, obscene, and impious libel, and the writer to be guilty of a breach of privilege towards the Bishop as a peer.

The Commons, where Wilkes was sitting, were addressed by Grenville, acquainting them formally with the imprisonment of one of their members during the recess; and Lord North read the depositions

of the printers, which fixed the authorship of No. 45 of the *North Briton* on John Wilkes. He stood up and detailed the proceedings with the judgment of Pratt, but after some debates, the article was condemned as a false, scandalous, and seditious libel, tending to promote insurrection and sentenced it to be burnt by the common hangman. Pitt, who only wished for fair play, declared that he had never been able to find out what a libel really meant.

The Government, however, prevailed, and the majority condemned the *Essay on Woman*. During the debate, Mr. Samuel Martin spoke. He was member for Camelford and had been Secretary of the Treasury under Newcastle and Bute, in which capacity the *North Briton* had assailed him as a "low fellow and dirty tool of power." Trembling with rage, Martin now cited this passage twice over, declaring that whoever was the author, he was a cowardly, malignant, and malicious scoundrel. The next morning he received a note from Wilkes, avowing the authorship, and thereupon a duel was fought in Hyde Park, in which Wilkes was badly wounded, at first, as it appeared, mortally. He then behaved generously, returning the written challenge to Martin, refusing to give the name of the person who had wounded him, and desiring that, in case of his death, there should be no prosecution. As soon as he could be moved, he repaired to Paris, sending certificates of his illness to the House of Commons, whence, nevertheless, he was formally expelled, after a sharp debate. A general idea, however, had got abroad that Wilkes was a persecuted man, and the idea of persecution is one that has greater effect on the English mind than on that of any other people. Instead of trampling a man when he is down, the instinct of the populace is to take his part, without considering whether he has in any way deserved his misfortunes.

It was said that Martin had been set on by Government to kill Wilkes and rid them of their enemy; and though this was an absurd idea, it was said that he had spent the recess in practising with a pistol. But it was Lord Sandwich who came in for the chief of the national indignation, for it was well known that only a fortnight before, he and Wilkes had supped together at a party, where they had vied with one another in the profanity and the licentiousness of their songs, and he had been expelled from the Beef-steak Club for profanity. In Gay's *Beggars' Opera* one of the actors exclaims, "That Jemmy Twitcher should peach on me, I own, does surprise me!" This was hailed with a burst of applause, and Jemmy Twitcher became the universal sobriquet of the earl. When he stood for the High Stewardship of the University of Cambridge, he was defeated, but only by one or two votes of the dignitaries. However, when he dined in Trinity College, nearly the whole body of undergraduates marched out of the hall, rather than sit down to table with him.

The pity was that indignation at Lord Sandwich made the world forget that his victim was utterly unworthy. They only saw that Wilkes was ill-used, and was maintaining British freedom, and when, on the 3rd of

CAMEO XVII.
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Middlesex Election. 1768.

December, the *Essay on Woman* was to be burnt at the Royal Exchange by the hangman, there was a great riot—"Wilkes and Liberty" was the cry; the *Essay* was rescued, and a boot and petticoat thrown into the fire instead.

Moreover, in Westminster Hall, a verdict was given in Wilkes's favour, and damages to the amount of £1,000 for the illegal seizure of his papers. A printer who ventured to republish the obnoxious number of the *North Briton* was pilloried, but the crowd made this a triumph, and subscribed two hundred guineas for him on the spot.

Nevertheless Wilkes was outlawed, and for some time remained at Paris, attempting to make his way again, first by a letter to Lord Chatham, who had defended his legal rights but abhorred his principles, and on the change of ministry made another attempt on the Duke of Grafton, but in vain. However, in 1768 there was a General Election, and this was his opportunity. He had already returned to England, but his presence there was winked at, and he ventured to stand for the City of London. The show of hands was favourable to him; thirteen hundred livery men voted for him, and though he lost the election, the populace drew his carriage from the Guildhall to his own house in triumph. He was thus encouraged to stand for the county of Middlesex. The hustings were at Brentford, and the country seemed to have gone mad with enthusiasm for him. The roads were crammed with his partisans, and no voter was allowed to pass without a blue cockade, or a ticket inscribed "Wilkes and No. 45." The password of the day was so entirely "Wilkes and Liberty," that one of the wits began his letters with "I take the Wilkes and Liberty to inform you——"

Elections were protracted for four days, and at night the tumult was intolerable, even in London. Carriages were stopped, 45 chalked on their doors; ladies made to alight and shout "Wilkes and Liberty." The windows of every house not illuminated were broken. The Duchess of Hamilton refused, and her doors and windows were battered for three hours. Scotsmen were beaten. The Duke of Northumberland was forced not only to treat the mob, but to drink to the success of Wilkes. The King kept the Guards ready, and said he only wished the mob would attack the palace, that he might disperse them at the head of the Guards. The Austrian Ambassador, a very stiff and pompous personage, was caught, pulled out of his coach, and had "No. 45" chalked upon the soles of his shoes; an outrage of which he complained to the ministry, who knew not how to help laughing, while they apologised for what they could neither prevent nor amend. Franklin, who was then in England, saw "Wilkes and Liberty" chalked on the walls for all the sixty miles down to Winchester.

Wilkes was returned at the head of the poll. He had to surrender himself at the Court of Kings Bench, because of his outlawry, but as there had been a technical mistake in the terms, he was set at liberty, but was arrested again four months later, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The populace was furious; they assembled before the

CAMEO XVII.
—
Wilkes Mob. 1768.

prison, tore down the railings and lighted a bonfire, so that the Guards had to disperse them. Then came the day of the opening of Parliament. Crowds, supposing that he would be released in virtue of his privilege, assembled in St. George's Fields and in front of the King's Bench prison to hail him and escort him, and when he did not appear their rage was violent. The prison gates were battered with stones and brickbats, amid loud yells of fury. The magistrates sent for the soldiery and read the Riot Act, but without abating the passion of the mob, who hooted, hissed, and pelted them all the time. The drums beat to arms, in hopes of overawing them, but they were too mad to heed, and only replied with stones and abuse. One young man, who was specially mischievous, was pursued by Ensign Murray and three privates into a cowshed. He wore a red waistcoat, and they thought they were sure of him when they shot at such a garment, and killed the wearer, a young man named Allen, who was taking refuge there from the fray. The rioters came to such a pass that the soldiers were obliged to fire, and fifteen or sixteen people were wounded, two women among them, and five killed outright. The mob retreated, and had a theatrical burial of young Allen. Another mob collected at Westminster, threatening to storm the House of Commons and disperse the members, but this was averted.

The King, who was at Richmond, hurried to St. James's, and wrote to Lord Weymouth: "Bloodshed is not what I delight in, but it seems the only way of restoring a due obedience to the laws;" and a Royal Proclamation was issued against such assemblies. Sailors, who had grievances of their own, assembled to petition Parliament, and meeting Wilkes's mob, fought and dispersed them. The coal-heavers, whom the sailors of colliers threw out of work, had a mob of their own, and offered a price for a sailor's head.

The inquest on Allen brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the soldiers who shot him; and the magistrate who gave the order was likewise indicted for murder, but they were of course honourably acquitted. It was unfortunate that it happened to be a Scottish regiment who had been employed, for the hatred of Bute was reinforced. The Lord Mayor, Harley, a younger son of the Earl of Oxford, had been one of the sheriffs when the burning of the *North Briton* had been attempted, and had, moreover, been elected member of Parliament for the city when Wilkes was defeated. He was so fiercely assailed by the mob that it was needful to send a company of the foot-guards for his protection. This outlawry was reversed before the Court of King's Bench, but the other verdicts reaffirmed, and Wilkes was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of a thousand pounds. A subscription of his admirers raised the sum, and paid his debts. Plate, wine, purses of guineas were sent him in prison. Wilkes's head was a favourite sign at taverns, and he overheard an old lady say, "He swings everywhere but where he ought"—she apparently having a better notion of his merits than most of his admirers. Even the little six-year-old Prince of Wales,

CAMEO XVII.

Wilkes elected for the City. 1769.

after being reproved and punished by his father, turned round on being dismissed, and shouted, "Wilkes and Liberty!"

Lord Weymouth, as Secretary of State, sent a letter to the Surrey magistrates, advising them, in case of riots, to have no scruple in calling in military support. Wilkes got hold of the letter and made capital of it, not only calling the affair in St. George's Fields a horrid massacre, but accusing Lord Weymouth of having planned the butchery. It would have been wiser to have taken no notice, but the Commons summoned Wilkes to the bar of the House, where he behaved with great intrepidity, and declared that he considered the publication of the "bloody scroll" and his own comments as a meritorious action in which he gloried!

He was formally expelled from membership, but was chosen alderman for the ward of Farringdon Without, and when, in February, 1769, one of the members for the city died, he was elected not only at the head of the poll, but with only five freeholders appearing against him! The members then declared him incapacitated from sitting in Parliament, but London chose to hold another election, and bring him in; but the House refused him, and accepted his opponent, Colonel Luttrell, though he had only three hundred votes, and Wilkes eleven hundred and forty! There were debates in Parliament on whether the House of Commons had the right to exclude a member, and Mr. Cavendish declared that it was abrogating a law of the land. Such was the feeling, that Franklin said years after, that if George III. had had a bad character and Wilkes a good one, the former might have been turned out of his kingdom.

The Lord Mayor, William Beckford, was on Wilkes's side. He was an old man, and very popular from the splendid entertainments he gave the citizens, and he was urged to take a remonstrance to the King on the exclusion of their member, and the calling in of troops without warning or permission from them. He made a speech, dwelling on the loyalty of the city, and assuring the King that the course pursued was alienating the affections of the people. It was an unconstitutional, unprecedented act, and George was much displeased; and no wonder, considering the vile aspersions on his beloved mother in which these loyal people indulged, and he would not admit Beckford, when bringing an address on the birth of one of his children. Wilkes had a certain share, but it was an account of the commitment of two printers for reports of the speeches in the House of Commons, which were still published without authority. It was transgressing the liberty of the citizens. Wilkes, an alderman named Oliver, together with the Lord Mayor, Brass Crosby, dismissed the messenger, and refused to allow the arrest. The Mayor and Alderman were imprisoned in the Tower, but on the day of their liberation were escorted to the Mansion House by fifty-three carriages and a guard of artillery, and Crosby was presented with a splendid brazen casket, engraven with emblematic representations!

In 1774 Wilkes was again elected for Middlesex, and was allowed to

sit. The ministry had discovered that he was more harmless there than anywhere else, for he was a poor speaker, and more effective as an abusive martyr than in any other capacity. The next year he became Lord Mayor, and in that office brought a remonstrance to the King on behalf of the revolted Americans, which was received with much displeasure, till assured that no speech would be made.

So much was the Wilkes' party determined to put the King in the wrong that, when he opened Parliament with a lamentation over a destructive cattle-plague, he was derided as talking like a broken-down grazier, and the session of 1770 is known as "the Horned Cattle Session." When Beckford died shortly after, before his mayoralty was over, the Council voted that his statue be placed in the Guildhall, with his words to the King engraved under it; and there it stands to this day. He left enormous wealth, and his only son was a spoilt man, of eccentric talent, the author of *Vathek*, and the builder of a huge mock-Gothic tower at Fonthill, in Wiltshire, the wonder of his time, but now in ruins.

Wilkes was by this time out of prison, having been escorted home with illuminations and bonfires. He took his seat as alderman and magistrate, and assisted at the election of the Lord Mayor, Brass Crosby, once an attorney, and now member for Honiton.

Another trouble took place, in which, especially, Wilkes commented on the King's opposition as worthy of the Stuarts or Tarquins.

In 1779 he resigned his aldermanship and became chamberlain to the city. His popularity had waned, and he ceased to put himself forward. Indeed he told Dr. Johnson, who owned the charm of his manners, that he had never been a Wilkite.

He spent his latter years with his daughter, and was known, walking about South Audley Street, by his scarlet coat and cocked hat. He died in 1797, and his epitaph was, "John Wilkes, a friend to liberty."

As Lord Chatham had said, the support he received was as far from due to his personal character, as from those of his writings, but to the unfairness of prosecuting a man for comments on what is always known as only by courtesy a royal speech, and for writings, horribly foul and blasphemous, indeed, but which had never been published, and only came to light through the unauthorised seizure of private papers.

His popularity simply rose from the cause being confounded with the man, and the weak and unfortunate part in which George III. appears was not so much due to his indignation at the attacks on his mother and his best friend, as to his acceptance of ministers whose private character stood no higher than Wilkes's, and his sanction of their unconstitutional and sometimes treacherous methods.

The populace were frantic, and the means of restraining them were wanting; but all this was lived down, and George's personal character made him as much beloved as in these early days he was hated.

And this effervescence, and the rights thus secured, were all means to the blessing of being spared the miseries of the French Reign of Terror.

CAMEO XVIII.

THE DEFENCE OF CANADA AND CONVENTION OF SARATOGA.

1775-1778.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XVIII

Ticonderoga Surprised. 1775.

THE revolted Americans supposed that Canada, having been so recently conquered by the English, would readily be on their side but they scarcely reckoned on their New England militia being far more distasteful to their gay French neighbours than the English governors, who had scrupulously avoided interfering with their existing institutions, religious or secular, so that their monasteries and convents remained intact, and the priests were undisturbed in their influence over the parishes, while missions on their part to the Indians continued, and there was a far better understanding with these last than was common in the border lands of the American colonies.

Ticonderoga, a fort on Lake St. George, had been a bone of contention in the French and English war of 1755, and its importance as a key to Canada had then been made manifest. Nevertheless, there were only sixty soldiers in it, and the fortifications were out of repair The shrewd, determined, but unscrupulous Ethan Allen, a Presbyterian of New York, devised a plan of surprising it, being an old acquaintance of Captain La Place, the commandant. First, one Noah Phelps, who considered himself a captain, pretended to be a peasant wanting to be shaved, and, coming into the fort, went up and down reconnoitring under pretext of hunting for the barber, and then explained to Allen the weak points. Their volunteers were then laid in the woods, and Allen went alone to La Place and asked of him the assistance of some soldiers in carrying some goods across the lake. Twenty were unsuspiciously lent to him, and these were plied with liquor, while Allen and the rest rushed on the fort, where they found only one sentry. They called on the fort to surrender. "On what authority?" asked La Place.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," replied Allen.

Resistance was impossible, and a large amount of arms and artillery was thus gained. This gave the command of the north end of Lake St. George, and Crown point, at the south end of Lake Champlain, was absolutely devoid of any garrison, and was of course at once mastered.

Congress resolved to follow up this attempt on Canada, where Sir Guy Carleton was governor. The Americans much hoped that this great colony would have joined them, having been so lately won by the English, but the French Canadians were far more embittered against their immediate neighbours, by whose militia the war had been chiefly carried on, and the Puritan New Englanders were by no means congenial to them. A very brilliant genius, Benedict Arnold, was co-operating with Ethan Allen. He was a horse-dealer of New Haven, and had become colonel of a little regiment called the Green Mountain Boys. He was a handsome, attractive man, full of dash, and was very popular. Seeing a small sloop of war lying at anchor at the north end of Lake Champlain, he put some of the guns that had been captured into flat-bottomed boats, and mastered the vessel, therewith obtaining the fort of St. John's.

Sir Guy Carleton had only two regiments at his disposal, but Gage sent him some troops from Boston by water to defend Montreal, and seven hundred Red Indians of the five nations would also have joined his troops, but Carleton dreaded the savagery of Indian warfare, and refused their aid.

Richard Montgomery, who had served in the campaign against the French, but had retired on some offence, and married into a zealous colonial family at New York, became the leader of three thousand men for an invasion of Canada, and the seven hundred Indians joined him. With them he advanced upon fort St. John, which protected Montreal, while Ethan Allen made an independent attempt by night; but the French peasantry gave Major Campbell timely warning, and he was captured, but Montreal, which had no fortifications, was seized by Allen.

Montgomery, after some fighting, took Montreal, and advanced on Quebec, hoping there to meet Benedict Arnold, who was making his way with a thousand pounds and two hundred men up the river Kennebee, a most perilous navigation, among shoals and rocks, rapids and cascades, a route never attempted before, and which became absolutely impracticable before the lake was reached, so that he was obliged to take to the land, and make his way through forests, savannahs, and swamps, entirely uninhabited, so that for twenty-two days he never saw house, cottage, or wigwam. His second in command, Colonel Enos, with his division, got bewildered in the windings of the Dark River, gave up the enterprise and returned to Cambridge. Arnold reached the first Canadian settlements on the

CAMEO XVIII.
—
Montreal attacked. 1776.

River Chaudière on the 3rd of November, just as his last remnant of provisions was exhausted. By the ninth he was nearly opposite to Quebec, and had to wait several days to refresh and restore his men, as well as to obtain boats wherewith to cross the St. Lawrence River, and in the meantime a reinforcement of Highlanders had arrived at the town. A great tempest arose, but as soon as it abated, on the 14th of November, Arnold crossed the river in canoes, in spite of the vigilance of the English ships, and landed about a mile and a half above Wolfe's Cove.

It was there that he and his troop climbed up, and formed on the Heights of Abraham. His plan had been to rush on the gates, hoping for help from within the place; but this was overruled, and he drew out his men and sent a summons to surrender, with two flags. Colonel Maclean would not receive his message, and fired on his flags, but would not allow the ardent Highlanders to rush out upon them, arming the well-affected citizens, and calling up sailors from the fleet, till his numbers equalled those of Arnold, who was obliged to encamp at Point aux Trembles, arriving there just after Sir Guy Carleton had quitted it on his way to Quebec. Arnold had spent his thousand pounds, and was obliged to maintain his soldiers by marauding on the inhabitants, thus not adding to the popularity of his cause. Montgomery, however, joined him, bringing a few pieces of artillery, and the siege was begun. But their guns were soon dismantled by the fire of the place, and they laboured under the disadvantage of having to explain, and persuade the sturdy New Englanders before they could enforce obedience, and some were only retained by the hope of considerable plunder. Between four and five o'clock in the morning of the last day of the year 1776, they divided their force into four bodies, and set out, in a fierce snowstorm, for the assault. Two were to make a feigned attack; Arnold and Montgomery to fall upon the opposite sides of the lower town, where the chief wealth of the city was collected.

Montgomery drove back a small outpost and tried to assault a battery, but huge masses of ice and the slippery ground much impeded his men, who had to advance in a long thin line. The British sailors poured into the battery, and Captain Bairnsfeather, master of a transport, took a slow match and stood by a gun till the enemy were within thirty or forty paces from him; then he fired, with such effect that General Montgomery, his two aides-de-camp, his orderly sergeant, and a private all fell dead under that shot! The Americans ran back instantly.

Arnold, meantime, under a thick-falling snowstorm, advanced very rapidly, but was met by a sharp fire of musketry. Arnold's leg was broken, and he was carried to the rear, but Captain Morgan and his riflemen pushed on and carried one barrier, but the next, which they expected to scale, was so well defended that they had to fall back and take shelter in some store-houses. There, when day broke, they found

themselves so surrounded that they were forced to surrender to the number of 340 !

General Carleton caused Montgomery to be buried with the honours due to his courage, and Congress erected a monument to his memory, comparing him with Wolfe. Arnold, with the remainder of the army, encamped behind the Heights of Abraham, and there maintained his position and supported his men through four wintry months, with much address, though suffering much from his wound. Carleton forbore to pursue the campaign in such bitter weather.

Ticonderoga was still garrisoned by General Schuyler and the Americans, and the year 1777 began by Congress voting nine regiments to pursue the war in Canada, one to be raised in that country, and Schuyler was ordered to prepare bateaux to take them across the lake. It was, however, only slowly that any troops arrived, making their way over frozen rivers and swamps, and by the 1st of April there were only eighteen hundred men, and the small-pox was making havoc among them. Moreover, coin was not to be had, and Arnold could only pay for provisions with the paper money issued by Congress, laying penalties on those who refused to receive it, on the promise that it should be redeemed by sterling gold and silver by and by. His men were driven to help themselves to food by force, not becoming more popular thereby, nor being believed when they told the Canadians that they were come to free them from cruelty and oppression. Moreover, they insulted the priests, and laughed at the church ceremonies, and thus the country was confirmed in attachment to England, which had continued all their privileges.

However, Arnold advanced against Quebec, and set up his little battery, but he could hardly keep his guns in their places; and when a general higher in rank arrived he took offence, and retired to Montreal, while many of the soldiers went home, declaring that they had served for the time for which they had engaged.

General Thomas came out to take the command, and found not quite two thousand men, no provisions, and very little powder, while the river below began to be navigable, so that the English ships of war could come in. A council of war decided on a retreat, and the few pieces of artillery, with the many sick, began to be removed in canoes towards Three Rivers.

However, three English ships, which had struggled through the ice, arrived at Quebec, and with the reinforcements they had brought, Carleton sallied out on the American camp. There were no entrenchments, no defence, and the Americans took to flight in utter confusion, leaving great numbers of their sick behind them. Numbers were found starving in the woods, and all prisoners were treated with great kindness. The fugitives reached St. John on the Sorel, and there Thomas died of small-pox.

Another small force under Colonel Foster was on the way towards Montreal. It only consisted of two lieutenants, thirty-eight privates,

CAMEO XVIII.
—
Carleton and Arnold.
1777.

ten volunteers, and 120 Indians, and landed quite unsuspected by the garrison of Montreal or by those in the Fort of the Cedars, from whom he was covered by a thick forest, though only a mile off. He sent a body of Indians to prevent all communication with Montreal, and on their way these men met a foraging party, who fled into the Cedars and brought tidings of the arrival of the English.

Then Foster summoned the fort to surrender, and Major Butterfield, who was in command, replied that he must have time to send for orders to Montreal. By another message, with a flag of truce, he was informed that the way was intercepted, and moreover that Foster could not have such control over the Indians as to answer for there being no bloodshed if there were any delay or if any of them were slain. On this Butterfield offered to surrender provided he were allowed to retire to Montreal; but this was refused, a redoubt was thrown up, and the place was fired on with musketry for want of artillery, whereupon Butterfield surrendered, only stipulating for life for himself and his three hundred men. One Indian had unfortunately been killed, and the fierce spirit was thus aroused. Hearing that a party were on the way to succour the Cedars, not knowing of the surrender, Colonel Foster sent out a hundred Indians to form an ambush on the way, and these brought in the whole relief force as prisoners, but as some of their own braves had been wounded, they demanded to execute the unfortunate men in their own savage manner in revenge. They were with difficulty induced by Foster to accept compensation by presents.

Arnold had come back again to defend Montreal, but could not succeed in driving away Foster, who now had so many prisoners that he proposed an exchange. Congress accused him of having treated the prisoners taken at the Cedars brutally, but this is contradicted by general testimony, and the standing orders from Sir Guy Carleton were that all the prisoners should be well treated, whatever provocation they might give.

General Sullivan came with reinforcements to the invaders. Sir Guy Carleton met him at Three Rivers, and after a sharp fight defeated and pursued them to the mouth of the Sorel, but was blamed for not going further. However, each remaining body of American troops was broken up, the men were insubordinate and dying of fever, Montreal had been recovered, and only Arnold and Sullivan remained encamped in the Isle aux Noix, where the Sorel flows into the Lake Champlain, and Carleton could not pursue them for want of boats fit for use in the Sorel.

Carleton was equal to the emergency. He sent men from the ships in the St. Lawrence to fell timber in the woods, and caused a little dockyard to be constructed in the corner of Lake Champlain, bringing over thither the keel and floor timbers prepared for a ship of three hundred tons, the *Inflexible* at Quebec, and dragging up the river, or carrying by portage thirty bateaux. Lieutenant Schanch, an officer with mechanical genius, was director of the works. In twenty-eight

days, the *Inflexible* was ready for service, two schooners, the *Carleton* and *Maria*, were built, a raft called the *Thunder*, carrying twelve heavy guns and two howitzers, a gondola (so termed), and twenty-four gun-boats, so that in a few weeks the English, instead of having a single vessel on Lake Champlain, had a considerable fleet!

Congress had decreed that General Gates should take the command of their army, and that six thousand militia should join it; but Arnold's disasters did not make men very willing to join it, and most of the Americans chiefly did what was right in their own eyes. Their fleet consisted of only fifteen small vessels carrying ninety-six guns altogether, of different sizes. The command of this squadron was, at Washington's request, bestowed upon Benedict Arnold, who was always daring and able, but was altogether a landsman; while the English had naval officers, to whom, however, fresh-water conflicts were a novelty.

General Carleton himself embarked. Captain Pringle was commodore in the *Inflexible*, and one young midshipman, of twenty years old, in the new Carleton schooner, who there first saw fire, was Edward Pellew, whose old age was destined to be honoured by a magnificent achievement of overthrowing Moorish piracy in the Mediterranean. On the 11th of October, Arnold's tiny fleet was seen by the British drawn up in a line between the western shore and the Isle of Vallicour. The *Carleton* being foremost, and having twelve six-pounder guns, attacked first, but there was a dead calm, preventing the other vessels from coming to her assistance, and she had to sustain alone the whole force of the enemy. Nevertheless she burst the *Boston*, the largest of their guns, and sank a great gondola with three large cannon, before Pringle could get his boats to tow her back, with two feet of water in her hold and half her crew killed or wounded, while riflemen on the islet poured in their bullets.

However, the Americans drew off in the night and made for Ticonderoga, but the British squadron came up with them near Crown Point, and there were two hours of hard fighting, in which two more American vessels were taken, and the rest run ashore in the creek where the lake narrows, and were burnt by their crews. Arnold behaved throughout with heroic courage, much admired by the English, but he had a narrow escape of being made prisoner. Young Pellew spied him crossing the lake in a boat, and gave chase at once, so closely that Arnold sprang out as soon as he reached the shore, and ran off into the woods, leaving behind him in the boat his stiff military stock and buckle, which Pellew captured, and which was still preserved as a trophy by his family.

Carleton did not, however, follow up his success by taking Ticonderoga, but left his forces in winter quarters at Isle aux Noix, and returned to Quebec to prepare for the next year's campaign. Government, however, chose that he should be superseded by General Burgoyne, a brave man, but ignorant of the peculiar nature of Canadian warfare. He had a large European force, but mostly Germans from

CAMEO XVIII — *Burgoyne's March.* 1777.

Hesse, partly because it was feared that British soldiers might be unwilling to fight with their countrymen, also large numbers of French Canadians were called out as pioneers, and by express command the Indian tribes were added to his force, all eager for the war. Burgoyne was too humane to endure the notion of their horrible ferocity. He made them a feast, and there exhorted them to act with the mercifulness of civilised men; but those who understood only listened sulkily, and the Canadians declared that he might as well hope to wash their red skins white, as expect them to lay aside their cruelty.

His scheme was to invade the States and cut off New England from the Southern insurgents. He took Ticonderoga without difficulty, though it had been a good deal strengthened; but his further advance was under terrible difficulties from swamps and forests, and his Germans were very tardy in their movements. The Indians were worse than useless. If held in restraint and forbidden violence, they deserted, and sometimes their ferocity broke out. A poor young lady, who was to be returned to her parents, was to be escorted by an Indian guard to the English camp, there to be married to an officer. A barrel of rum was promised as a reward if she came safely. The Indians quarrelled as to how it should be shared, and one in a rage felled the poor girl with his tomahawk and killed her on the spot. Though Burgoyne and his officers were horrified, and punished the offenders, the Americans charged all the guilt on them.

The feelings of the New Englanders were roused to the hottest pitch. Germans and Indians were almost equally hateful to them, and want of supplies drove Burgoyne to permit plunder, with after-promises of payment. Colonel Baum had been sent with a detachment to Bennington to seize supplies. The New England General, Stark, was resolved to resist. "We will gain the victory," he said, "or Molly Stark will be a widow to-night." He did gain it; the invading party had great losses, and Baum was mortally wounded.

Still, Burgoyne marched on, and crossed the Hudson at Saratoga, since renowned for its beauty of cliff and lake. He had hoped for co-operation from General Hume in the south, but communication was cut off, both by the nature of the country and the unfriendliness of the inhabitants.

On Behmus Heights, on the 6th of September, a battle was fought, Gates keeping in the rear, and Arnold directing the movements. The victory was Burgoyne's, but it was dearly bought by four hours' hard fighting and heavy losses. On the 7th of October another battle took place on the same heights, Arnold heading the attack this time, though there was a quarrel with Gates, who had deprived him of command; but he rushed into the fight. All felt that he was the practical authority, and obeyed him. Riflemen, posted in the trees, struck down the British officers with their unerring aim, and, though Arnold was shot through the leg, he unmistakably won the day.

Burgoyne was forced to retreat to Saratoga, leaving behind him his sick and wounded, crossing the Hudson as best he might, with his men

so much exhausted by fatigue that, though it was raining hard, at the first halt beyond the river they lay down on the ground, too worn out to cut wood or make fires.

With the morning of the 10th, he found himself surrounded nearly on all sides, for the enemy had likewise crossed, and the hills, where their great-grandchildren now are dancing and picnicking, were bristling with American sharpshooters. Food was hard to come by, and American cannon could command the little village, and were specially directed on one house where it was supposed were the British generals. Instead of this, the Hessian general's wife, Frau Riderer, with her three little children, were there, and also many wounded. They took refuge in the cellars, and suffered much from thirst, for the stream was commanded by the enemy. However, a soldier's wife undertook to bring them a pitcherful, and the American respect for womanhood allowed her to do so unhurt.

Major Acland, a young English officer, was a wounded prisoner. His wife, Lady Harriet, daughter to the Earl of Ilchester, had shared the retreat before she knew of his fate. Drenched with rain, and fasting for twelve hours, she went to General Burgoyne to entreat permission to deliver herself up to the enemy, so as to attend on her husband. The general had neither wine nor food to offer her, but he gave her an open boat and a flag of truce, and a letter to General Gates. A chaplain went with her, and they crossed the river late in the evening, but the American sentry would not let them land, and she remained on the water all the long stormy autumn night. General Gates, however, no sooner heard of the state of things than he received her with great respect, and conducted her to her husband, who happily recovered under her devoted care.

General Burgoyne found his condition hopeless, and could only save the lives of his men by absolutely surrendering himself and them as prisoners of war, to be sent home to England, on condition of not serving again against America.

This convention of Saratoga was signed on the 17th of October, 1777, and was the greatest advantage that America had yet gained.

CAMEO XIX.

LA FAYETTE

1776–1778.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XIX — *La Fayette.* 1757.

A VERY unexpected ally came to join Washington, sent in a very remarkable manner. The brother of George III., Henry Duke of Gloucester, was travelling on the Continent, and while staying at Metz, met at dinner the officers of the garrison. He had just received information of the American Declaration of Independence, and the revolt of the colonies was discussed at the table.

Among the officers present was the young Gilbert, Marquis de la Fayette, a boy from Auvergne. He had been born in 1757, some weeks after his father had been killed in the battle of Minden; his mother died when he was eleven years old, and he had been chiefly brought up by an aunt, who had sent him to school at Paris, where he had imbibed an ardent enthusiasm for classical republicanism and liberty, as well as for the scepticism of the philosophers. His guardians had married him at sixteen to Adrienne de Noailles, a girl of fourteen, and though only eighteen he was already a father. He was a thoroughly amiable, affectionate man, and liable to be carried away by vehement enthusiasm, on which he was perfectly ready to act, though he wanted force of character and judgment to carry out all his schemes. High birth and high breeding had rendered him a grand and generous gentleman in feeling and manner, but perhaps, from having been of high rank from the moment of his birth, he despised and hated all distinctions.

Already in his themes at school, he had always justified the patriot and condemned the tyrant, and even extolled the horse who threw his rider at sight of the whip, rather than him who carried his master to victory.

So when he heard the brother of the English King narrate the struggles of the colonists against what they deemed injustice, he was

CAMEO XIX.
—
La Fayette's flight.
1779.

fired with zeal in their cause, and determined to assist them, feeling as if they were Romans revolting from Tarquin, or Athenians from the Pisistratids.

He went back to Paris, and poured out his eager plans to his young wife, who was devotedly attached to him, and though a devout and conscientious woman, went along with the spirit of the age enough to sympathise with all his schemes, and throw herself into his interests. He found at Paris an agent from Congress, who was buying arms, and gave him money for the purchase of an armed sloop at Bordeaux, and its supply with munitions of war, intending himself to sail in it, and trying to persuade his brothers-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles and the Marquis de Montagu, to come with him and maintain the cause of liberty; but they had not money nor inclination enough; and the secret coming out, the Duc de Noailles, the head of the family, obtained a *lettre de cachet* from the King, and would have imprisoned the youth, to stop his supposed madness, but relented, and instead of imprisoning him, sent him off to join his father-in-law, the Duc d'Ayen, another of the Noailles clan, who was travelling in Italy.

Restraint was quite contrary to the notions of the youth, and no one save his wife was in his confidence. He eluded all surveillance and joined his American friend at Bordeaux, in time to sail for Charleston, where he presented himself before Silas Deane, who knew no French, while he knew no English, and a German named Kalb was interpreter. He found the affairs of America in no prosperous state. The Declaration of Independence had excited strangely little excitement in Washington's army before Boston, and the winter had passed drearily with it, so that many of the soldiers dropped off to their homes, and the remainder were crippled for want of stores. Washington wished to attack the town in boats, but his officers were against the attempt. Inside the city, there was want of fuel and provisions, though the sea was open; and the small-pox was striking down its victims. General Howe, who had come out to succeed Gage, had made up his mind that Boston was not the best place for a centre, and that to defend it was only a waste of time; but he was resolved not to give up without a last resistance; and when in March, 1776, Washington began to throw up works on Dorchester Heights, he drew out his troops and advanced. Both sides were ready for a battle, when a furious storm arose, and made it impossible for the British boats to cross the harbour. Before it abated, the Americans had fortified their works on the heights, so that Howe judged it vain to attack them again, and decided on giving up the defence of the place, and made preparations for sailing away, finding, to his great disappointment, that the British ships had neither forage nor provisions. No treaty was drawn up, but there was a certain understanding that the English should not be molested while embarking, and the last of the troops went on board on the 17th of March, 1776, the same day as that on which Israel Putnam entered with the American vanguard.

CAMEO XIX.
—
New Jersey.
1777.

General Howe was obliged to leave behind a large amount of stores, but he took with him a thousand of the inhabitants, who were afraid to meet the anger of their countrymen for having sided against them. It was a saying that we are bidden to forgive our enemies, but not our friends—a proverb which Lord Stanhope traces to the revengeful Italians. It was not a very glorious capture, nevertheless the Americans caused a medal to be struck in France for them in honour of it.

The English forces, under Sir Peter Parker, sailed for the neighbourhood of New York, where they met large reinforcements, chiefly of Hessians, for the Landgraf consented to be paid largely for hiring out his men to fight for George III. Howe attacked Brooklyn with six thousand men, and on the 27th of August was met by Israel Putnam on Long Island, when the discipline of his troops carried the day, and Washington, hurrying over to the spot, could not avert the disaster; but he saved the remainder of his troops by crossing the ferry back to New York under cover of a thick fog. He found the place utterly dispirited and ready to give up the cause of revolt, and the inhabitants of Staten Island and Long Island were returning to their allegiance, as were the semi-Dutch, semi-English farmers all along the Hudson. Sullivan, one of the American generals, had been made a prisoner in the battle; and Lord Howe sent him to carry proposals of a treaty to the Congress at Philadelphia. These were not willingly received, and three of the most determined republicans, Franklin, Adams, and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, were sent to meet Lord Howe at a house on Staten Island on the 11th of September. There was much mutual civility, but Lord Howe insisted that the Americans should return to their allegiance, and the three Commissioners would not listen to any terms that did not acknowledge the States as free and independent; and thus the attempt at accommodation failed.

The troops on either side had not ceased to act; indeed the Americans were so exasperated with the New Englanders who submitted, that one John Jay wanted to devastate all the country, and it was even proposed that if Washington had to leave New York, he should burn the city behind him. He referred this proposal to Congress, where it was at once rejected, and orders sent that no damage should be done.

The American lines were attacked at Haarlem, and fled in utter confusion. Washington hurrying up, found it impossible to rally them, though he drew his sword upon them and snapped his pistols; but they were so panic-stricken that they left him alone, only eighty yards from the English, and his aides-de-camp caught his bridle and forced him off the field. In the American camp were found some bullets with nails attached to them, one of which Howe sent to Washington, with a protest against such barbarous instruments of warfare. Washington replied that such contrivances were abhorrent to him, and that every means should be used to prevent their use. But his insubordinate wild

CAMEO XIX.

America retreat from New York. 1777.

woodsmen probably saw no worse sin in using an unorthodox weapon against a Britisher than against a bear or a panther.

However, on the 13th of September the American army drew off from New York, to the great joy of the loyalists, who had been very roughly treated, and many of them actually imprisoned as traitors to the Government they had never acknowledged. General Howe entered the city, but the next day a terrible fire broke out and destroyed two thirds of the city. It was the work, no doubt, of passionate patriots and of indiscriminate spoilers, who even told some of the sufferers whom they drove out of their houses, that it was done by order of Congress, which is absurdly improbable. But American patriotism cared little for orders. The Pennsylvanian and New England troops would as soon fight with one another as with the enemy; there was plunder right and left, under pretext that Tory dwellings should be ransacked. Nobody attended to the officers, who were on an equality with the men, and Washington, who abhorred these outrages, said it was as hard to stop them as to move Mount Atlas. Fighting continued between the two armies, but no general action, and Manhattan Island, on which New York stands, was entirely in the British power. The British troops gradually gained possession of New Jersey, the garden of America, where the inhabitants were mostly fairly loyal, and the men gladly gathered to the English standard and renewed their oaths of allegiance. The Howes issued a proclamation that whoever returned to the King's authority within sixty days should be pardoned; and this had no small effect on the people exasperated by the plundering and burning by Washington's hungry and angry soldiers, who held it treason not to join them.

However, Washington conducted his retreat in a masterly manner, though his troops had dwindled to four thousand, and General Lee, whom he expected to join him, had foolishly gone to lodge out of his own camp and within twenty miles of the enemy, where he was pounced upon by the Light Dragoons and made prisoner.

Reaching the Delaware River by the beginning of December, Washington collected all the boats on the river, sent over the sick and wounded, and then destroyed all the boats which his army did not need for their crossing on the 8th at Trenton. He established his headquarters at Newtown, nearly opposite on the Philadelphia side, and watched his opportunity. A body of Hessians under Count Dunop occupied Trenton, and he devised a surprise, starting with two thousand four hundred men and six pieces of artillery, on the evening of Christmas Day. The transit was so much delayed by floating ice and showers of hail and snow, that it was not till eight o'clock in the morning that he was able to make his attack on the garrison in the little town; but this proved no disadvantage, for the Germans were sleeping off their last night's merriment, and though a few escaped, a thousand prisoners were taken with scarcely the loss of a single man: only two had been frozen.

CAMEO XIX. — *The Trenton.* 1778.

This made a great difference to the spirit of his army, for they had hitherto had a great dread of the Hessians, and he therefore sent all the thousand to Philadelphia to be marched through the streets.

Count Dunop retreated, disheartened, and Washington advanced across the Delaware, giving his men, whose term of service had expired, a bounty to induce them to remain a few weeks longer.

However, Lord Cornwallis was advancing to meet them, and on the 2nd of January, 1777, came in sight of them. Each army took up its quarters on the opposite sides of the Assapink River, and a cannonade was kept up on either side, while the men for the most part lay down, wrapped in their blankets. The British expected a battle, but Washington estimated that, from the numbers before him, there could not be many troops left in the rear, and calling a council of war in the evening, he proposed to his officers to march off in the night to Brunswick, where the stores were left, and release General Lee, who, having held an English commission, might perhaps be treated as a deserter instead of a prisoner of war.

They agreed, and the camp fires were replenished so as to deceive the British, while in dead silence the Americans took the road to Brunswick. In the gray of the morning they met a regiment on the way to join Lord Cornwallis. This bravely cut its way through them, but two other corps were driven back, though not without such loss to the Americans that Washington could not pursue his plan of surprising Brunswick, for his men had been eighteen hours without food, besides being barefoot and ill-clad. He therefore turned aside, and took up his quarters at Morristown, whence he sent out detachments that recovered New Jersey, Lord Cornwallis being at Princetown and General Howe not stirring from New York. One of Washington's generals, named Heath, sent in a summons to a fort: "Twenty minutes to surrender; but if the officers decide otherwise, they must take the consequences."

They did not surrender, and there were no consequences, for not a shot was fired, and Heath was laughed at by the English and reprimanded by Washington.

The American camp was in great difficulties. The handful of men could hardly be kept together, half-starved, ill-clothed, and ill-sheltered. He was forced to let them go out in search of food and necessaries, and the snow was often red with blood from their feet. The want of professional soldiers, too, made a great difficulty, for the officers, being men of business or farmers, really dependent on their professions, could with difficulty afford the time required for training in discipline.

In Philadelphia La Fayette first saw Washington, and was invited by him to make his headquarters a resting place. They had no common language, for La Fayette was slowly learning English, and scarcely an American officer knew any French; and the only one who could speak it was assigned as an aide-de-camp to an old German, Count Stanben, who had learned discipline under Frederick the Great, and was half

CAMEO XIX.

Battle of Brandywine. 1777.

maddened by his "awkward squad," who could fight better than they could manœuvre or obey.

When spring came on, Howe, after menacing the Jerseys, changed his mind, embarked his forces, and after long beating about by contrary winds, landed them at Elk's Head to march on Philadelphia, horses and men alike much injured by long beating about on board ship.

Washington resolved on a battle, to save Philadelphia, if possible, and as summer had filled his ranks again, he marched through the town to a little tributary of the Delaware, known as the Brandywine. There, on the 11th of September, 1777, a battle was fought, and the British gained the day, even capturing seven pieces of artillery. La Fayette was wounded rather severely in the leg, in this his first battle.

Another attempt was made to keep the British out of Philadelphia, but the poor shoeless American army could not move fast enough, and Howe entered the city amid great joy of the loyalists; but Benjamin Franklin, who had been sent to Paris to arrange an alliance with the French, saw that the defence of the place would be such a difficulty that he said, "No, it is not General Howe that has taken Philadelphia, it is Philadelphia that has taken General Howe."

Franklin made a great sensation at Paris. He would not quit the Quaker garb, and the grave simplicity set off by his noble forehead, fine countenance and dignified demeanour, made all the fine ladies and gentlemen who were hovering on the outskirts of revolution almost worship him; and he showed himself an able diplomatist.

Attacks were made by the British on the forts about Philadelphia. One of these, Germantown, became the occasion of another battle, in which there were mistakes and blunders, and the American loss doubled that of the English, though some of the missing, it was hoped (or feared), were only deserters. One colonel's horse ran away and carried him into a cider press, where he was much squeezed and hurt.

Still the Americans took courage, even from their defeats. Lesser fights went on till, at the approach of winter, Washington drew his troops into a strong position on the banks of the Schuylkill, and there set them to build log huts, while he requisitioned stores for the support. Hungry and half-clad, and always beaten in pitched battles, this winter at Valley Forge was the greatest time of depression of the Americans, of constancy of Washington, when Congress was disputing and his officers resigning their commissions, his men deserting, while Howe and the English were enjoying gaieties at Philadelphia.

However, tidings came of the surrender of Burgoyne to General Gates, in October, 1777, and this is regarded as the turning-point of the war. Franklin, too, had succeeded in winning the alliance of the

CAMEO XIX.

France's recognition of United States. 1778.

French, impelled partly by hatred of England, and partly by enthusiasm for liberty; and on the 1st of February, 1778, the United States were recognised by a foreign State as a belligerent power, fit to be treated with La Fayette, who had gone out like a school-boy on an adventure, came home as a wounded hero, to be caressed by his family, admired by the nation, and bringing out reinforcements to his friends.

CAMEO XX.

FRANCO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

1778-1779.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

THE treaty between France and the United States of America was signed on the 6th of February, 1778, by Franklin, Deane, and Lee, American commissioners, and Gérard on behalf of Louis XVI. That it was impending was already known in England, though it was not formally announced till some weeks later.

That this meant war between France and England was felt by all, though Lord North tried to deny it. The party always inclined to America hoped for peace, the other party remained opposed to dismembering the empire. "The vessel is sinking," said Lord Mansfield; "Chatham must be sent for."

So held Lord Bute in his retirement, but another effort was made by the King and North for the retention of the ministry in power. North, in the House of Commons, proposed to bring in two bills, one renouncing the right of taxation of the colonies, and the other empowering three commissioners to proceed to America to treat of peace.

The proposals were received with dull, dead silence. British pride felt dishonoured by yielding to the threat of opposition from France; but no valid opposition was offered, and the bills were passed.

But when, on the 14th of March, formal notice of the French treaty was given, it was so universally felt that a strong hand was needed at the helm, that Lord North wrote to the King to press his own resignation and the recall of Lord Chatham. It was very distasteful to George III., considering how friendly and conciliatory he had been to Chatham when in office, and what denunciations the ex-minister had uttered of the policy of his cabinet. "Do not abandon me, as the Duke of Grafton did, in the hour of need," he answered. He spoke of "Chatham and his crew," and called him "that perfidious man"; but North felt

CAMEO XX.

Death of Chatham.
1778.

himself utterly unequal to the situation, and insisted on resigning, undertaking, however, to ascertain how far Lord Chatham would coalesce with the fundamentals of the present administration.

Ambassadors on either side were recalled, the militia called out, and though the commissioners were appointed to treat with America, everything seemed on the verge of war. Chatham, however, made such demands for the reinstatement of his party that consent was withheld. Yet Chatham's blood was up at the idea of being coerced by France. His view was to reconcile the Americans, but not give up their government, believing that this would rally them, as English-born, against France, but the Duke of Richmond only wished to settle the matter by giving up the colony to be independent. Letters passed, and Chatham dictated a letter, written by his eldest son, to the Duke of Richmond, regretting their difference as to the *sovereignty* or *allegiance* of America, and hoping to try conciliation before this *bad becomes worse.* Ill as he was, he caused himself to be supported into the House of Lords on the 7th of April, 1778, between his second son, William Pitt, and his son-in-law, Lord Mahon, swathed in flannel, and so wrapped up that little save his large eagle nose could be seen.

The Duke of Richmond made his motion, and Chatham stood up, supported by his crutch and leaning on his son, and spoke with all his fire and eloquence against depriving the House of Brunswick of their fairest inheritance at the bidding of the French.

"Shall this nation, which defeated the Spanish Armada, fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon?" And he ended with, "If we must fall, let us fall like men!"

The duke replied by showing that if war were declared against France on account of this treaty, not only would America assist her, but Spain, and he reiterated that it was vain to endeavour to recover the colony by force of arms.

Very indignant, Chatham rose in reply, but at the moment fell back in a kind of swoon. His sons carried him to a house, and the next day he was taken home, and laid in the bed whence he never rose, though he lived till the 11th of May. Parliament requested that the great statesman might lie in Westminster Abbey, the citizens of London that he might be buried in St. Paul's, which Burke pronounced to be a mere desert, little anticipating how its crowded monuments would be regarded in the next century. Westminster was favoured, and there stands the great Whig councillor in effigy, with outstretched arm, declaiming as though not in church. This was erected at the expense of the nation, who also voted an annuity to the earldom. Lord North continued in office, and Thurlow, the coarse old clever lawyer, became Lord Chancellor.

The war was plainly imminent. On the coast Admiral Keppel, a born Whig, whose father had come over with William of Orange, was in command of the Channel fleet, with Sir Hugh Palliser, a Tory, under him. George III. came down to Portsmouth to encourage the

CAMEO XX.

The "Arethusa" and the "Belle Poule." 1778.

preparations, and the admiral sailed out from St. Helens in the *Arethusa* with about twenty ships, and met two French frigates, the *Licorne* and the *Belle Poule*. He captured the first; the *Belle Poule* fired on him but had to retreat among the rocks of a little bay, being towed in by a number of little boats, while Keppel, understanding from the papers of the *Licorne* that there were thirty-two sail in the harbour at Brest, and having his mainmast hanging over the side, thought it best to return to Portsmouth with his prize, the *Alert* cutter capturing a schooner, and a frigate being also taken. The English censured him; but the French were wild with joy at this first success, as they chose to call it.

These were the days of monstrous hair-dressing in absolute designs on the structures on ladies' heads, such as whole gardens or farms, Parnassus and the Nine Muses in wax, a bower with an abbé making love to a peasant dame, whose jealous husband has retired to the lady wearer's other ear; and on the tidings of this so-called victory the fashionable headgear represented the *Belle Poule* anchoring triumphantly in harbour. Thereupon an English lady of naval birth and connections appeared at the theatre with Plymouth harbour on her head, made in gauze, powder, and false hair, and the British fleet arriving and bringing in the prizes. The valiant patriot received a visit from the head of the police the next day to request her to retire from Paris.

The French had something more nearly a victory to rejoice in shortly after, when the Count d'Orvilliers put to sea, and the *Lively*, which had been sent to reconnoitre, found herself surrounded and had to surrender. Admiral Keppel, with thirty ships, sailed out to meet D'Orvilliers with thirty-two, and off Ushant, on the 27th of July, 1778, the two fleets came in sight of one another, and sailed past one another, firing broadsides. The destruction of men was the greatest in the French fleet, of masts and rigging in the English. Keppel intended to wear round and renew the engagement, but Palliser's ships were too much injured to obey the signal, and Keppel was bearing down without him, when the French proved to be going off to Brest, claiming the victory, however!

Each sailed out again in August, but Keppel went to protect the East Indiamen and merchant ships coming home, and though he took a good many cruisers, there was no fresh engagement, and the English were so disappointed that they caused him to be tried by court martial on shore, as he was in a bad state of health. It was held on shore, and the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester came to support him against the charges of Sir Hugh Palliser. It was a question of Whig and Tory, and when the captains unanimously decided that Keppel had done his duty, and the charges were malicious, there was vehement rejoicing, bonfires, and illuminations, and the mob plundered Sir Hugh Palliser's house in their excitement.

Admiral Byron was sent to America with his fleet to watch Count d'Estaing's force. He was called "foul weather Jack" because of his frequent ill-luck, and a severe tempest crippled his fleet between New-

CAMEO XX.
Attack of St. Lucie.
1778.

foundland and the Western islands. A French squadron had been preparing even before the announcement of the treaty. Six frigates and twelve ships of the line under Count d'Estaing sailed westwards and arrived on the American coast in July. Lord Howe's force was inferior in number, but he successfully kept the French fleet at bay, and though there was no general engagement, only encounters between single ships, D'Estaing put into Boston to refit, though the American officers declared it unnecessary, and were very angry that he refused to co-operate in an attack on Rhode island. From Boston D'Estaing issued a proclamation inviting the Canadians to return to their allegiance to France, and he then sailed for the West Indies, to pursue a war which had no connection with American liberty, and the Governor of Martinique captured Dominica. The English ministry on their side sent directions to Sir Henry Clinton, who had relieved General Burgoyne, to detach 5,000 men under General Grant for the West Indies, to attack the French island of St. Lucie. They could be ill spared from America; nevertheless he sent them to join Admiral Barrington in Barbados, whence they sailed for St. Lucie.

We have a minute account of the attack from Colin Lindsay, one of the many high-spirited sons of old Lord Balcarres. As an officer in the 48th Light Infantry, he describes their arrival, and the sight of French flags on all the hills. The troops were landed in a bay, and quickly fell in with a few of the enemy, and made one prisoner, who insisted that he was *pris, pas vaincu*. On the side of a hill they halted, and the artillery of the enemy on the next hill began to fire upon them, but desisted as the night came on. In the morning they advanced to the top of the hill, seeing by the way a person carrying a flag of truce. He really was a surgeon, who was coming to beg that the hospital might be spared, but unfortunately the enemy opened a fire of musketry at the moment, and an English soldier at once shot him through the head.

The French retired, and the prisoners then declared that there were only 180 actual soldiers in the island, and that they regretted the volley of musketry, but said that this was done by the Creoles, who were ignorant of the rules of civilised warfare, but that the cannon fire of the evening before was necessary for the honour of France.

The English advanced, wondering that even this small force had not resisted longer, for the only road was a very narrow path through a tangled tropical forest, and at the top were deserted the hospital, the governor's house, the magazines, barracks, and eight small cannon. It was a small clearing, shut in by forest, and there was a swamp underfoot, increased by the violent rain which fell for the two hours during which the detachment halted at La Morne Fortunée, which they found was the name of the hill.

Descending it, they expected resistance, but a gentleman of the island told them that he expected that the commandant would capitulate the next day. They met no troops, and only perceived through the mist,

some ships, but not clearly enough to know whether they were French or English, and a French newspaper picked up in the deserted barracks informed them that D'Estaing had left Boston for the West Indies.

In the morning they descried twenty-four ships, and an immense number of little sloops, which the soldiers chose to call the mosquito fleet. They were in great anxiety, for they could see nothing of their own fleet, which was hidden behind a projecting cape, and they knew it only equalled a third of the enemy, whose flags they could plainly discern.

They afterwards learnt that Admiral Barrington had seen the French fleet the night before hang out signals to five of his little fleet, and prepared for action, after which he went quietly to sleep in his hammock till he was wakened by an officer sent to him with a message from General Grant. "Young man," said the admiral, "I cannot write to him at present, but tell him that I hope he is as much at ease on shore as I am at sea."

Provisions were being landed for the little army on shore, the French at break of day steering straight for the harbour, taking no notice of the English, till, as they came nearer, a gun upon a little rock, which had been left behind by the French, was fired upon them. D'Estaing's ship, which sailed first, replied with two broadsides, but without hitting the rock. He led his fleet along between the English vessels and the shore. There was a cannonade on either side, but the English shot fell short, and the French balls passed over the English ships, doing little damage, and only killing three men. After two broadsides they sheered off, and formed into a crescent, thereby giving the force on shore time to breakfast on pork broiled on the point of a bayonet, and seasoned with yams and plantains, or juice of sugar canes, which here were much larger and finer than those in Barbados. At four o'clock the French ships advanced again, but only, as Captain Lindsay says, "to make the same caracole as they had done before, and with an effect as magnificent, the only difference being that as they passed the hill occupied by the English, D'Estaing caused his two 42-pound guns to be elevated, and fired two shot right across the summit, where twenty officers happened to be standing, who all bowed low in return for the salute!"

The small sloops were in the meantime coming near the shore, filled with troops, and apparently intending to land in a bay to the right, but they afterwards went on to another point, and about 4,000 men were landed. The larger ships hovered about, but could not come close in shore from the shallowness of the water, nor could they prevent Admiral Barrington from sending boats with provisions and ammunition to the garrison within the island. The French vessels went backwards and forwards to Martinique, bringing stores.

By and by, after a wet night, the French made a sharp attack on a fort between two hills. The grenadiers stood firm, the light infantry charged right through the French regiment, put them to flight, and

CAMEO XX.
St. Lucie.
1778.

came back again through the midst. The French were reinforced, and, forming into columns, prepared to attack the party on the top of the hill, but as the English ammunition was running short, orders were given to reserve the fire till the enemy was nearer; but though there was a continual fire of musketry, the French never advanced, and when fresh supplies were brought to the English from the magazine abandoned on the hill, and their fire began again, the French retired. It had been a three hours' fight, and about 150 English had been killed. From the hill it seemed as if there were no French sufferers, but on descending to the battle field, 400 were found lying there killed and wounded, and the soldiers at once employed themselves in giving kind assistance to the wounded. A flag of truce was sent for the burial of the dead, and compliments passed between the bearer and the French officers.

"You have shown by your defence that you are Englishmen," said a French officer.

"You have shown by your attack that you are worthy of the name of Frenchmen," replied Captain Courtney.

The French talked of revenge, and chivalrously promised to fire three guns before their next attack, and they also showed themselves to have been surprised and apparently disconcerted by the chasseurs, as they called the light infantry, having persevered in their attack.

There was great anxiety as to the fleet of Admiral Byron, which had been on the American coast. Admiral Barrington had received a letter from him, saying that he should follow D'Estaing so soon as he knew he had sailed, but nothing was seen of him, and the French declared that his fleet had been shattered in a violent hurricane, the *Somerset* wrecked, and the rest of the ships disabled or dispersed. The English did not quite believe this, not being able to see how D'Estaing could have escaped the hurricane, but in the meantime they were anxious about provisions, and watched constantly, while strengthening the defences of their camp, Captain West telling the men that if they wished for whole bones they must work hard.

The troops remained face to face for a fortnight, throwing up earthworks on either side, but not fighting, and on very civil terms; only the French popped off their pieces the first thing every morning, which the English thought very unsoldierly. When the general's horse strayed it was sent back, so was a silver-hilted sword that had been dropped, and the soldier who brought it was forbidden to accept any money in return. A sentry was, however, tried by court-martial for accepting a pinch of snuff from a Frenchman, but pardoned, and afterwards the attentions were confined to the French sentinels pointing to their guns, and laughing when the English officers passed near them: "a very different style of war from that which we had been used to in America," says Colin Lindsay. But the climate was so deadly that the officers on each side agreed that both armies would perish if they stayed there much longer. One more attack was made, and beaten off with

less loss to the enemy than there would have been had not the English staff been defective. However, on the 26th of December, the French fleet sailed out, formed a line, and then returned to their former station, but on the 27th, the first cry in the morning was that the mosquito fleet of little sloops was gone and a great fire was seen blazing up in Martinique. D'Estaing had, in fact, given up St. Lucie and gone to seize Antigua.

The defence of St. Lucie was over, and the troops had only to receive the formal submission of the inhabitants, and admire the earth-works thrown up by the enemy.

On the 6th of January, 1779, Admiral Byron appeared with his fleet, so long watched for, and it then appeared that he had been unable to leave the North American coast till he knew that D'Estaing was gone, and he could not be certain of this till he had received despatches from every port along the coast.

However, the French took the island of St. Vincent by the help of the native Caribs, and at the same time the Spanish King, Charles III., was, by appeals to the family compact of the House of Bourbon, and by hopes of the recovery of Gibraltar, induced to ally himself with France. The danger to England seemed great, and Lord Barrington represented to George III. that he had not a single general of ability enough to oppose the French if they effected a landing.

D'Orvilliers had sailed for Corunna, where Spanish ships joined him, so that he had sixty-eight sail of the line under his command, while the whole British fleet in our own waters only amounted to thirty-eight large ships; and the anxiety on the coast became very great.

Keppel had resigned after his trial, and Admiral Hardy was in command, keeping anxious watch on the soundings, as the whole huge fleet, on the 15th of August, were seen before Plymouth. One poor sixty-four gun ship, the *Ardent*, Captain Boteler, blundered into the enemy's fleet, taking it for his own, and was captured, and for a few days the combined fleets displayed themselves in Plymouth Bay, but a strong east wind hindered them from doing any worse harm than capturing small trading vessels, though it prevented Hardy from coming into the Channel till the 31st, when it shifted to the west, and his excellent seamanship enabled him to enter the Channel in full view of the enemy, who wanted to have fought him in the open sea, where their superior numbers would have availed them. But they would not risk a battle in the Channel, where their numbers would not have given so much advantage, and the navigation was more difficult. Regular troops and militia and volunteers were flocking to the defence of Plymouth, and when Hardy anchored at Spithead, only two French ships had actually been engaged, and of them one was blown up, the other was on fire, but escaped with difficulty, and was towed into Brest harbour, a blackened wreck, with the captain dying.

D'Orvilliers hung about the Land's End for a few days, but disease was busy among his men, and he returned to Brest with the crews in a

CAMEO XX. — *The West Indies.* 1779.

miserable state of sickness. Three thousand Spaniards died, French in proportion, and he was so dispirited that he resigned his command and retired into a convent. England had really been delivered from as great a peril as in the Armada days.

Spanish ships full of bullion from Peru, or spices from the Philippines, were captured right and left, but on the other hand, privateers of the Americans imperilled British merchant ships.

Jersey was attempted by the French under the Prince of Nassau Siegen, but in vain, and on the 5th of July, off the island of Grenada, a naval battle took place between Byron, with twenty-one ships of the line and one frigate, and D'Estaing, with twenty-five men of war and twelve frigates. Both were much disabled when night came on, and in the morning a white flag was seen on the island, betokening surrender to the French. Byron was prepared to renew the engagement, but the French fleet could nowhere be seen, having put into Grenada harbour to refit, and they afterwards sailed away to Carolina.

The Spaniards were besieging Gibraltar, by a blockade which lasted four years, and became memorable. In the meantime privateers were doing great harm among the merchant shipping. The most memorable of these was Paul Jones, as he called himself, though his real name was John Paul, the son of a gardener in the county of Galloway. Going to sea as a lad, he made money, and settled in Virginia, and on the outbreak of the war offered his services to Congress. A commission was given him, and he cruised among the West Indian Isles like a buccaneer of old, without the savage barbarity. His skill and success were such that he won much admiration, and a small squadron was put under his command by the French, with whom he became a hero. He even plundered Whitehaven, and in St. Mary's Isle, the house of the Earl of Selkirk, in whose service his father had been. He made himself the terror of the vessels along the Yorkshire coast, and watched to intercept the Baltic fleet, which was under the convoy of Captain Pearson in the *Serapis*, and Captain Piercy in the *Countess of Scarborough*. These vessels had come to the English coast when the mayor of Scarborough sent information to Captain Pearson that the enemy's fleet was in sight. Signals were made to prepare for action, and the two naval captains placed their ships in front of the merchant vessels, which proceeded to put their cargoes on shore.

It was the evening of the 23rd of September, 1779, and Paul Jones, in the *Bonhomme Richard*, carrying forty guns, made a desperate attack on the *Serapis*, attempting to board her. Though beaten off the first time, he renewed the attack in the dark, coming so close that the muzzles of the guns in the two ships grated against one another. It was a desperate fight, and the *Serapis* was on fire ten or twelve times, but every time the flames were extinguished. At half-past ten another ship came to the assistance of the *Bonhomme Richard*, sailing round, and shooting down almost every man on the deck of the *Serapis;*

and to add to her misfortune, a heap of cartridges exploded, killing all the officers and men near. Captain Pearson made one more attempt to board his enemies, and on being repulsed, struck his colours just as his mainmast fell. But the *Bonhomme* was truly Poor Richard—one side driven in, the guns dismounted, the decks strewn with dead and dying, scarcely a fourth of the crew on their legs, on fire in two different places, and seven feet of water in her hold. She had to be abandoned, and sank with a number of her dead and wounded. Captain Piercy, after a long and furious fight, was also obliged to surrender, but all the convoy had been saved, and when the prisoners were released, George III. knighted Pearson, and Piercy was also distinguished.

Paul Jones received the order of merit from Louis XVI., a gold sword, and likewise the command of another ship, the *America*. Congress made him a commodore, and he sailed in American service till the peace. Then Catherine II. made him an admiral, and employed him against Turkey, but American notions did not suit Russia; he was expelled, and spent the remainder of his life at Paris, where he died in 1792. Fennimore Cooper commemorated the romantic view of his history in *The Pilot*, and he is one of the pirates who strikes the young imagination, but he seems to have been a coarse, rude, ignorant fellow, though of great daring and native genius.

The West Indies were still the scene of the chief naval encounters. Sir Hyde Parker was cruising there, and was joined by Admiral Rodney, when they offered battle to the French squadron under Count de Guichen between Martinique and St. Lucie. Rodney, in the *Sandwich*, fought gallantly, but unfortunately the captains whom he expected to break the French line would not obey his signals, and he could only retire to St. Lucie. He wrote strongly home respecting their conduct, but Government thought fit to suppress these passages. Only small conflicts followed, and the Spanish fleet, joining the French, Rodney was forced to retreat, being greatly outnumbered, and feeling the mortification of leaving the islands undefended. However, the Spaniards, whose ships were very ill provided with necessaries, were again visited with a terrible sickness, which spread to the French, and this saved Jamaica and the other islands from an attack. The miserable condition of the convicts who rowed both fleets must have made them an absolute hot-bed of disease, and the men are said to have perished by scores and hundreds in a day. They put into St. Domingo, and the French convoyed their sugar ships home.

D'Estaing had returned to the coast of Georgia, and surprised four small English ships at the mouth of the Savannah river.

General Prevost, who was in command for his British majesty, summoned all colonists and negroes to take up arms, threw a boom across the river, and prepared for defence of the town of Savannah. The American army, under General Lincoln, was to meet the French fleet and begin the siege, but instead of waiting for it, D'Estaing summoned the place to surrender to Louis XVI. Prevost asked for four and

CAMEO XX.

D'Estaing Defeated.
1779.

twenty hours in which to make up his mind, and in that time he was reinforced by Captain Maitland, and decided on holding out.

The Americans came up, and were highly displeased that the French should have summoned the town in the name of their own sovereign, instead of that of Congress. The Georgian Militia were loyal, and an able engineer officer, Captain Moncrieff, disposed the defences so ably that when, on the 9th of October, 1779, the attack was made, it was totally defeated, with very slight loss to the English and severe damage to the assailants. D'Estaing was wounded; he gave up the siege, and his fleet on the way home was dispersed by a storm.

CAMEO XXI.

THE GORDON RIOTS.

1779–1780.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

NOT forty-five years had passed since Scotsmen had bled to place a Roman Catholic dynasty on the throne, when there was a very serious uprising, fostered chiefly by Scots, to prevent the smallest concession to members of the Church of Rome.

Penal laws had been done away with at the Revolution, and Roman Catholics could worship in peace. Indeed, with the general religious indifference that had set in, except among Methodists, those inclined to them, and a few faithful Churchmen, there had come to be a much greater slackness of feeling on either side, and far less of such antipathy as was only prejudice.

Pope was a Romanist, but this was only recollected by a sort of chance, and it was he that had given utterance to the sentiment that passed into a proverb, too often for heterodoxy—

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Hannah More was living on the most intimate terms with Mrs. Garrick, an Austrian Roman Catholic; and in England, at least, the mutual distrust and dislike seemed to be in abeyance.

In 1778 a bill was brought in by Sir George Sands, and passed through Parliament, for the toleration of acts of worship by Roman Catholics permitting them to educate and to choose guardians for their children; everything, in short, except a share in government and in elections.

The bill did not extend to Scotland, and the Lord Advocate Dundas was withheld from proposing it by the request of the party themselves, in the fear that to ventilate the matter would lead to persecution. There

CAMEO XXI.

Lord George Gordon.

was, in fact, a "Protestant Association" in Scotland, determined to resist "Popery" to the utmost.

The most prominent member of it was Lord George Gordon, the fourth son of Cosmo, Duke of Gordon, who was born in 1750, and thus was about twenty-eight. He had been in the navy, but had left it on some quarrel with Government about promotion. Godson to George II., he was said to be a man of very careless morals when he entered Parliament in 1774, as member for Ludgershall, supporting the Tories at first, but drawn over to the Whigs by his sister-in-law, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, a woman of musical ability and force of character.

But the toleration of Romanists fired a nature in which there must have been germs of insanity. He put himself at the head of the Protestant Association, and fancied Government was trying to bribe him by an offer of £1,000 a year, and to make him Vice-Admiral of Scotland. At Edinburgh and in other places in Scotland disturbances began. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Kirk had decided that no opposition ought to be offered to what was really a cessation of persecution; but this by no means contented the more zealous and fanatical Protestants, and thousands of inflammatory pamphlets were distributed, coupling Sir George Savile with the devil and the Pope, and threatening Scotland with Antichrist, fire, and faggot.

The Synod of Glasgow passed resolutions to oppose any bill in favour of Papists, though the Synod of the Lothians, consisting of really intelligent men, were all for repeal. This made the tradesmen and middle classes furious. A committee for the Protestant Interest was formed, and such disturbances took place that the unfortunate Romanists wrote to Lord North to stop all proceedings in their favour, as these only made them a mark for violence.

On the night of the 29th of January, 1779, copies of a letter were dropped about the streets of Edinburgh, as follows:—

"Men and brethren, whosoever shall find this letter will take it as a warning to meet at Leith Wynd on Wednesday next, in the evening, to pull down that pillar of Popery lately erected there.

"A PROTESTANT.

"P.S.—Please to read this carefully, keep it clean, and drop it somewhere else. For king and country—Unity."

It is a curious question—what would have happened had James VIII., Charles Edward, or his brother the Cardinal, succeeded to royal honours?

The pillar of Popery was a chapel adjoining the priest's house. The magistrates repaired to the spot, but could do nothing. All the furniture was demolished, and the building set on fire. A chapel in Blackfriars Wynd, with a valuable library attached, shared the same fate, and the rioters proceeded, breaking the windows, not only of Papists, but of their supposed friends; and thus they threatened the house of

Professor Robertson, a divine of their own Kirk, whose preaching is commemorated by Scott in *Guy Mannering*, and who was the historian of Queen Mary and of Charles V.; but happily the dragoons arrived in time to save his house and library.

The Provost issued a proclamation, which quieted the mob in some degree by assuring them that the bill was abandoned; but at Glasgow the rioters, not being able to find a single priest or even a Romanist, were obliged to content themselves with ruining the pottery works freshly established by a gentleman whom they chose to consider a friend of Popery.

Indeed, Lord George Gordon, who had established in Protestant Association in England, was actually accusing King George himself of being secretly a Papist, and no less than eighty-five branches of the Society were started in the south, in correspondence with the Scottish one.

Wilkes, probably for mischief's sake, put the question in the House of Commons as to whether the bill was to be brought in for the relief of the Scottish Catholics, and Dundas, the Lord Advocate, answered that it was unadvisable in the present state of the country. Burke presented a petition from the sufferers at Edinburgh for compensation for the damages they had endured, and Charles James Fox made a strong speech in favour of toleration to all sects.

Lord George was wild with fanatical rage. He moved that the petition should be thrown under the table, declared that there were 120,000 men in Scotland resolved to die rather than submit, and declared that he would present a petition with signatures long enough to reach from the Speaker's chair to the window of Whitehall, where Charles I. had been executed. His speeches were absolute raving, and were the more absurd in effect because he was a pale, slight young man, with no air of strength, and when, as often happened, he called for a division on some question of religion, he remained in a majority of one, and the House laughed.

But outside the mob believed in him as the Protestant champion, who was saving them from the fires of Smithfield. He declared that if he could collect 20,000 men to march with their petition, the Protestant religion would be for ever secure. It is said that he took his stand on the very spot where the high altar of the Roman Catholic Church in St. George's-in-the-Fields now stands.

Some strange frenzy must have taken hold of many of the people, if they could suppose the Church in danger from a few concessions to the Papists; since there were rational and earnest persons in his following, besides the multitudes of "lewd fellows, of the baser sort," always attracted by the prospect of a riot, for absolutely 60,000 men, wearing blue cockades, met him at St. George's Fields, and proceeding in different bodies, the petitioners marching six abreast, and headed by a tall man carrying the petition, which had 120,000 signatures, or marks of those who could not write. Banners with "No Popery" flew

CAMEO XXI.

Gordon Riots. 1779.

overhead, and by the time they reached Westminster all the approaches to the Abbey were choked by them. Every member on his way there was seized upon, and not allowed to pass till he had put on the blue cockade. The bishops met with very rude treatment. The Bishop of Lincoln, brother to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, was dragged out of his carriage, rushed into a house, was pursued thither, and was helped by a young law-student to climb out at a back window into another house, where he put on a female dress. The Bishop of Lichfield had his gown torn off his back, and all unpopular lords suffered.

In the House, the Duke of Richmond was delivering a speech, declaring "that every man of full age, not disqualified by law, was entitled to be represented in Parliament," when in rushed Lord Mountfort with the news that Lord Boston had been torn out of his carriage, and was in danger of being trampled to death. Lord Townshend, with drawn sword, saved Lord Boston in time to prevent the cross from being scored on his forehead.

Lord Mansfield had the panels and windows of his carriage broken in, and was pulled out of the mob by the Archbishop of York, who had come through it before, and had his lawn sleeves torn off.

The scene in the House was a very curious one. All the noblemen who had lately arrived were in utter dismay, their clothes torn off, and covered with mud, their wigs gone, their hair dishevelled, their faces pale and smutty, all standing up and speaking at once, some calling for the Guards, others for the magistrates, others crying, "Adjourn! adjourn!" and a few young spirited men proposing to go down with drawn swords. The Duke of Richmond sneeringly proposed that, if they went down as a House, it should be with the woolsack and mace borne before them, looking at Mansfield, who, as Thurlow was ill, was sitting on the woolsack, not recovered from the assault, but trembling like an aspen leaf.

The members of the Lower House had not been so much maltreated on the way, but they were not much more at their ease, for all the mob who could squeeze into any passage of St. Sephen's chapel were crowding into it, shrieking "No Popery" so loud that nobody's voice could be heard within. Lord George had gone in to present the petition, and presently they began to thunder and roar at the doors, while Lord George flew about the interior, sometimes shouting from the windows, sometimes calling to the people at the doors the name of the member who was speaking.

General Conway tried to silence him; his uncle Colonel Murray told him he was a disgrace to the family; Colonel Gordon assured him that he ought to be in Bedlam; Lord North tried reasoning, but was only told, "If I choose, I can have you torn in pieces by the people." Colonel Holroyd then came to him, saying, "My Lord George, if this mob breaks the door, the first thing I shall do will be to plunge this sword into your body," and he actually kept close to the fanatic, preventing another call to the mob, till a detachment of Guards, for

whom Lord North had contrived to send, managed to disperse the throng.

The Lords got home by twos and threes. Meantime Lord George's amendment to the bill in favour of the Roman Catholics was put, and only six voted on his side! He was found in the evening almost asleep in the refreshment-room of the Lower House. In *Barnaby Rudge*, Dickens has given a spirited picture of the terrible days that ensued, such as London had never seen since the days of Wat Tyler. Instead of going home, a number of the mob proceeded to set fire to the chapels of the Bavarian and Sardinian Ambassadors, but were prevented by the appearance of the soldiery from doing further mischief at that time.

The next day being Saturday, the Commons did not meet, but the Lords did, and Lord Bathurst moved that the authors of the late outrages should be prosecuted, but the Duke of Richmond and Lord Shelburne, probably out of party spirit, declared that the Papists had received more than a Protestant Government ought to grant.

All was quiet that day, and the Sunday was the 4th of June, the King's birthday, but on Saturday evening, the workmen who had had their wages paid, and spent some of them in drink, began to assemble in Moorfields, reinforced by the thieves and pickpockets, to attack the houses and chapels of the Romanists in the neighbourhood. Whatever was not stolen was thrown into a heap—altars, pulpits, crosses, vestments, books, together with much private property—and set fire to, while the soldiers were under strict orders not to fire on the mob, for the Lord Mayor Kennett and Aldermen were seized with panic and feared to provoke them. The soldiers actually let their noses be pulled and insults to be heaped on them, and, of course, the rioters only grew the more violent and savage.

The next day there was a Privy Council, but the extent of the danger was little apprehended, and nothing more was done than the offering a reward of £500 for the apprehension of the ringleaders in the destruction of the Ambassadors' chapels. Afterwards there was a grand drawing-room in honour of the King's birthday!

But on that morning Sir George Savile's house was attacked and sacked, and Lord Bute's was only saved by his son. The fires continued in East Smithfield and Wapping, and a collection of the contents of the chapels was burnt before Lord George Gordon's door in Welbeck Street. Two respectable tradesmen, who had committed some of the rioters to Newgate, had their shops and houses plundered and ruined.

Tuesday the 6th was the worst day of all. Parliament met, with all the avenues guarded by the military, but Lord Sandwich was nearly murdered on his way, and only rescued by a justice of the peace named Hyde, who charged with a party of horse and bore him off, while an impudent fellow declared he should kill the justice before he had done with him, and the shout "To Hyde's house, ahoy!" was raised, and in

CAMEO XXI. — *Rioting.* 1779.

a short time it was levelled with the ground. The Lords adjourned and did nothing.

The Commons had assembled to the number of 192 and Lord George Gordon appeared with the blue cockade in his hat. Colonel Herbert at once ordered him to take off that badge of sedition; he obeyed and put it in his pocket. He had begun to grow alarmed, and had issued a handbill disavowing the violences. Burke and Sir George Savile both insisted on means being taken to restore order, but Fox declared that the vices and follies of the administration had loosened the bonds of society, and a sort of compromise was arrived at, that when the present disorders were appeased, the petitions should be taken into consideration. Fresh dreadful news was brought in from the City. There was a proposal of taking Lord George into custody and sending him to the Tower, but it came to nothing, and every one ended by hurrying off.

The news from the City was bad enough. Newgate was stormed. The Governer Akerman escaped while his furniture was being destroyed and the house set on fire. With crowbars and pickaxes the strong gates were attacked, and firebrands brought to their aid, when the flames spread so fast that the prisoners were all shrieking for rescue as the glare lighted up the cells. There were stones, with bolts fastened to them, dropped out of the wall, rafters and beams torn out of the roof, and three hundred felons released, three of whom were to have been executed the next morning. The same thing was done at Clerkenwell prison, and all the prisoners thus turned loose swelled the flood of mischief, at which all the decent, deluded members of the Protestant Association were now looking on aghast. What was a strange part of the affair is that unoffending people seem to have walked about quietly and made their observations. Dr. Johnson watched a hundred men wrecking the Old Bailey; the poet Crabbe beheld the ruin of Newgate and the escape of prisoners from the windows.

These felons fell especially on the magistracy who had committed them to jail. Sir John Fielding, as an active police magistrate, was the next object of attack, and at twelve o'clock at night the furious onset was on Chief Justice Mansfield's, in Bloomsbury Square. He and his wife escaped by the back door, and took refuge in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The house in the meantime was gutted, valuable pictures, a fine library, and a great number of precious papers—the collections of a lifetime—being thrown into an indiscriminate bonfire, and the foremost of the mob descended into the cellars, where the good wine soon made them raving mad.

A small detachment of foot guards came up, but only stood looking on. They said they could not fire till the Riot Act had been read, and all the civil magistrates had run away. No one in London slept that night, flames lighted the air in many directions, and on Wednesday morning, June 7th, all the shops were shut, the flags hung out, and "No Popery" chalked on the doors. Men with iron bars from Lord Mansfield's area were going about threatening quiet passengers, and several more prisons

CAMEO XXI.

King's interference. 1779.

were burnt. Three times the Bank of England was attacked, but here was a guard who had orders to use their muskets and did so with effect. Lists were found by which it appeared that the Tower, the Mansion House, and British Museum were all doomed, and Mr. Langdale, a Roman Catholic and great distiller at Holborn, was a special object of attack. His barrels of spirits were broken open, the gin and brandy ran down the street in streams, and men, women, and children lapped them up, and stumbled about frenzied or unconscious.

The King was at St. James's, where he convoked a Privy Council, who did nothing but dispute what resistance was lawful, or shrank from giving advice. At last George III. said, "I will order my horse and lead on my Guards. I lament the conduct of the magistrates; but here is one who will do his duty."

The Attorney-General Wedderburn being summoned, appeared, and without hesitation answered the King that such an outrage as burning houses was such felony that the military ought to act without waiting for the Riot Act. The King then bade him at once write an order to the Commander-in-Chief to disperse the mob, which the King himself signed and sent off at once.

It was time! There were six-and-thirty fires blazing around London, and a reign of alarm in the City, though, strange to say, the theatres to the west, and Ranelagh, were open as usual! After this order came, the troops proceeded to the points of attack, and, after due summons, fired. Some on Blackfriars Bridge resisted, and a few were killed. The Fleet Prison burnt all night, and the mob had to be fired on before they would disperse. A young chimney-sweeper was killed here with forty guineas in his pocket; but in general there had been wonderfully little robbery for personal profit, and absolutely no murder at all.

Of the rioters, 248 bodies were found killed by shot; how many wounded and taken home was not known, nor how many perished in burning houses, and the immense number who died of their own intemperance at Lord Mansfield's and Mr. Langdale's. The mischief done was reckoned at £180,000.

All was quiet before Thursday night, and on Friday morning Lord George Gordon was arrested and placed in the Tower—as, indeed, there was no other prison, except the Poultry Compter, to put him in. He was arraigned for high treason, and not tried for a year; but proofs of that exact crime were wanting, and he was acquitted, for which the churches of more Protestant proclivities offered up thanks. He was certainly partly insane, and tried to defend himself on his trial by reading four chapters from the Prophet Zechariah from a great quarto Bible which he kept open before him.

Afterwards, in 1787, he was found guilty of two libels—one on poor Queen Marie Antoinette, the other on the French Ambassador. He escaped to Holland, but the Dutch sent him back to England, where he was imprisoned in the restored Newgate. There he actually embraced, in all details possible to the dispersion, the Jewish religion. He caught

CAMEO XXI.

Quiet Restored. 1779.

the "jail disease," and died in November, 1793, in his forty-second year. He is said to have been disturbed that the Jews would not admit him to their cemeteries, and he lies buried in the churchyard in Hampstead Road.

The Lord Mayor, very unlike his predecessor Walworth, was prosecuted for his miserable indecision and cowardice; and thus ended the four days' rebellion, showing the danger of having no organised police. Curiously enough, as in 1480, just three hundred years before, the whole crisis of decision rested with the King. Still nothing is more remarkable than the mercifulness of the rioters as to human life—a wonderful contrast to the *sans-culottes* of Paris ten years later. But these Gordon riots rose from misled religious fanaticism, not from furious revulsion against oppressors.

CAMEO XXII.

THE WAR ENDED.

1777-1783.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXII. — *Valley Forge.* 1777.

WASHINGTON had taken up his winter-quarters at Valley Forge, a wooded valley in the heart of the hills on the Schuykill river, only twenty miles from Philadelphia. Log huts were raised for the troops, who had no tents, and altogether were in a deplorable state of discomfort, very ill-shod and ill-clothed, with pay depending on their individual State, sometimes left without supplies of food for two or three days, once for six days together without meat, and the horses actually dying of famine. There were many desertions, and between two and three hundred officers resigned their commissions, but the constancy of the main body and their General was worthy of all praise.

There was a Board of War at headquarters, directed by General Gates, the same who had defeated Burgoyne, and the object was to deprive Washington of the command, and bestow it on Gates himself, or on General Conway; but happily for the American cause this failed, and the tidings of the confirmation of the French Alliance put all in good-temper.

In the meantime, the English in Philadelphia had remained inactive. Sir William Howe, who was very popular, resigned his command, and Sir Henry Clinton was to take it in his stead. The officers decided to give him a splendid *fête*, which, in a language they supposed to be Italian, they called a Mischianza, or Medley. The day was May 18th, 1778. First there was a regatta on the Delaware river, which for the last time echoed the English National Anthem, from bands on all the vessels. Then at the country house at Southwark, the company disembarked, and proceeded to two pavilions guarded by files of soldiers. Seven ladies, in costumes invented by the brilliant young officer, Captain André, sat in front of each. A fine avenue of walnut-trees shaded them,

CAMEO. XXII.

The Mischianza. 1781.

and in front of them were the lists, for a tournament was to take place between seven Knights of the Blended Rose and seven Knights of the Burning Mountain.

First in came a herald, his surcoat adorned with two roses intertwined with the motto "We droop when separated." The knights, in red and white, on grey horses, each attended by a squire bearing lance and shield, caracoled round the lists, and the herald, with trumpet blast proclaimed their challenge, asserting the predominance of their seven ladies of the Blended Rose above all others! The challenge was accepted by the Knights of the Burning Mountain, in black and orange, and gauntlets were cast down and taken up, the knights wheeled to the end of the lists, the heralds cried "*Laissez aller*," lances were shivered and pistols discharged, then all leapt to the ground and fenced with swords, till "enough had been done for honour," when, under a succession of triumphal arches, the company repaired to the ball-room. There was dancing and supper, and at night fireworks, ending with a figure of Fame, dressed in stars, with a trumpet to her lips, and a label coming out of it, inscribed "*Les Lauriers sont immortels*," all finished off by a shower of rockets.

All this splendour was somewhat offensive to the sober-minded inhabitants of the Quaker city, but Sir William Howe had been popular there, and though Sir Henry Clinton was an amiable, kind-hearted man, he came at a disadvantage. The alliance with France had made the British Government think of peace, and as a means of conciliation orders were sent that Philadelphia should be evacuated.

It was a hard blow to those who had gained the city, and still harder to the Commissioners, Lord Carlisle, William Eden, and George Johnstone, who had been dispatched to endeavour to obtain peace, without being informed of the measure. They found everything in great confusion: the army preparing to leave the town, and three thousand of the loyalist inhabitants being embarked on board the British ships in fear of the vengeance of the other party.

But though their offers were liberal, and many Americans were weary of the war, still Congress was not to be shaken in the fixed purpose of listening to no terms that did not acknowledge the independence of the United States. Moreover, in one of the letters the Commissioners censured the conduct of France. This set Lafayette on fire, and against the advice of Washington, he forthwith sent off a challenge to Lord Carlisle to fight a duel with him for the honour of his country. Lord Carlisle thought it simply absurd, and had some difficulty in bringing himself to make a grave reply.

Altogether the attempt was a failure. The Commissioners embarked and General Arnold was put in command at Philadelphia, whither Congress presently returned.

Washington followed and harassed the retreat of the English through the Jerseys. Twice he endeavoured to bring about a general engagement, for spring weather and new hope had recruited his numbers; but General

Lee, who had been exchanged, and the old Prussian Stauben both declared that the discipline of the British troops must so tell in a pitched battle that it ought not to be attempted.

On June 27th Clinton was encamped at Freehold Court House in the county of Monmouth, and Washington, being very anxious to bring on a battle, sent a request to Lee to exchange his turn of duty with Lafayette, knowing that the young Frenchman would be as eager to cause a general conflict as the tardy American to avoid it. Lee consented, and Lafayette with four thousand men advanced to match the English; but scarcely was he gone before Lee repented of his resignation, and made such remonstrances to Washington on making him give up to a youth not yet twenty-one, that Washington yielded so far as to despatch him with two brigades and directions to take the command, but to second any measure the Marquis might have taken.

There followed a day of desultory fighting, when Lee retired, but in good order, though against Washington's command. Each side lost about three hundred men, and Clinton was able to continue his retreat to New York. The Americans were very angry at the failure, and caused Lee to be tried by court martial and suspended from command for a year.

It was unfortunate that the Indian savages had been called upon to mingle in the war, for on each side they made terrible attacks and massacres, especially at Wyoming, which has been commemorated in Thomas Campbell's poem. It was a settlement upon a debatable land between Pennsylvania and Connecticut, lying on the banks of the Susquehanna, and very beautiful, and it was inhabited by numerous peaceful settlers, not much inclined to stir in the revolution; but the American party came down on them and carried off most of the bravest to serve in the war, leaving the rest undefended, or only with a few little forts, which they were too weak to hold effectively.

Suddenly there came upon them a force of 600, partly English colonists driven from their homes by the revolution and rendered desperate, and almost as savage as the rest of the band, who consisted of Mohawk Indians. A young man named Butler had led them, and it is said also a man named Brandt, a half-breed Mohawk. Some few troops and the American Militia were in a strong fort in the neighbourhood under the command of Zebulon Butler, a relation of the other colonel. He rashly tried to give battle, but was defeated and driven into a marsh; he and comparatively few of his men were saved by swimming the river, and Wyoming was left to the fury of the Indians and disguised Indians. The slaughter was indiscriminate at first, Butler being unable to restrain it, and the whole story formed the subject of Campbell's poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming."

> "On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
> Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall
> And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
> Of what thy gentle people did befall;
> Yet wert thou once the loveliest land of all
> That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore."

CAMEO XXII.
—
Arnold's Treason.
1780.

The houses were burnt, and though the troops of Congress soon came down and drove the spoilers away with great loss, the unfortunate survivors, stripped of everything, and afraid of both parties alike, were obliged to take to the woods till the war was over, and even then the place was a bone of contention between the two States.

Much was not done by the armies this year, and Lafayette returned home, to be fêted and treated as a hero by the ladies, and in 1779, operations on either side were so feeble as hardly to deserve mention. Everything was dreadfully dear; the Congress had put forth paper money, but were too bankrupt to honour it, and thus a bill at a hotel which amounted to £732 was actually paid with four guineas and a half in good gold; and a horse, or rather "a rat in the shape of a horse," cost £200, and his saddle £40, boots £20. How the war was carried on it is hard to say, but there was steady perseverance, in spite of misunderstanding and mistakes on the part of the Americans, though the British were fast recovering the Southern States. General Wayne indeed took Stoney Point, but it had to be abandoned again, and Charleston was taken by the English under Clinton himself.

A fleet of thirty-seven ships had been fitted out by the State of Massachusetts, and attacked the British fort on the coast at Penobscot, but on the very first appearance of the English fleet the captain, Saltarstall, fled, and finding escape impossible blew up his whole fleet, all except two ships which were captured—a melancholy end to the first naval attempt of the States. Also at Camden, Lord Cornwallis beat General Gates, who lost 800 men and fled 190 miles.

There was disheartening and disappointment, and one who thought it time to have friends on the other side was Benedict Arnold, the ex-horse dealer, who had proved himself a brave general, but was jealous of Washington, and felt himself distrusted and disliked by his brother officers. He entered into a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, under a feigned name, so that Clinton did not for a long time know with whom he was exchanging letters. In 1780 he obtained the command of the fort of West Point at the mouth of the Hudson. It was the key of communication between the Eastern and Southern States; it was strongly fortified and sometimes called the American Gibraltar, and all know it now as the great military college, where all American officers are trained.

It was this post that Arnold proposed to give up to the British, and it must be remembered that in entertaining his proposals Clinton would chiefly see a man returning to his allegiance rather than a traitor to his own cause. His treachery resulted in a tragedy.

On the 23rd of September, 1780, three young scouts captured a person in civilian dress, riding over the neutral ground towards New York. They stopped him, but he showed them a pass to Mr. John Anderson from General Arnold. He said he was a British officer on business, but they were not satisfied and insisted on searching him, when they found that he carried two watches and seven guineas. They

made him take off his boots, and found there were papers in his stockings. These proved to be a letter from Arnold, and a plan of the fortifications of West Point, a list of the cannon and arms, and a memorandum from the engineer on the state of the defences, copied out by Arnold himself. André was kept a prisoner, though he made large offers for his release; but he contrived to send a note to Arnold, who had a barge waiting, and rowed off to the British quarters.

Poor André suffered for the indignation of the patriots at Arnold's treason. He was tried before Washington, Lafayette, and a Board of Commissioners, in an old Dutch church at Philadelphia, and adjudged to be a spy and to suffer as such. Sir Henry Clinton's representations were of no effect, nor was the sorrow of many who had known and loved him. He was hanged on the spot whence he had been taken, bearing himself bravely to the last, while the Americans who guarded the execution were in tears. He had been the favourite of the literary society of Lichfield and was deeply mourned. His execution was greatly resented in England, and when his body was buried in Westminster Abbey, George III. directed the inscription, "Who fell a sacrifice to his zeal for King and country." A pension was given to André's mother and sisters, and his brother was created a baronet.

Arnold received a commission in the British army, but found himself shunned and despised by the other officers. He burnt Richmond and New London, and challenged a British officer, but the answer was, "I leave you to the hangman." He retired to St. John's, New Brunswick, where he was burnt in effigy, and there died dishonoured.

Arnold was not the only discontented person. On the New Year's Day of 1781, 1,300 of the American troops in Pennsylvania, worn out by their hardships, in want of clothes, food, and pay, and the disregard of Congress to all their complaints, broke into open mutiny, killed two officers, and declared their intention of marching to Philadelphia to demand their rights. Washington, who knew they had a good deal of cause for displeasure, wrote to Wayne, who was in command at Philadelphia, to begin by calling on them to state their grievances, and persuaded Congress to send messengers to attend to their statement. Sir Henry Clinton hoped that this was a moment for bringing them back to their allegiance, and sent two messengers to them, but they only hanged the unfortunate men. In New Jersey too there was a mutiny, but this was put down and the ringleader hanged.

Lord Cornwallis, after taking Charleston, was following up his success. His plan was to leave Lord Rawdon in command at Charleston, and march through North Carolina and Virginia to rejoin Clinton at New York, but his line of march was necessarily so far from the coast as to cut off communication with it, and there were broad rivers to cross, and much still waste land.

At a place called Cowpens, January 17th, 1781, there was a sharp encounter between Colonel Tarleton, on the English side, and General Morgan, on the American. At first the British gained, but there was a

CAMEO XXII.

York Town. 1781.

rally, and Tarleton, with a few dragoons, cut his way with difficulty through the enemy, with the loss of seven hundred men.

The superior officer was General Green, a Quaker blacksmith, but who had developed much ability, and was trusted by Washington. He had raised the army from a mere skeleton to an effective force. He was beaten near Guildford Court House, but in spite of repeated successes, Lord Rawdon had to retreat, and, after a gallant little battle at Ewlan Springs, it was plain that England lost as much by a victory as if it were a defeat. "We fight, we are beaten, and fight again," he wrote; and though his army was so ill shod that their blood stained the ground, so ill provided that there was one blanket to four men, still he kept them fighting, so that his defeats served the purpose of victories, and only three seaports remained to the British in the Southern States—Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah. Moreover, the French fleet of thirty-six vessels brought the Marquis de Rochambeau and an army to the Chesapeake, while Admiral Graves, having only twenty-five ships at New York, durst not put out to meet them. Washington, at the head of 17,000 French and Americans, marched on Lord Cornwallis, whose army was reduced to 7,000, among whom disease was making heavy ravages. He withdrew into York Town, a town perched on a peninsula, enclosed by the James River and the York River, in hopes of these receiving reinforcements from Clinton, and there he entrenched himself, and prepared to stand a siege. The rivers, however, allowed Count de Grasse and his fleet to assist in the siege, which was carried on in the regular manner by the Americans, Washington himself firing the first gun. For fifteen days of October, Cornwallis held gallantly out, but his ammunition was nearly expended, his men worn out, his defences battered down, and on the 17th of October, 1781, he decided on conveying his army across the York River, and marching northwards.

Half the troops had crossed when a furious storm arose, and prevented the embarkation of the rest. No choice was left to Cornwallis but surrender, and he was forced to send a flag of truce to Washington. The surrender was on the 19th. The British troops were to march out with their colours cased, but Washington commanded that no demonstration of exaltation should be made as they passed through the two armies. But the British officers, while courteously saluting the French, would take no notice of the Americans, whom they regarded as rebels. Five days too late, the fleet, with 8,000 men, appeared off the Chesapeake. It appears that Clinton had not entirely understood the situation, and, when he did so, he could not triumph over what he called "naval obstructions." Admiral Graves was probably a worthy man, but not a Rodney.

At Philadelphia, the night watchman shouted, "Past twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken!" On the 25th of November Lord North received the despatch. He threw up his arms, and exclaimed, "It is all over!"

It was true, though the King made a steadfast speech at the opening

of Parliament, and sent out Sir Guy Carleton in the stead of Clinton. This General made no enterprises, but stopped the Indian assaults, and thus greatly diminished the hostility felt to the English.

Count de Grasse, after having assisted in the siege of York town, had gone to threaten Jamaica. His flag-ship, the *Ville de Paris*, had been a present from the city of Paris to Louis XV., and was the largest vessel then at sea. Admiral Hood did his best for the protection of the isles, but his numbers were too few to risk an engagement. However, Sir George Rodney arrived, and on the 12th of April gave battle with thirty-six ships to thirty-one larger in size and weight. The action lasted the whole day, Rodney's little bantam cock on board the *Formidable* crowing at every discharge of the cannon! The *Formidable* broke the line of French, and fought absolutely with every ship in turn. One blew up after having surrendered, and destroyed 400 French and fifty English sailors, and six more were taken. The others sailed away, but the *Ville de Paris* had to surrender, for she was riddled with holes, and had neither a sail nor a mast capable of being of service. Lord Cranstown, who was sent to receive the admiral's sword, found him standing almost alone on the quarter-deck, scarcely able to believe that his fleet could have been defeated, or the *Ville de Paris* taken. There were thirty-six chests of treasure on board to pay the troops when they had taken Jamaica. Frenchmen declared that it could not be true, for the whole English fleet could not take the *Ville de Paris!* De Grasse was a sight in London. Cowper speaks in the Colubriad of

"A viper long as Count de Grasse's queue."

The tidings, which filled London with joy, came after the Ministry of Lord North had resigned, and Lord Shelburne had come in, with William Pitt, at twenty-three, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Henry Dundas, Treasurer of the Navy. But the victory enabled England to make peace with honour, and sickened France with interfering in the matter. Peace was decided upon, and in November, 1783, Carleton left New York. On the 25th the Americans marched in.

CAMEO XXIII.

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

1779–1783.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXIII. — *Gibraltar.*

ONE of the great objects of the Spanish Court in taking up arms against England and espousing the cause of America, had been the recovery of Gibraltar. The King of Spain was Charles III., a man of respectable abilities and excellent qualities, and so devoted to the chase that there were only three days in the year that he refrained from it, and his list of achievements in sport was 539 wolves and 5,323 foxes, killed with his own hand.

He had united with his son-in-law of Portugal in expelling the Jesuits, and in destroying their missions in America. Whatever intrigues the Order had fomented or originated in Europe, and however they may have erred, out of their primary devotion to the Papacy, their missionary work had been admirable, and the break-up of their settlements in Paraguay and Brazil was cruel and ruinous to the poor Indians alike in body and soul.

It had been hinted to the English that the neutrality of Spain in the American War might be purchased by the surrender of Gibraltar, but this was thought too high a price, and a hundred grievances were piled up against Great Britain by the Spanish minister, Count Florida Blanca, when war was declared in 1779. This was the real object of Spain, and a negotiation was entered into with the Emperor of Morocco in the hope that supplies would be cut off from the Rock and sent to the Spanish camp instead.

We should try to realise the position. A glance at the map shows that the point of Tarifa is the real south cape of Spain, the actual foot of the northern pillar of Hercules. Above it, on the north-east, lies a small bay, shut in by a promontory of steep Silurian rock of gray marble on the east side. This is the Lion Rock of Gibraltar, the

Gebel-d Tarif of the Moors, 1,300 feet high. The east and north sides, are so precipitous as to be actually inaccessible, and so is Europa point, the extreme of the headland; and all these are bored with galleries opening towards the sea, the lowest of them 400 feet above it. Natural caves, some hung with stalactites, have, no doubt, been the beginning of these hollows, but they have been formed with much art. There is an isthmus connecting the promontory with the mainland, sandy, and called the neutral ground, and a causeway joins it with the town. This is closely guarded by batteries; and on the western slope of the hill looking into the bay, stand the houses of the inhabitants, military and civilian, with fortifications below them, towards the water, and wharves to shelter the shipping. The citadel, the victualling office, the barracks, and the Governor's house stand higher up. The Ape's hill, where live our only European apes, rises towards Europa point, and neither these creatures nor the wild birds who haunt there are ever shot at.

The people of the town are a mixed race of English, Spanish, Moors, and Jews; and, in peaceful times, most of the provisions are brought across from Ceuta.

The ground rises high behind the bay, and one mountain is called the Queen of Spain's Chair, from the tradition that a Queen of Spain once sat herself down there, declaring that she would not move till the place was taken. Perhaps this was the wife of Enrique IV., of Castille, in 1469, who did take the castle from the Moors, and fortified it with all the skill of the times. Sir George Rooke obtained it for the English in 1704, and it was yielded to them by the peace of Utrecht, but the loss was sorely felt by Spain, and the war on behalf of America seemed a favourable opportunity for recovering it.

A great fleet was got together at Cadiz, and a huge army was collected at San Roque, Algesiras, and the camps, and immediately after the declaration of war, commenced the siege of the great Lion Rock of Tarif. In command there was George Elliot, son of a Scotch baronet, born in 1735. He had been in the battle of Dettingen, and had distinguished himself by his talent as an engineer. Under his command were 5,382 men at the beginning of the siege, and in the bay were one line-of-battle ship, the *Panther*, and three frigates; and all was done that lay in the Governor's power to collect and secure supplies. It was on September 24, 1779, that the siege could first be said to have begun, but no one seems to have been hurt, and the fortifications within and the advances of the enemy without made progress. To take such a rock fortress, save by famine, was almost impossible, and the Spaniards had already commenced a blockade, making provisions very scarce and dear. Sir Gilbert Elliot was at all times very abstemious, living chiefly on vegetables. He lived for a week, by way of experiment, on four ounces of rice a day, taking much exercise all the time, but, though he did not suffer in strength, there were many who greatly missed meat, and especially bread. Now and then privateers forced their way in, and a Neapolitan vessel was driven

CAMEO XXIII. — *The Blockade.* 1780.

in by stress of weather, with six thousand bushels of barley—a timely relief, for people were dying of actual hunger by the beginning of the year 1780. Vegetables, by that time, were so dear that a cabbage cost one and sixpence, and a few of the outer leaves fivepence. Even fish was very expensive, as the natives, who alone could go in quest of it, made their profit and asked enormous prices. On the 10th of January, a clergyman, officiating at the burial of a soldier, was fired upon, and funerals had thenceforth to be kept within the defences. On the 12th, a woman was wounded—the first person struck during all the months of the blockade.

It is Captain Drinkwater, of the 72nd, who has recorded all these particulars, having kept a close register of events during the long trial of the English garrison. On the 13th, a brig entered the bay, in spite of the enemy—the first British flag that had been seen there for three months. The whole garrison and inhabitants rushed down to see her come in, and when it was known that she belonged to a convoy on the way to them, such cheers broke out that, for some time, nothing more could be heard.

By and by, it was known that, though the convoy had started, the crew of the brig had seen nine large ships of war, apparently on the watch to intercept it. However, in the hope that straggling ships might come in, the sloops cruised about, to be ready to help them, and the besieged were consoled, in spite of a report that the enemy were making ready for a bombardment. A few days more in came a brig laden with flour, and bringing the joyful news that Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney had, in the Portuguese seas, captured a Spanish man-of-war of sixty-four guns, two lesser ships, and fifteen merchantmen, and that he was on his way to relieve Gibraltar with twenty-one sail of the line, and numerous transports and provision ships.

Sir George Rodney was at that time sixty-two years old, and had shown himself a gallant and skilful officer in the former French war. Poverty and a numerous family caused him to take up his residence at Paris, where he got into debt, but on the outbreak of the war he yearned for employment. As his creditors would not let him go, he sent his wife to London, to try, among his old friends at Winter's Club, to get up a subscription to set him free to return. However, his return was owing to the generosity of the old Marshal Biron, who saw him pining to return, and offered him a thousand louis to release him. "All France," said the chivalrous old gentleman, "was sensible of the services he had rendered to his own country, and indignant at the treatment he suffered."

The advance was offered three times before Rodney could bring himself to accept it as a loan. Some months after his arrival, he was made commander-in-chief of the fleet on the Leeward Islands, and it was actually in that capacity that he attacked the convoy coming to Spain from the Caraccas, and proceeded to bring relief to Gibraltar. This had been intended when his commission was put into his hands, and the

CAMEO XXIII

Relief by Rodney. 1781.

title of his command was to deceive the enemy. Off Cape St. Vincent, he encountered eleven Spanish war-vessels late in the evening of the 16th of January, a stormy night, such as would have deterred any one less adventurous from making an attack; but Rodney bore down on the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Langara, and for two hours fought ship to ship in the dark. At two o'clock one of the Spanish ships blew up, and by morning Langara's flag-ship, the *Phœnix*, and three more, had been captured, two utterly disabled had run ashore, and the rest barely escaped.

In Gibraltar there was intense anxiety. One of the Caraccas prizes had brought tidings of the engagement, but there was no certainty till 11 A.M. on the 17th, when the *Apollo* brought the grand news of the victory, and two days after, the *Phœnix*, with her wounded Admiral, was brought in, and vessels continued to arrive.

Sir George Rodney and most of the fleet and prizes remained at Marbella, and thence went to Tetuan, whence the English Consul of Morocco was collecting provisions for Gibraltar, and communication was carried on. The third son of King George, Prince William Henry, was a midshipman in the *Childers*, and when the Spanish Admiral, who was a prisoner on parole, had been visiting Admiral Digby, it fell to the prince to make the announcement that the boat was ready to take him away. Great was the surprise of Don Juan. "Well does Great Britain maintain the Empire of the sea," he exclaimed, "when the humblest stations in her navy are held by princes of the blood."

Rodney, having obtained supplies for the fortress, came thither, and arranged for the exchange of prisoners, who were very grateful for the civility with which they had been treated. He also relieved the garrison of the sick and all the women and children who had not a fair store of provision, then sailed on to succour Minorca, leaving two ships of the line, the *Edgar* and the *Panther*, and two frigates.

For the blockade continued, month after month, with very few events, except the occasional arrival of vessels with provisions. It was a great blow when the Emperor of Morocco sold Tangier to the King of Spain, and expelled all Christians except Spaniards, sending off the consul, Mr. Logie and his wife, and cutting off all the supplies from the African coast. The Spaniards slowly advanced their lines, but it was not till the second April of the siege, 1781, that they actually began to bombard the place. The town took fire, and day after day there was local destruction and an exchange of cannonade on either side. Meantime, the famine of the garrison at Gibraltar was never quite as great as before Rodney's arrival, as English vessels contrived to "run the blockade"; but there was no great vigour displayed on the part of the besiegers until the Duke de Crillon arrived on the part of France.

He had undertaken to attack Minorca, and sailed out of Cadiz bay with a fine fleet of Spanish and French ships. One division went

CAMEO XXIII.

Surrender of Minorca. 1782.

with Crillon to attack Minorca, where the co-operation of the inhabitants was secure; the other, consisting of thirty Spanish ships and nineteen French ones, actually reached Torbay, and in conjunction with the Dutch did a good deal of mischief; but Sir Hyde Parker and Admiral Kempenfeldt kept good guard, and though there was no great battle, effectually defended the coast.

Crillon, meantime, was able to occupy all the island of Minorca, where General Murray, having only two British regiments and two Hanoverians, was obliged to shut himself up in Fort St. Philip. There Crillon, by Spanish instruction, offered him a bribe of £100,000 to surrender, with promises of employment in the French or Spanish service. This was the answer: "When your ancestor was desired by his sovereign to assassinate the Duke of Guise, he returned the answer which you should have done when the King of Spain charged you to assassinate the character of a man whose birth is as illustrious as your own or the Duke of Guise's. If you have any humanity, be pleased to send clothing for our unfortunate prisoners, but place it at a distance from our lines, as all contact will be at an end."

Crillon was, no doubt, ashamed of having conveyed such a proposal, for he answered civilly, but he had not strength enough for an assault, and could only blockade the place. No succours came, and famine and disease did their deadly work till the garrison was so reduced that it could not raise the ordinary guards. At last, after six months, on the 5th of February, 1782, General Murray surrendered on the most honourable terms. Fourteen thousand French and Spanish troops were drawn up so as to form an avenue, through which marched or were carried out 600 old, decrepit soldiers, 200 seamen, 125 of the artillery, twenty Corsicans, and twenty-five Moors or Jews.

The enemy stood amazed, some shed tears at their miserable condition, and every help was afforded them, Murray being treated with the utmost esteem and respect.

This work completed, Crillon sailed in April for Gibraltar, where the siege seemed endless. As time went on, Sir Gilbert Elliot made his fortifications stronger, raised vegetables for the support of his garrison, and though very careful of his ammunition, fired on occasion red hot cannon balls from the galleries in the rock, which set on fire the enemy's ships, while all the damage done by the bombardment was at once repaired. Fireships were built and made to explode in their own lines, and the place really seemed impregnable, though the King of Spain, it is said, always asked as his first question on waking in the morning, "Have we taken it?" and on hearing "No," said, "It must soon be ours."

Stimulated by the example of Prince William, Charles, Count d'Artois, brother to Louis XVI., arrived in the allied camp, and the Duke of Crillon celebrated his coming by sending Sir Gilbert Elliot a present of vegetables, fruit, ice, and a very polite letter. The Governor returned an equally civil letter, begging to be excused for not departing

from his rule of receiving nothing for his private use, and explaining that plenty of vegetables were grown in the place, so that there was no distress.

A plan had been invented by a French officer of making floating batteries out of old ships lashed together, and furnished with a rampart formed of timber and cork, filled up with wet sand. This was to be kept moist with pumps and cisterns, which were placed all over the battery ready to extinguish the flames lighted by the red-hot shot. They were roofed in with sloping coverings of wet hides, supported on strong rope network, so arranged that the balls from above might roll off into the sea. Brass cannon of a large size were provided, and d'Arcon invented a match which was to fire off a whole broadside at once. There were ten of these monsters, with 180 guns, and 1,260 men on board, and besides these there were an immense number of frigates to act as tenders to tow them into place at the head of the bay, the land army continuing the bombardment all the time.

They were towed in on the evening of the 13th of September and placed in a line across the bay, so that at 9 P.M. four hundred pieces of heavy artillery were playing at once upon the walls. The shells of the garrison at first appeared to have little effect, as they rebounded from d'Arcon's bulwarks. The red-hot shot began to be used about midnight, but at first did not produce much effect. The firing on each side was incessant, and for many hours no advantage could be perceived on either side. Morning dawned on the terrible hail of shot, shell, and what the gallant artillerymen called "roasted potatoes," as they raked the burning cannon-balls out of the great fires where they were heated. About noon it was perceived that the masts and rigging of the attendant ships were shot away enough to put them in confusion, and as the hours went on the firing slackened, and two of the huge battery ships were seen to be smoking as if on fire.

By seven o'clock all firing from the enemy had ceased. In fact, attempts were being made to withdraw the great battery ships, but they could not be stirred, and to venture in to tow them out was going into the jaws of death. For the English continued the cannonade, and there were mingled cries and groans continually coming up to them, while the terrible, lurid light of the fires illuminated the night. A wreck floated up with twelve Spanish survivors out of seventy. At one at night the largest of the battery ships was one mass of flame; another hour and the second was sharing its fate; six more were burning. Brigadier Curtis then conducted his brigade of gunboats to prevent any attempt at landing, but he soon found that his work would be to save the enemy on board their burning batteries. Some at first would not come, fancying that they would be put to the sword, but, altogether, Curtis and his boats rescued 334 soldiers, nine officers, and two priests, besides eleven Frenchmen who had floated in on a wreck. Curtis had often been in the most imminent danger. Two battery ships blew up when he was very near them, and one of the gunboats

CAMEO XXIII.
—
The Siege Raised.
1783.

was sunk, but the crew saved. Curtis's own boat had the bottom broken in and the coxswain killed. All the next day there was picking up of mangled and wounded men. There was a hope of saving the last two battery ships as trophies, but one blew up, and it was decided that it would be impossible to preserve the other, so it was burnt on the afternoon of September the 14th.

D'Arcon wrote to his King: "I have burned the temple of Ephesus. Everything is lost, and by my fault! What comforts me under my misfortune is that the honour of the two kings remains untarnished."

The loss of the Spaniards was at least two thousand, that of the English only one officer and thirteen men killed. Still, provisions were known to be short, and the Spaniards still hoped for a surrender, so, even after this great repulse, the fire from the isthmus continued, and the combined fleets hoped to intercept Lord Howe in bringing stores.

It was a splendid convoy—a hundred and fifty vessels with provisions and reinforcements, protected by thirty-four men-of-war, six frigates, and three fire-ships! They set sail early in October, but had to contend with stormy, squally weather, which scattered them off Cape Finisterre; but all joined again, and on the 11th of October the whole fleet sailed through the strait, though fifty of the enemy's ships lay in the bay off Algeciras on the watch for them. But the wind was so high from the East that only four of the provision-ships came in, the rest being driven beyond the rocks. Lord Howe, in a 100-gun ship, anchored below Europa Point, and Captain Curtis visited him in a gun-boat, and informed him that the Spanish and French fleets, all huddled together, had suffered considerably from the storms; two had been driven ashore, and the rest had gone off to the Mediterranean.

The next morning, the 14th, Lord Howe was able to throw all the fresh men, four regiments, and all the provisions, into the fortress, with plenty of ammunition to supply the huge deficit after that terrible day of fighting. Still the cannonade continued from the land, and the garrison remained in anxiety to hear of the fleets.

On October 12th, in the open sea, Lord Howe gave the allied fleets battle, with such success that they put into Cadiz to refit while he returned home. Crillon, however, continued the siege till the 9th of February, 1783, when he sent in a flag of truce, with the information that the preliminaries of peace had been signed at Paris, and that Gibraltar was to remain in the possession of Great Britain.

Hostilities ceased, but definite news did not arrive till the 10th of March. Then the generals visited one another, and the Duke of Crillon was conducted round the fortifications. The soldiers cheered him with all their might, rather startling him, till it was explained as an old English custom. He was astonished at the galleries, which he said were works worthy of the Romans, and he and Sir George Elliot parted with mutual compliments.

Honours, of course, met the gallant and constant Elliot. He was

made Grand Cross of the Bath and Earl of Heathfield. Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of him with the keys of Gibraltar in his hand, is a worthy commemoration of the man who so bravely and wisely withstood the enemy and maintained the honour of his country in a siege of three years and a half. Spain was exceedingly sorry to abandon the hope of regaining the key of the Mediterranean, and offered Oran and Porto Rico in exchange, but in vain.

Captain Curtis and Admiral Boyd were also knighted, as they well merited, and the King returned public thanks to the garrison for their manful defence of the Rock which has continued to bear our flag for another century.

CAMEO XXIV.

WARREN HASTINGS AND HYDER ALI.

1772–1784.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXIV.
—
Hastings in Bengal.
1772.

THE American war was not the only one on English hands, though the struggle with France for supremacy in India was over, and that country only opposed us by individual officers in the service of native princes.

In 1772 Warren Hastings became Governor-General of Bengal. His adventures under Clive have been related. He had since made a visit to England, and had married a German lady, divorced from her husband, but to whom he was deeply attached, and who did her part well in Calcutta society.

Since the defeat of the Nabob of Oude, the Company had become the leading power in India, but their possessions did not go beyond the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, and they had made a resolution to go no farther. The adjoining country was, however, broken up into a number of small principalities, held for the most part by Mohammedan rulers over Hindoos, maintaining themselves by exactions from their subjects and predatory wars on their neighbours, while in the mountains beyond were native fighting powers, of whom the Mahrattas (Hindoos) were the most near and thus the most dangerous, while the Sikhs, farther off, with a curious faith of their own, were the best and bravest warriors. The idea of the Company was to strengthen these Mohammedan neighbours, so as to make them what modern slang terms "buffer" states against the more warlike races in the rear; but clearer-headed people, better acquainted with the country, foresaw that this must end in the absorption of all these petty states.

Misgovernment was everywhere quite as much in the territories of the Company as in those of the native rulers. The Government officials received trifling salaries, but were allowed monopolies in

CAMEO XXIV.

Famine. 1774.

trade, and while this corrupted themselves, they winked at the shameless extortions and frauds of the native collectors under them. The Company were cheated, the people were fleeced, nobody profited but the collectors, English and Indian—true publicans. There was a great famine in 1774, and the Company found it hard to raise the heavy fine they had to pay to the home exchequer for leave to occupy land in India. These were the days when men lived in luxury and dissipation in the East and came home in old age as Nabobs—yellow, diseased, wealthy, and tyrannical. A very few chaplains were maintained by the East India Company, but were jealously prohibited from attempting to convert the Hindoos or Mohammedans, lest the anger of the native governments should be provoked; and the horrible rites of Jaghernauth, the Suttee burning of widows, and the horrid self-torture of Fakirs, went on entirely unchecked.

The Company was aware of the malpractices of their agents, and gave Hastings orders to investigate, and to prosecute the two principal native revenue officers. A merchant of Calcutta, Nuncomar, had been employed to find evidence against one of these officers. Nuncomar was disliked and distrusted by Hastings, but he was directed to employ the man, whose son Gordias, more simple and guileless, was made steward of the household of the Nawab of the district, who was a minor under the guardianship of his mother, Muni Begum.

In the mountains and valleys of Rohilcund dwelt a wild race of Afghan blood, called Rohillas or mountaineers, always in a state of turbulence among themselves and of danger to their neighbours. The Mahratta Vizier of Oude, having cause of offence with the Rohillas, wrote to Hastings to offer forty laks of rupees if the Company would assist him in reducing the Rohillas. Hastings agreed, though there had once been an alliance, and though the Rohillas fought bravely they were overcome; and the men of Oude, after being cowardly in the field, treated the conquered with cruelty that shocked the English, and was remembered against Hastings.

In 1773, the same year as the American war began, he was made the first Governor-General of India, assisted by four members of council—Francis, Clavering, Monson, and Barwell, who had been long in India. The officers landed on a very hot day in October, 1774, at noon, when the heat interfered with the honours of the procession and the Governor-General had not arrayed himself in the stiff splendours they thought due to them.

The three first-named had come out with a strong prejudice against Hastings and a determination to prove his whole proceedings corrupt. They reversed all his policy, and made every possible inquiry that could stir up accusations against him, and Nuncomar was not slow in responding. The accusations were to be brought forward at the council. Three times Hastings refused to preside at a council to judge himself on the accusation of Nuncomar, though he was ready to submit to a committee of investigation. The fourth time he left the council chamber with

CAMEO XXIV.
—
Trial of Nuncomar.
1775.

his friend Barwell, leaving the chair to General Clavering, before whom Nuncomar swore to having paid large sums to the Governor, and presented a Persian letter, sealed with the seal of Muni Begum, to Nuncomar, stating that she had given large bribes to Hastings. The three councillors issued orders that he should refund the money, amounting to £35,000.

Three or four days later, Mohun Persid, one of the native witnesses, called on Hastings and averred that he and many others were prepared to show that an English witness (Mr. Fowke), Nuncomar, and several others were guilty of conspiracy against the Governor. Thereupon Hastings decided on a prosecution, and Mohun Persid made his depositions before the judges of the Supreme Court, one of whom, Sir Elijah Impey, was an old schoolfellow of Hastings, and a great friend. They committed Fowke and Nuncomar for trial, allowing them to be bailed, but in the interval the three councillors took the unprecedented step of making a state call on Nuncomar at his house.

The Begum denied ever having dictated the letter that had been produced, or having any knowledge of it, and another Hindoo came forward and charged Nuncomar with another forgery of a bond! On this the judges sent him to jail, resolving to deal with him after English law, according to which forgery was a capital offence, though the Eastern mind held it very lightly. The councillors revenged the denial of the Begum by taking from her the tutelage of her son, and giving it to Gordias, the son of Nuncomar.

They demanded Nuncomar's release on bail, but were answered that forgery was unbailable, and that he must await his trial in prison. At the trial there were endless native witnesses on either side, and the only thing the judges could do was to cast the balance between them. The decision was that Nuncomar was guilty, and Sir Elijah Impey, putting on the black cap, gave sentence that he should be hanged. No doubt the man was a rascal, and had committed malicious forgeries, but the hardship in the affair was that to the East Indian mind the crime was by no means heinous, only a mere trick prompted by the utter lack of truth and spirit of intrigue, universal among Hindoos. Nuncomar was a Brahmin of high rank, strict in all the offices of his religion, and that the Sahibs should put him to an ignominious death was utterly incredible to himself and to his countrymen.

But he behaved with Eastern dignity and composure, took leave of his friends without a sigh, overlooked his accounts carefully, walked erect and composedly, only seemed to care that the cloth to be tied over his face should not be handled by an Englishman, and stood under the gibbet like a bronze statue. The thousands of Hindoos who witnessed the scene burst into cries and yells of execration, and rushed away to bathe in the Ganges, to wash themselves from the pollution of having witnessed the death of a Brahmin by such means.

Generosity on Hastings' part would have spared the man, but we cannot wonder at his willingness to remove a person whom he knew to

CAMEO XXIV.

Duel between Hastings and Francis. 1778.

be an unscrupulous villain, the willing instrument of his enemies. There was retribution in store.

One of these enemies was removed by the death of Colonel Monson, in September, 1776, leaving Clavering and Francis on one side, Hastings and Barwell on the other, but Hastings had the casting vote. However, Hastings had sent his resignation to England. It was accepted by the Ministry, but not by the directors. Mr. Wheler was appointed to succeed him, Clavering to take his place till Wheler could come out. However, Hastings refused to yield to Clavering, and appealed to the judges, who agreed that he was not bound to give way when there was no warrant from the Company.

Finally, he retained his Governorship, and Clavering, whose health was already shattered, died two months later, and the East Indian policy was wholly in Hastings' hands, for Wheler was generally ready to act only as councillor, and Francis could only oppose the Governor and lay up accusations for the future.

A war with the Mahrattas was decided upon, in favour of one of their competing chiefs, all the more because there were French emissaries at Poonah, and the war between France and England had been declared in 1778. However, Ragula, the pretender, whose cause had been taken up, proved a failure; the sepoys could not stand against the splendid Mahratta cavalry, and the campaign was unsuccessful.

The fortress of Gwalior, which belonged to a chief under British protection, had been taken by the Mahrattas. This was remedied by a gallant exploit of Colonel Popham, who stormed and retook the place; but Francis had disapproved of the expedition, and would not consent to reinforce the troops of Popham in that quarter, in spite of a promise not to interfere with the Governor's operations.

Hastings then drew up a minute of the council complaining bitterly of the want of faith shown to him. "I judge of his public conduct by my experience of his private, which I have found void of truth and honour."

This was read in council, and immediately after Francis challenged Hastings. They fought at a distance of fourteen paces. Twice Francis' pistol failed, and after the second time Hastings returned the shot, and inflicted a wound that compelled his adversary to return to England, where he watched his opportunity against Hastings. And a dangerous opportunity was preparing.

Hyder Ali, it may be remembered, was an able chieftain who had become Sultan of Mysore, and had already had a sharp war with the English.

He had long been concocting schemes with the French, and in 1780, after prayers in all the mosques and in the Hindoo temples, he dashed through the Ghauts with 15,000 infantry drilled, 40,000 peons or native-fashioned troops, 20,000 cavalry, 2,000 artillery, officered by French and other European adventurers, and with a staff of French officers to direct operations.

Madras, which was a separate Presidency, had only 6,000 soldiers,

CAMEO XXIV. — *Conjeveram.* 1780.

including sepoys, scattered over a wide extent of country in different cantonments. The country was devastated, Trichinopoli was constantly receiving fugitives, and flames could be seen every night from Mount St. Thomas. Conjeveram, close to Trichinopoli, was taken, and Madras itself began to be deserted in terror, while a fast sailing ship was sent off to Calcutta, begging the Governor-General for help and, above all, for money. Money was the absolute need if India was to be secured. Hastings was in the greatest distress as to the means of raising it alike for Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. He had a conference with the Nawab of Oude, Asaf el Dowlah, who was much in debt to the Company, and who pointed out that there was a huge treasure in reserve, appropriated by the two Begums, his mother and grandmother, with which he could pay his debt to the Company and maintain his court, if the Council would withdraw a guarantee they had given to the ladies that he should not meddle with them.

Hastings had voted against the guarantee, and knew that the Begums had used their wealth to foment insurrection. He withdrew the guarantee; as Asaf el Dowlah was timid in enforcing the surrender, he assisted with the Company's troops. The ladies received pensions, and Hastings was enabled to maintain the war, though the successes were balanced and the losses of Englishmen dreadful. But the Carnatic was saved and the prestige of England was preserved.

On September 10, 1780, one division, under Colonel Baillie, was surrounded near Conjeveram by Hyder's whole army with sixty cannon. The men, partly Highlanders, were exhausted, but kept their ground nobly, repelling charge after charge, and firing as if from a machine. The Nawab was almost ready to give up in despair, but the French encouraged him, and repeated attacks were made, while still the English troops held out, in hopes of Colonel Monro coming to their relief; but giving up hope at last, he put his handkerchief on the end of his sword and thus asked quarter.

After a delay it was promised, provided the arms were laid down, but the instant this was done, the enemy's cavalry, maddened with opium, rushed in and began a general slaughter. The French officers besought Hyder to refrain, and succeeded in persuading him that he would be wiser to keep a number of prisoners; and thus they saved the lives of about two hundred. Thirty-six officers were killed, fifty-four taken, many of whom died of their wounds for want of treatment.

One of the captains was John Lindsay, of the Balcarres family, a brother of the Colin Lindsay, whose adventures in St. Lucie have been given. After being nearly suffocated in the throng crowding to the centre, he held out a bag of pagodas to one of the Mahratta horsemen, who snatched it, but stripped him nearly naked, then wounded him, and rode away. Lindsay fainted, and only revived to find a dead man lying on him, slain by a pike-thrust that had penetrated his own shoulder. He was raised up and pulled out by one of his own soldiers, who, seeing some French soldiers, advised him to go to them. They protected him

and took him to their officer, who had him placed on an elephant; but his brave private was killed in the general massacre.

From the elephant's back Mr. Lindsay could see Hyder Ali in a blue silk jacket, with a red turban, riding at the head of his men, and conversing with his French allies. As long as the prisoners were in their hands there was humane treatment, but Hyder Ali insisted on them being delivered up to him. They were ranged in a circle round him, and he bade them eat, drink, and be happy.

How far he meant it is doubtful, but the usage they received from his subordinates was terrible. The French officers did what they could, by remonstrance and subscriptions, but this did not amount to anything like what was needed by wounded men, with hardly any garments to wear. In that condition they were dragged about in the rear of his army to his further attempts, and finally to Seringapatam. Lindsay had the comfort of the presence of his friend David Baird, and they bore their many sufferings as cheerfully as they could, but these were very severe. The few knives and forks among the whole party were taken away, and their only six books were not allowed to be left in prison at night lest they should use them for incantations. Irons were put on their legs, and they, as well as the privates, were offered liberty and pay if they would drill the native troops, which, of course, all refused.

Hyder, meantime, had besieged Arcot, but Sir Eyre Coote, who had come out as Governor of Bengal, had taken up the defence, and met with considerable success, though varied.

Meantime, a French armament had been despatched to the Isle of Bourbon with hopes of recovering Pondicherry. M. de Suffren, a Knight of Malta, arrived on the coast. Fortunately for him the timid Admiral of the fleet, who would undertake nothing, died at sea, and he attempted to retake Negapatam but did not succeed, though he arrived safely at Gondalore. Hearing that Hyder Ali wished to see him, he landed and was escorted to Hyder's camp by a brilliant troop of cavalry. The Nawab received him by saying, "I thought myself a great man, but now I see that you only are great."

The Admiral was really great, bodily, and could hardly manage to sit on a carpet in Eastern fashion. Hyder caused a pile of cushions to be brought for him, and when he announced that Bussy Castelnau, the son-in-law and Lieutenant of Dupleix, was coming out as Commander-in-chief, he was answered, "If you remain all will be well," and the Nabob took a diamond aigrette from his turban to fasten it on the Admiral's cocked hat, but when invited to come and see the fleet, he answered, "I only came out to see you, I care not to go farther."

He was, in fact, in declining health, and the ensuing measures were indecisive, both by sea and land.

Tippoo had another victory over an isolated body of English, but Colonel Fullerton was gaining brilliant successes in the district of Mangalore, when the news came of peace between England and France.

CAMEO XXIV.
—
Death of Hyder Ali.
1781.

The French troops were withdrawn, and Tippoo was forced to sign a treaty, and to release the prisoners who had been captive for four years, in irons for three, and were reduced to skeletons by ill-health and privation. Colonel Baillie had died a few months before, and other officers had been poisoned. The poor lads who had been coerced into Mohammedanism were claimed by the tyrant, and thus the war ended with Tippoo scotched, but not crushed, and an account to be demanded of Hastings for his doubtful transactions.

Hyder was at least eighty-two years old when he died, in 1781, this very winter, of a disease called, by the Mohammedans, the crab, because it began with a swelling shaped like that creature on the back; by the Hindoos, the rajah boil, because it was supposed to be the special enemy of princes.

His son, Tippoo Sahib, whose name meant the "Tiger," was thirty years old, more educated, and more dangerous. He pursued the war vigorously, and came upon an incompetent and, unfortunately, rapacious Englishman, General Matthews, whom he captured at Bednore, and caused to be poisoned in prison.

In March, a detachment of French landed and joined Tippoo's forces but were defeated by Coote at Porto Novo. Soon after Coote died.

CAMEO XXV.

BEFORE THE STORM.

1778—1785.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXV.

Gaiety in France.

HOPES had come in with Louis XVI. of effecting some change in the dead-lock to which France had come. He was an exceedingly conscientious man, but dull and inert, though not so dull as his shy manner and obese form made him appear. His pleasure was in books and in mechanics, and he had a room fitted up in the attics of Versailles, where he enjoyed becoming a locksmith and a watchmaker.

Marie Antoinette began the first years of her reign with the same thoughtless extravagance as had marked her girlish days, always with a warm heart and gay spirits. She wore the highest of headgear, the most splendid of dresses on state days, but her equal delight was to put on white muslin, and play at farming in her pretty Swiss cottage and dairy at Trianon, where she made a kind of Arcadia. Sometimes, in this half incognito she wandered in the gardens of the Tuilieries in the twilight, mingling with the crowd, and laughing away hints that imprudence led to scandal.

And the French, whose grandfathers had seen monstrous excesses in Louis XV. and the Orleans family, so nearly related to royalty, imagined that these follies of a light heart meant wickedness! And what had been tolerated, rather as the mythical excesses of Jupiter and Olympus had been accepted, was now viewed as hateful in the "Austrian."

Nor did the grave King understand or share her amusements, nor understand that his company would have been her protection. He found the opera dull, and went away from it; and the giddy Queen aided and abetted the putting on of the clock that he might go to bed the earlier, and leave her free for her girlish diversions. Nor would he

CAMEO XXV.

Sleighing parties.

dance at carnival balls, while she went on untired till seven o'clock in the morning. She had a beautiful sledge, which is still to be seen at Versailles, and had sleighing parties over the snow in a hard winter; but Louis waved his hand towards carts containing loads of wood for the poor, and said, "Madame, these are my sledges." She actually called him "*le pauvre homme*," in one of her Vienna letters, and thus brought on herself a severe reprimand from her mother, to whom she had to explain that it was a sort of colloqualism that meant no harm nor offence.

The household, which had come by inheritance to Louis, was a fearful burthen on the state. The policy which Sully had begun, and Louis XIV. had carried to the utmost, had always been to multiply offices, and make as many of the noblesse as possible dependent on the Crown. What was fair means of conciliating the disaffected, had in lapse of time become oppression to the country and corruption to the nobility themselves.

To begin with, there were between the King, Queen, princes, and princesses, 250 pages, from nine years old to eighteen, each of whom must have had 200 years of noble descent, and 600 livres a year pocket money. All other expenses were paid by the Sovereign, and rooms provided, splendid dresses, and tutors and masters of every kind, though on the word of one of their number, they seldom learnt anything but riding, fencing and dancing. The fagging system was as regular an institution as in any English public school, and often very tyrannical towards the younger boys—while duels often took place, in spite of prohibitions among the elders. What might have been an admirable public school was allowed, through neglect, to become a place of unrestraint and corruption.

Above these pages was the bodyguard, 1,300 in number, and all noble, very splendid, highly paid for three months' duty in the year, and apt to be very dissipated and very insubordinate, knowing very little of real military duty, but highly ornamental. One company was called Scotch, though actual Scotsmen had long ceased to form it, and the Swiss Guard was far more effective.

Besides these, and the endless number of grooms and servants who attended on them, there was a proportionate number of actual attendants. Here is a specimen of the King's levée. He rose actually at about seven in the morning, and refreshed himself with a solitary walk on the roof of the palace at Versailles, taking a telescope so that he could look over all Paris. At half past eleven, all who had the *entrée* were collected in the Œil de Bœuf, a great gallery which took its name from an oval window like an eye. It led to the King's apartments on one side, to the Queen's on another, and was the way to the chapel.

Presently the King in walking dress went into his room of state, and the more select, who had *les grandes entrées*, had the privilege of handing him his shirt and stockings. It was the same on the Queen's side; only the lady of highest rank present could hand her these

garments. And when a whole succession of grandes dames came in, one at the heels of the other, poor Marie Antoinette had to stand shivering till the last had arrived. This done, the chamberlain called out "The first entrée," and in came all the doctors, and the other servants of the wardrobe, to see his Majesty dressed all but his coat, when "*La Chambre*" was proclaimed, and in came all the rest who had been waiting in the Œil de Bœuf. Before this, when more visitors, not of rank, had been admitted, the King knelt down by his state bed, within a railing, and said a short prayer, his chaplains standing round. After this, he received petitions and proceeded to his dressing-room, where his hair was powdered and dressed, then a short time was spent in the council room, and afterwards, joining the Queen and her train in the Œil de Bœuf, he went to Mass.

Going to bed was attended with equally elaborate ceremonies, and the great subject of rivalry was who should be appointed to hold the taper stand while the King said his prayers. In case he should be hungry in the night, a loaf, two bottles of wine, and one of iced water stood by his bedside, called his *encas*. Louis XIV. used to have a cold chicken, but Louis XVI. never touched this provision, though by day he was a hungry man, and constitutionally very stout and large. His sister, Madame Clotilde, was likewise very much fatter than was graceful. The populace called her *grosse madame*, and laughed at her figure, but she was most amiable and unselfish, and was much beloved in her new home when she married the Duke of Savoy. Her sister Elizabeth was a sweet and saintly being, beloved by all, and with more ability than her brothers, as may be seen in her letters to her friend, Madame de Raigecour. She loved to spend days with the pupils at St. Cyr. She was very well informed, and knew Italian and Latin, and her great delight was in a pretty house and garden at Montboron, but etiquette forbade her sleeping there till she should be of age.

Of the four daughters of Louis XV. Madame Sophie died two years after him, Louise, the nun, lived peacefully happy in her convent till 1787, when she was taken away from the evil to come.

Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire chiefly lived at Belle Vue, or at a little house at Versailles, where their sharp, censorious tongues did not make them popular, and unfortunately there was no lack of subjects on which to employ them.

The King's shyness was a real disadvantage. He was a great reader, and thought much with the best intentions, but he seemed to have no power of carrying anything out.

His next brother, Louis, Count of Provençe, was philosophical, held aloof and sneered. The Count of Artois was handsome, gay, and dissipated, and joined the Queen in all her diversions, her sham Arcadia and theatricals at Trianon, and the gambling which was too frequent when the King was disposed of in bed. Thus far he alone had children. His eldest son, the Duke of Angoulême, was born when he was only eighteen, and was looked on as the possible heir.

CAMEO XXV.

The Orleans family.

The present head of the House of Orleans was an old man who had kept aloof from court, and in his old age had made a left-handed marriage with Madame de Montessor. His eldest son, the Duke of Chartres, was a brilliant, active young man, full of theories, and this time full of a passion for everything English, whereas Marie Antoinette declared that the name of Pitt made her feel like the little death, *i.e.*, shudder. The Duke of Orleans had been much concerned in bringing about a marriage for this son. The inheritance of the House of Guise had, by Louis XIV., been settled on the sons of Madame de Montespan, and now was held by their descendant, the Duke of Penthièvre. His only son, the Prince de Lamballe, was said to have been dissipated, but had legally married a lovely Breton peasant girl, who, however, soon died. He was broken hearted, and was dying gradually of consumption when his parents married him to a surpassingly lovely maiden of seventeen, Marie Therèse Louise, daughter of the Prince of Carignan, of the House of Savoy. She had a German mother, from whom she inherited marvellously beautiful hair of flaxen gold, and a fair complexion like one of Raffaelle's virgins. The poor prince continued to languish, though she gave him the tenderest care and affection, and it was plain that his sister would be the greatest heiress in France. Her father had made two or three attempts to secure a royal prince for her, but her own vehement affection was set on the Duke of Chartres, though she had only seen him once, when he handed her to the carriage. After many pros and cons, between interest and ambition, the two were married with great splendour in May 1768, as soon as the mourning for the Prince de Lamballe was over. His young widow declared that nothing should induce her to marry again, and she kept her word, always wearing a certain pensive expression, though she soon became quite ready to enter into any kind of gaiety. A story was told only too true, that when the Duke of Chartres took her with his wife and his aunt, Princess of Conti, to Mousseux, a sort of French Vauxhall, to avoid recognition as they returned, he rode postillion, and Madame de Lamballe drove as coachman, while the lady in waiting, the Countess of Hunolstein, swung as footman behind! She was devoted and affectionate, good, religious, and conscientious, but not in the least intellectual, and thus she exactly suited the Queen, and enjoyed all her frolics, sleighing beside her in a charming dress of ermine and swansdown that enhanced her fair beauty. She took rank as a princess of the house of Savoy, and this set many of the ladies against her. Gradually the Queen seemed to prefer to her the Marquise de Guemenée, a not very satisfactory woman, and the Comtesse Jules de Polignac, and this wounded her deeply. The Comtesse de Polignac was another of the lively society of the Court, and their follies and frivolities were infinitely contemned by the Comtesse de Sillery Genlis, niece of Madame de Montessor, at first secretary to the Duchess of Chartres, afterwards governess to the children.

She was a woman of considerable ability, whose mind had been

CAMEO XXV.

The Orleans family.

opened by Rousseau's system, and who wrote with much brightness books for children, one of which, *Les Veillées du Château*, still survives, and gives an amusing idea of French society. The *Château* is in Burgundy, and the family repair to it while the father is away campaigning, going in a huge *berline*, and with the maids in terror of wolves. The children are entertained with stories told by the mother and grandmother, in which the young lady who had her doll's hair dressed by Léonard, the fashionable hairdresser, is sent to rusticate and recover her health in a Swiss cow-house ; where a gentleman neighbour has expiated an imprudent marriage by being imprisoned under a *lettre de cachet* ; where Alphonse, escaping from the Lisbon earthquake, travels with a learned Dane, and beholds wonders which gauge the contemporary amount of science ; and, best of all, the Palace of Truth, where every one was obliged to speak as he thought, and nothing save an author's vanity was proof against the unpleasant revelations. Other children's books appeared at this era, Berquin's *Ami des Enfans*, and *Les Conversations d'Emilie*, the superior in delicate French irony. It was crowned by the Academy instead of the *Veillées*, to Madame de Genlis's intense mortification. Her *Adèle et Théodore* was a series of letters on education, very amusing, especially when those on the training of a young prince are read by the light of the lady's own pupils, the children of the Duke of Chartres, who certainly realised all her theories.

The Princess de Lamballe first observed that the intimacy between the Duke of Chartres and the governess was more than was desirable, and thenceforth arose a very bitter hatred and contempt in the circle of the Palais Royal for the surroundings of the Queen. Nor is there any doubt that these were frivolous and extravagant, even in their charities, such as a benevolent young lady's highly praised action of obtaining a pension for her dancing master, nobody realising that this was wrung from a starving peasantry. The Emperor Joseph II. paid a visit to the Court, and though he admired his sister's beauty he did not spare her follies.

"Is not my head well dressed ?" she said.

"Oui."

"That is a very dry Oui."

"To tell the truth, Madame, I find it too light to wear a crown."

He teased her about the rouge which she wore.

"Lay on more ! Paint like a fury, like yonder lady."

He sharply told disagreeable truths, which the King took helplessly, but in good part, yet which were recollected and stored against the Austrians by the vain Parisians.

Society, while so splendid, was in many respects coarse, as we discover from the reports of current jokes, even at the Palace : and in the memoir left by Gouverneur Morris, an American who spent several years at Paris. Not only was it common for ladies to receive male visitors in their bedrooms, but one lady entertained company while in her bath, filled with milk and water for *modesty's* sake, and another

CAMEO XXV.

Madame de Rochefoucauld.

was attended upon by a gentleman while sitting with her feet in warm water for a cold.

Perhaps these were matters of custom, but the evil habits of the last reigns were not effaced, though there were those who moved about the corrupt world "like some bright angel o'er the darkling scene."

Such was Elisabeth, the King's young sister, a bright, lively creature, full of ardour for all that was good, who lived for the most part at her farm in the country, and though much loved both by her aunts and by the Queen kept aloof from the petulant fault-finding of the first and the idle diversions of the second, and read and thought deeply. Such were the five daughters of the Duke d'Ayen, of the Noailles family, and their mother, who had bred them up to be most faithful and religious women. Madame de La Fayette was one of these, and all were to go through the ordeal of suffering most nobly.

Such again was Augustine de Montmirail, Duchess in her own right of Dondeauville. Her father died in her earliest infancy, and she was brought up by an excellent, but strict mother according to the oldest habits of French noblesse. The two sisters were to eat whatever was set before them, and once poor little Augustine was locked up all day with a plate of carrots till she had contrived to swallow them. She was for three years under Madame le Prince de Beaumont as governess a lady who afterwards taught in England, and wrote a series of instructive conversations, called *Le Magasin des Enfans*, in French for her English scholars, Lady Sensée, Lady Spirituelle, Lady Tempête, Miss Molly, and little Lady Mary, the first series ranging from histories from Genesis to Prince Cheri's ring and simple geography, and the last tells of curious anecdotes of French society, and advice to poor "Miss Molly," who has a bad husband.

For having hesitated in answering a question, poor Augustine de Montmirail was sent for six months to a convent; but she was much happier there than at home, where she was always being punished for the slightest failure in etiquette, and made to dine at a side table if she made an awkward curtsey. Two hours a day were spent in dressing her hair, her maid hurting her so much that she could only endure by thinking of the Crown of Thorns.

One day, when the operation had been worse than ever, so brilliant a dress was produced that she gazed in astonishment, and the maid said, "Is it possible that Mademoiselle does not know that the Vicomte de Rochefoucauld is coming to ask her in marriage for his son?" The poor girl hurried to her mother, and begged to be allowed to devote herself and her fortune to religion and charity; but she was answered frigidly that marriage was her fate, and she must observe the youth well, for if he did not please her, her mother would find another."

"I need not observe him, mother; for if I must marry, let it be him whom you have chosen."

At the reception Augustine, in her radiant beauty of fifteen, was presented to a little pale, shy boy of thirteen, who durst not even

CAMEO XXV.

The Young Bride.

speak to her, and whose first exclamation on hearing that he was to be married had been, "I shall have no more fun!"

The young lady, when asked how she liked him, said, "Just as much as any one else."

Under these hopeful circumstances the wedding took place on the 10th of April, 1779, with a cardinal to perform it, but the two young things hardly looked at each other. The boy was sent off with a tutor into the country, the girl put under the charge of her mother-in-law, not to continue her education, but to be taken to court and to be in society. She was very beautiful, and splendidly dressed, and when the two ladies came into a salon the hostess cried out "Light the candles," and every lady rose up to look at the lovely bride.

She was naturally very shy, and her deep sense of religion made her exceedingly afraid of vanity and admiration, so that all this was misery to her, and especially the being selected to dance in a royal quadrille, with seven other beauties, who had to practise together repeatedly under a master. Their conversation shocked her, and her silence and gravity offended them. They made up a scheme that on the great night, a Sunday, they would detain Léonard, the Court hair dresser, so long over their heads that he should not have time to make her fit to be seen! One of them paid her a visit in her room to enjoy the distress they thought she would be in; but found her quietly reciting her vespers, and glad of the delay.

When Léonard came he exclaimed, "Ah! it is all their spite, but I will in five minutes make madame as perfect as any of them." And he did so.

Her beauty and rank caused her to be selected for making the collection after mass in the chapel at Versailles, on the great occasion of the reception of Knights of the St. Esprit, for such is still the curious fashion in France, to entrust the offertory gathering to the most attractive ladies of the congregation. Her success was such that when the Czarowitch Paul of Russia made a fleeting visit to Paris she was selected again, in order to impress him with the excellence of the Roman Catholic Church, and the Queen lent her a set of diamonds. What Paul thought of it does not appear.

All the time Augustine was deeply pious, keeping a strong restraint over herself. She had stipulated that she should daily attend mass, but this was eluded by the Rochefoucauld family, and she could only carry it out on Sundays and greater festivals.

The Rochefoucaulds were given to modern philosophy, and did all they could to obstruct and deride her religious practices, but she persevered, and was so gentle and loving that in time she won over her mother-in-law, and then her sister-in-law.

To her great joy, it proved that her young husband was leading the same life of steadfast resistance. He had been bred up during his earliest years by a good nurse, who had taught him his Catechism, and made him say this constant short prayer among others, "My God, save my heart from being corrupted with false doctrine."

CAMEO XXV. — *Necker.*

His parents gave him an infidel tutor, but after hearing this man's sneers and arguments, he always went to his bedside and repeated his nurse's prayer. Now and then he was allowed to see his wife, but always in the presence of the rest of the family. However, the two young creatures discovered each other's sentiments, and began a correspondence which was suspected by their elders, and one day Augustine found that all her husband's letters had been taken out of her desk!

His father took him on a journey to Italy, and when they returned, the whole family were drawn up to receive them. The youth in a fit of shy emotion, sat back in the carriage without moving till his father pushed him forward, when he sprang out and rushed blindly with open arms, embracing the first person he came to, crying, "My dear wife, how glad I am to see you at last!"

It was an old house steward of sixty! But from that moment the worst troubles of the young pair were over, and they were allowed to be a devoted and affectionate husband and wife. Madame de Rochefoucauld was fond of real study, and steadily read history, as well as devotional books, but the most intellectual circle was that of Madame Necker, whose husband, the able Swiss banker, had been called in to attempt to regulate the hopeless confusion of French finance.

He was a heavy, grave, worthy man, of considerable ability and honesty, but not equal to the truly impossible task he had undertaken. His wife, Susanne Curchod, was a Swiss pastor's daughter, and had for a time taken pupils at Geneva. She was a woman of great intellectual power, and Gibbon, the historian, had been much in love with her, and only refrained from marrying her on his father's prohibition. Afterwards when a governess, she attracted Necker's attention and they married. Both were religious and Protestant, and the circle of the lady's salon included all that was most scientific in Paris, and most brilliant in wit and learning. Their little daughter Germaine already showed tokens of becoming the cleverest woman in Europe, and the joke among the malicious friends was that her mother could only preserve her ascendency over her, by the admonition when she was bending forward in eager talk, "*Redressez vous, Germaine.*" Once the child proposed to marry her mother's old lover, Gibbon, that they might enjoy his conversation, and once there was actually a proposal of giving her to William Pitt, but she ended by marrying the Baron de Staël, the Swedish Ambassador, chiefly because he promised never to separate her from her parents, whom she idolised, especially her father.

This salon was chiefly occupied with science and literature, and here was read aloud for the first time Bernardin de St. Pierre's *Paul et Virginie*, a tropical romance, which between scenery and sentiment, drove the ladies wild with admiration. Philosophy only found a home there on its nobler side, not on its incredulous and discontented musings.

Discontent, truly, there could not help being in the present condition of the country, and there was a large and educated mass, belonging chiefly to the grade of the law, and of bourgeois, who nourished their

CAMEO XXV.

Birth of the Dauphin.

schemes and classical passions with all their might, Manon Philipson is the type of these, going to church with Plutarch under her arm instead of her breviary, and enchanting every one by her beauty and wit, railing at the Queen and the aristocracy as the source of all evils.

A change had come over Marie Antoinette, when after eight years of marriage, on December 19th, 1778, a daughter was born to her! Two hundred persons of rank claimed the right to be at hand, and according to a strange custom the whole mob of Paris pressed into the chamber, so that the poor Queen was almost killed by the stifling heat, and the King broke the windows to admit air.

On her churching day, a hundred bridegrooms and brides, portioned by her, were married at Notre Dame, a favourite form of "largesse" in those days. The same had been done when the Emperor Joseph married his short-lived wife. That the child was a daughter was a disappointment, but the Queen declared that whereas a son would belong to the State, a daughter would be wholly her own, and Marie Thérèse, or Madame Royale, as the little girl was always termed, was declared by a Court poet to be a Grace, the harbinger of Cupid himself.

Cupid, otherwise the Dauphin, did arrive in 1781, not in the midst of such an intolerable crowd, but the next day fifty poissardes in thick black silk and diamonds were admitted to the Queen's bedside, and the best scholar of the party read an address, written for her by La Harpe on the inside of a fan. Moreover a song was current among the fishwomen purporting that even if Versailles became an ant hill of princes, there would be bread and laurels for all! When the little son of the Count de Artois was taken to see the future King (as was supposed) he exclaimed, "Ah! how small my cousin is."

"You will find him large enough, my boy," said the Count, scarcely able to hide his vexation, and little guessing that the Crown of France was destined for him alone of all the three.

It was about this time that Edmund Burke saw the Queen in all the splendour of her beauty and happiness, and received an impression that he never forgot. She was happier than ever, for her husband's indifference had warmed into active affection, and she had laid aside much of her giddy folly and extravagance, under the influence of motherhood, and likewise of regret for her own noble mother, who died between the births of her two elder children, who were followed by two more, the Duke of Normandy and Princess Sophie.

She was an excellent and affectionate mother, and devoted as much time as she possibly could to the care of her little ones. She unfortunately made choice of a disreputable woman to be governess of the children of France, the Princesse de Guémenée, an inveterate gambler for high stakes, and who was suspected of cheating. The Queen liked her for having been her friend in the earliest days of the shyness of the young girl, and also because, unfortunately, high play was pleasant to her, and because Mesdames de Polignac and de Lamballe were always to be found at her evenings, which were an atmosphere of freedom and merriment.

CAMEO XXVI.

THE MUTTERINGS OF THE STORM.

1770-1788.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXVI.

The Church.

To understand the helpless condition of deadlock into which t unhappy land of France had drifted, it is needful to take a gener survey.

First as to the Church. By the Concordat between Clement VI and François I., patronage had virtually been given over to the Kin who appointed to all the Bishoprics and the Abbeys. Now and th this was done conscientiously, but far more often from political motiv or personal favour in the many ramifications. Bishoprics were ver numerous, having begun in the primitive Christian Roman times in Gau when there was a bishop for almost every city. The great Archbishopri were filled by great nobles' sons, the provincial Bishoprics given t oblige some friend. The priests of the parishes were chosen by th bishops, and these last seemed to have fairly fulfilled their duty, man of them having been educated at St. Sulpice and other theologic seminaries set on foot by St. Vincent de Paul and his friends.

The grand old historical abbeys were prizes for the sons of powerfu families, abbots only in title, for the splendid old foundations of th Benedictines and Cistercians were almost as much deserted as the English contemporaries. Where there was real zeal for a monastic lif it found an outlet in the recently founded or "reformed" orders, suc as La Trappe. The lesser abbeys and their daughter houses were commonly bestowed as a maintenance to non-residents that L'Abb came to be, and indeed still is, the designation of any one of the clergy

The mendicant orders survived, especially the Capuchins, but wer chiefly recruited from the poorer classes.

The nunneries were not so deserted, chiefly because they were plac of education for little girls, and prosperous endowments for superfluo

CAMEO XXVI.

Privileges of the Nobles.

daughters. The younger children of noble families were almost always provided for in the Church, the sons either as Abbés, or as Knights of Malta, the daughters in convents. Some nunneries, following the system of St. Cyr, gave a very excellent education and admirable training, others were very lax, letting the girls do much as they pleased, and play audacious tricks on the nuns, and chiefly instructing them in formal observances, and in heraldry.

All alike, bishops, monks, and nuns, had large estates, bestowed on them by ancient piety, and exempt from taxation, the theory being that the clergy were to pray for the King, while the nobles were to fight for him.

Therefore the nobles were equally free, and not only the head of the family, but all its members to the remotest generation—for the younger ones did not descend into the commonalty as in England. The taxes were thus wholly paid by the peasants, farmers, tradespeople, and lawyers, the last of whom were sometimes in minor orders, and held small benefices, or purchased or were granted nobility, chiefly in order to escape taxation. These were far from being regarded as of equal rank with the true hereditary nobles, whatever their titles might be, and these being taken from estates, did not convey the same idea of position as in England.

A *Pair de France* was the head of a family that had belonged to the original old kingdom of France, and had a right to sit in the parliament of France, but this had dwindled to a mere court of justice, and could do no more than try causes and register the King's edicts.

It was the same with the other provincial parliaments, all of which had to put into force the old laws and customs of their own province, but had no jurisdiction over the country in general, no influence on policy, no power over the taxation.

The nobility, who included, as has been said, all cadets of the higher classes, and all who were gentlemen of old family were free from taxation, and were alone permitted to hold commissions in the army or navy, promotion being absolutely impossible to men of inferior birth. They had no other power, they could do nothing for their own peasants, scarcely even remit their dues, or improve their dwellings without being reported by the *Intendant du Roi* for sowing disaffection. A little private charity was all that could be attempted by the very best, and it certainly appears, at least in the story books of the time, that this was requited with fervent gratitude, and that there were Sunday evening dances on the village green, in which the young ladies of the château mingled. But in many cases the tyranny was a dreadful thing, and horrible stories are told of the violence and licence of the seigneurs.

A large proportion of them lived at the court as in the army. These had really no choice but to employ their attendants in extortion to meet their needful expenses, and so little did their families know of the destitution of the poor, that probably the story is not exaggerated of the young lady who said on hearing that the peasants were starving for want

CAMEO XXVI.
—
Taxation.

of bread, "Why don't they eat cake?" Those who lived in the country were better informed, but there was a low grade of these popularly called *hoberaux* (kites) because they were the worst tyrants of all.

And how the peasants lived at all in some parts of France was a marvel. An Englishman, Arthur Young, who travelled through that country, has left a dismal record of its condition. The peasants had, indeed, each their portion of land, but they could only till it on the days when they had not to render compulsory labour to their seigneur, and of course his steward called on them when the weather was most favourable. They were also called off to work at the roads, all without payment; and they could neither spread manure nor guard their fields from birds for fear of disturbing their lord's game. If they did succeed in raising a crop, it could not be gathered in till their master's harvest was over, nor till the *Intendant* had marked the sheaves that were his due, another each tenth for the Church, often another proportion for the convent. There were demands on the death of a proprietor, dues out of poultry, and the terrible *gabelle* or salt tax was assessed on every member of a family, even infants.

The slightest token of prosperity might be a signal to the executors. For these taxes were let out to *fermiers* on an estimate of what each district was rated at, and these *fermiers* and their subordinates perfectly represented the Scriptural publicans, they exacted without mercy, and were some of the few who could grow rich.

"Jacques Bonhomme" had always been a miserable, downtrodden creature, a remnant of the Celtic population whom the Franks subdued. It was not as in England, when the Saxons made an intermediate class capable of amalgamating with the Celts on the one hand and with the Norman aristocracy on the other. There was nothing analogous to the sturdy yeomanry from whom came the archers, who won the battles, no "gentlemen of blood and coat armour," not wealthy but justices of the peace, and whose sons might be perhaps merchants or maybe generals or admirals, and climb to the peerage.

Every one except the professional persons and those engaged in commerce was forced to be either a tyrant or a slave, to grind the faces of the poor (directly or indirectly), or to be ground.

The intelligence which was more and more diffused among these ranks was making them feel the condition of the nation intolerable, and with all the oppression and extortion the finances were in a condition of bankruptcy.

What was the remedy, and who could apply it, since Monarchy had succeeded in silencing and fettering all the intermediate ranks?

It may make things clearer to recapitulate the old constitution of France and to compare it with England.

Each had started, like all Teutonic nations, with a king, clergy, an aristocracy, and free commons, all in their degree with a voice in government.

Magna Carta established the claims of the aristocracy, and in the

next two generations, the consent of elected burgesses and knights of the shire meeting in Parliament was rendered requisite to all taxation and grants of money.

At the same time, St. Louis IX. was establishing parliaments as courts of justice, making them consist of the peers holding immediately from the Crown, with the lawyers to assist them. And as France was a conglomeration of provinces, each with feudal rights of its own, there were many provincial parliaments; and each had to ratify an edict before it became law.

In both countries the clergy were exempt from taxation, but were called on to grant aids, which in England was done by Convocation.

In the fourteenth century the burgesses and knights of the shire began to sit separately from the peers, and had ever since been becoming a more powerful body. Parliament had retained the right to try persons impeached before it, and was an ultimate appeal, but all the duties of jurisprudence had long been committed to the Judges. Convocation had resigned the right of granting money, and the clergy were taxed like other commons.

In France, the nobles soon ceased to attend Parliament for ordinary business, and left it to the lawyers, the *gens de la robe*, who were a race apart. There were many struggles between the aristocracy and the Crown, in which the Crown had gained the mastery. Only no edict became law till the Parliament had registered it. There had been efforts to render this refusal a check, but the King could always frustrate them by coming to hold a *lit de justice*, sitting in the midst of purple velvet pillows and quashing discussion.

The commonalty had never been represented except in the States General, and this had very seldom been convoked, and then dispersed so fast that it was a mere name. But "bourgeois" had multiplied, they made common cause with the lawyers, and the Tiers État, or third estate, was becoming formidable and determined to resist the heavy burthens imposed on them alone.

The King was nearly as helpless as the rest of his people, hampered on all sides by what was expected of him, and at the beginning of his reign accepting everything as a matter of course.

His first minister, M. de Maurepas, was an old noble, with little idea beyond gratifying royalty and keeping in office, but finding that there was growing discontent, he obtained that M. Turgot should be Chancellor, a thoroughly honest man, anxious to do good. He put an end to *corvées*, the forced labour on the roads, and attended to the more equitable arrangement of taxation, and restored the functions of the Parliament of Paris which Louis XV. had silenced. But enemies arose to prevent his plans, his endeavours to diminish the royal household were resented by the Queen, then in her early giddy days, and a scarcity in 1775 inflamed the populace against him. There was a great tumult at Paris, but it was quickly repressed and severely punished, thus awakening discontent. But improvement continued, Malesherbes, another

CAMEO XXVI. — *Turgot.*

lawyer in high esteem, was called into the privy council. He protested against the arbitrary use of *lettres de cachet;* and visiting the Bastille, released a number of prisoners arrested only on suspicion. Reforms were in hand, but Maurepas was jealous, the selfish noblesse were alarmed, the Queen was angered at the reductions, the King grew fretful at the perpetual memorials that troubled him, and in 1776 Turgot and Malesherbes were dismissed, and with them went perhaps the only chance of gradual improvement without a great convulsion. "Sire" Turgot had written to Louis: "Kings ruled by courtiers can only choose between the lots of Charles I. and Charles IX."

The courtiers, who heeded not the general welfare, only that their own pensions and tyrannical powers should not be curtailed, had won the day, chiefly through Maurepas, who was jealous of all reform, and all that interfered with his power. However, as the exchequer was in the greatest difficulties, on the death of the Comptroller-General he appointed Jacques Necker, a Genevese banker of high character for probity and sagacity, as well as for a pure, religious and conscientious life, who had lived for a good many years at Paris, first on the affairs of the house, and later on the large fortune he had acquired. He had written a book on Colbert's System, and was looked on as the person most likely to disentagle the terrible complication of the treasury.

A Protestant, a born republican and a foreigner, there was a great cry of the nobles and clergy against his being in office. Maurepas laughed. "He spins gold," said the old minister. "He has brought the philosopher's stone into the kingdom."

Money being the great point, the King and Maurepas at first allowed him to cut down useless office after office in his own department, and he actually saved fifteen millions of francs out of the incomes of persons in the treasury. He diminished the troops of pages, and prevented the perpetual grants to which the nobles thought they had a right on marriages of their sons, or many other family events, and the various retrenchments soon began to awaken the dislike of old Maurepas.

In 1784 Necker published his accounts, *Compte rendu au Roi* was the title. He thought it only fair play that the nation should know how the money they contributed was spent, and how much had been lavished on the war with America. Maurepas growled, "We have fallen from Turgomania into Neckromania."

He also tried to get schemes accepted, by which assemblies of nobles, clergy and Tiers État, or third estate, as commons began to be called, should meet in each province and concur in relaxing the terrible burthens of the peasantry, and raise a voluntary contribution from their own funds for public needs. He endeavoured also to cause the nobles to resign an old feudal right that belonged to some of not allowing their vassals to marry without their consent, and of confiscating the land of such as left the estate. Also torture was abolished, and prisons improved.

"It is a struggle between the system of France and the system of

CAMEO XXVI.

Necker Resigns. 1785.

Necker," wrote M. de Vergonnes in a pamphlet expressing all the hatred of the nobility, and especially that which Maurepas began to feel for him. Nor could he be admitted to the Cabinet because he was a Protestant. Spiteful papers were written against him, and finding Maurepas obstinate in opposing him, Necker sent in his resignation on May 19, 1785, and it was accepted by the King. He left the exchequer in a better condition than it had been in the memory of man, and on the very day that his retirement was known, a play called *Partie de Chasse de Henri Quatre* was performed, when the part of Sully elicited such violent applause that the lieutenant of police took alarm, and the actors had to prove to him that the play had long been appointed for that especial night without any intended allusion to Necker.

Necker wept as he opened his portfolio with all his projects for the extension of provincial Government, the equitable adjustment of the *gabelle*, and the reduction of the tolls without which no one could pass from one province to another or into any town. He was an upright good man, "the incorruptible Necker" was the worst name his enemies could give him, but it was as mischievous as Aristides the Just; the courtiers and nobles trembled for their privileges, and maligned him and his wife in her good works in the hospitals and in her literary and scientific salon. His foreign birth, his want of rank, and his staunch Calvinism were all so many handles against him. He was not a great man, and he fell.

Maurepas, who had overthrown him, did not long survive his fall. The old man had reigned over the King, as experienced ministers often do, by force of habit on both sides. He lived in the topmost floor of Versailles, and his influence is said to have had a great shock when his favourite cat got into the King's workshop and damaged the contrivances there! But the King missed him much. "Ah!" he said, "I shall no more hear my friend overhead."

Partly from shame, and partly out of personal offence, Louis would not recall Necker, and the Countess Jules de Polignac influenced the Queen to persuade him to choose M. de Calonne, the Intendant of Lille, a dissipated man, but very agreeable, and who soon acquired a great influence over the court, though he was far from fit to be Controller-General in these critical times. Louis even thought of making him Prime Minister instead of Maurepas, but was prevented by the advice of his clever old aunts.

Calonne's fatal theory was this: "A man who wants to borrow must appear rich, and durable by his expenditure. Economy is of no use. It only warns against loans, and prevents arts from flourishing."

So great public works were undertaken at huge cost, the debts of the King's brothers were paid, St. Cloud was bought for the Queen, and all the offices suppressed by Turgot and Necker were restored!

It was a time of great excitement and real progress in discovery. La Peyrouse was rivalling Captain Cook in the South Seas, and like him perished there, but whether by wreck or by murder is not known. Mont-

CAMEO XXVI.

Le Mariage de Figaro. 1782.

golfier and Blanchard were experimenting on balloons. Buffon had given new life to natural history, and Lavoisier and Laplace were progressing in chemistry, while in the north Linnæus was systematising natural science, and in the west, Franklin experimenting on electricity. So much for reality. In the general excitement Mesmer had brought from Germany the mysterious means of enabling one human will to act on another, which has since developed into hypnotism, and Cagliostro carried on more credacious forms of fortune telling and charlatanerie.

During this state of excitement, Beaumarchias produced the comedy *Le Mariage de Figaro*, a broad and audacious parody of events. The police would not authorise its representation, but it was read and applauded all round Paris in the soirées, and Madame de Polignac induced the King and Queen to hear it read to them by Madame Campan. Louis was shocked. "It is detestable," he said, "as well destroy the Bastille as have it played! The man makes sport of all that is worthy of respect!"

But when the Grand Duke Paul arrived one of the diversions devised for him was the reading of *Figaro*, and it was read everywhere in Paris. Beaumarchais demanded the performance, and the *garde des sceaux* had yielded, when a prohibition came from the King! There was great indignation and many a cry of oppression and tyranny. It was acted at a private theatre, and all the court attended, and at last at the *Théâtre Français*. Noble ladies filled up the boxes from early morning to secure seats, and chimney sweepers and *cordons bleus* were jostled together, and three persons were stifled in the press.

It was just then that the affair of the necklace took place, and exasperated people's minds against the Queen, whom prejudice did not acquit. There was no doubt that she had been recklessly extravagant in gambling, in dress and in jewellery, besides the expenses of her fancy farm at Trianon, but her childish follies were passing since she had become a mother, and she was beginning to enter into the anxieties of the time when the consequence of early follies began to fall on her.

A court jeweller, a German called Boëhmer, had sold to the Queen soon after her accession six splendid diamond earrings for £72,000, which she undertook to pay for by instalments in the course of five years. Again, after a considerable interval, he offered her a magnificent necklace of rubies, with diamond pendants, at the price of £80,000 or £90,000. She refused this huge amount, to his great despair, but her amazement was great when in 1784 Boëhmer presented his account for the necklace and demanded payment. She was indignant, declared he was mad, and ordered her answer to be written to him, upon which the poor man wrote to Madame Campan, a very able woman, who had been "reader" first to the King's aunts and afterwards to the Queen, begging for an interview with her. She saw him as Crespy, in the garden in the midst of a thunderstorm, and there learnt to her horror that he had delivered the necklace to the Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan, who had brought him the receipt, which he showed, signed *Bon*.

Marie Antoinette de France, now the Queen, never signed herself "de France," and when she saw the paper she declared that it was a forgery, and that she had not spoken to the Cardinal for eight years. The King, on hearing her vehement conditions, given with a flood of passionate tears, sent for the Cardinal de Rohan, who was waiting in full robes to celebrate Mass before the Court. He made an incomprehensible statement that he had delivered the necklace to Madame La Motte, who had arranged the matter, and given the receipt as from the Queen, telling him that if he waited in the gallery called the Œil de Bœuf, among the other courtiers, the Queen would bow to him her acceptance.

The Queen always did bow to all the persons she passed on her way to the chapel, but she had never bowed to him in particular, and besides, how could he suppose she could possibly employ such a woman as Madame La Motte in any transaction?

The Cardinal was a cadet of the great old house of de Rohan, raised to his position by rank and interest in the time of Louis XV., nearly fifty years old, fat and licentious. He had been ambassador at Vienna, where he had been loathed by the Empress Maria Theresa, who had warned her daughter against him, so that he had been no more about the Court, nor intimate with its precincts than his rank made needful. But he had absolutely believed that the Queen was giving a secret mission to him and had written notes, and held a secret interview with him in the "Hornbeam Arbour" in the park of Versailles. The whole had been managed by Madame La Motte, who had given him to understand that she had an immense backstair influence with royalty.

Madame La Motte was known to be a certain Jeanne de St. Rani, whose father had died in a hospital, although he could trace his descent from King Henry II. She had been brought up as a hanger-on to a lady of rank and had married a gendarme who had fought at Minden. She obtained, in virtue of her royal extraction, a pension of £65.

The Cardinal had known her in the apartments of her original patroness, and she had kept up the acquaintance. She lodged in the town of Versailles, and used to entertain him with gossip of the palace, where she no doubt had friends among the numerous suite, but where he only entered on the most formal terms. He had once, by bribery, attended one of the Queen's *fêtes* at Le Petit Trianon in partial disguise, but was found out by his scarlet stockings and expelled, and he greedily listened when Madame La Motte told him stories of the Queen's extravagance and passion for jewels, and hinted that she knew a way by which he might retrieve his fortunes and win the favour of the Court.

She ascertained Boëhmer's perplexity, and great need of selling the ruby necklace, and she instructed the Cardinal that the Queen was very anxious to possess it, and would be infinitely obliged to any one who would enable her to procurely it secretly, and pay for it by instalments as she had done in the case of the earrings.

She probably obtained the assistance of Alessandro Cagliostro, a

CAMEO XXVI.

Cagliostro. 1785.

Sicilian adventurer, who was certainly possessed of some powers akin to the spiritualism of the present day, and which have cropped up in every generation in some form or other—oracles, sooth saying, witchcraft, mesmerism, hypnotism, and the like. He married a handsome and clever Italian, lived in much splendour, and half Paris resorted to him, when he entertained his clients with fortune telling and by evoking the spirits of the dead. He promised de Rohan success in the pursuit most desired.

And this emboldened the Cardinal to accept, as genuine, notes purporting to be from the Queen, giving him the commission to secure the rubies for her, in spite of the signature that he ought to have known was never used by a crowned head. He was told that he should see and speak with the Queen, and going to the Park of Versailles, in a blue redingote and slouched hat, in the dark, he actually saw for a moment a tall figure with chestnut hair, dressed in white; but even as he knelt, Madame La Motte whispered, "They are coming," and the lady dropped a vase saying, "You know what that means." "Quick, quick," cried Madame la Motte, and the interview was over; but it had made the duped Cardinal authorise the purchase of the necklace, and deliver it to the Queen's supposed emissary, who returned the receipt, which he handed to Boëhmer, being further satisfied, that a passing bow of the Queen was significant.

Some of this was extracted from him in his confusion and terror. He only entreated that he might not be arrested, as he stood in his official robes, for the honour of the Church; but the King was decided, and bade him withdraw. As soon as he was in the Gallery, the Baron summoned the officer on guard, and delivered over the Cardinal to him with the words "De par du Roi." Still the prisoner, before being taken to the Bastille, managed to speak a few words in German, to a servant, and give him a slip of paper, with which he galloped to Paris, so fast that his horse died as he dismounted in the Cardinal's courtyard, and he fainted, but handed the paper to the Secretary, who rushed to burn a red portfolio containing the whole collection of papers bearing on the transaction, including the Queen's supposed notes.

Madame la Motte was arrested, and so was the girl who had personated the Queen.

The trial lasted three months, and on the first day the Cardinal appeared in violet velvet, with a red hood and stockings. Great exertions were made on his behalf, and he was acquitted, crowds following him with acclamations, because the Court was thought to be mortified.

Madame la Motte was found guilty, sentenced to be branded with hot irons with V for *Voleuse*, whipped and imprisoned for life, her husband was sent to the galleys, and the man who had imitated the Queen's handwriting was banished.

The rubies were never seen together again; it is believed that they were disposed of piece-meal in England and Holland.

CAMEO XXVI. — *The Notables.* 1787.

The affair cost the Queen many bitter tears and did her much harm. Her enemies would not believe in her entire guiltlessness of the purchase and fancied she had found a scapegoat to screen herself. Her extravagance was supposed to be ruining the nation, and *Madame Déficit* was the term applied to her.

The King banished the Cardinal to his Abbey of Chaise Dieu, deprived him of his office of Grand Almoner, and of the Cordon of the Order of the St. Esprit. He deserved no better, but having been acquitted, the action had an air of spite.

Calonne's extravagance had the natural result. The treasury was reduced to two sacks of 1,200 livres! His expedient was to persuade the King to convoke the Assembly of *Notables*. It had been done for purposes of consultation by former kings, and all the persons were nominated by the sovereign. There were 144—7 princes of the blood royal, 14 prelates, 36 nobles, 12 privy councillors, 38 magistrates, 12 deputies to state grievances, and 25 municipal officers. The assembly was hailed as a step towards popular representation, and the plan of Calonne was to impose a land tax upon all proprietors, without exception, clergy, nobles, and all. A very considerable portion of the land belonged to the Church, and the political clergy were up in arms at the very idea. The power of the *Notables*, chosen as they were, to impose such a tax, was disputed. Calonne found himself unable to cope with the difficulties; he resigned, and Loménie de Brienne, Bishop of Toulouse a political prelate, and highly esteemed by the Queen, was called in, though the King much disapproved his atheistical tone, which unhappily was only too frequent among the Court Clergy. But the Queen liked his manners, and he considered her as his patroness, and induced the King to call her to sit in the council. This she much disliked. "They call me an intriguer," she said, "I am sure all has gone wrong since I have been called in," and she would return from a drive in tears, after being hooted in the streets, and called "*L'Autrichienne*" and "Madame Déficit."

One day, as she was crossing the Œil du Bœuf to go to the King's rooms, she heard a musician mutter, "A Queen who does her duty ought to stay in her own rooms and make nets."

One who knew her well pronounced that though clever, spirited, firm and well-intentioned, she never paid attention enough thoroughly to understand a question. She was full of home grief and anxiety too, for her youngest child, Sophie, died at eleven months old, in her arms, and her eldest, the Dauphin, was developing a spine complaint, and not only was always suffering, but was taught to be jealous of his brother, the Duke of Normandy, who was a lively boy and very precocious.

The sick child turned from his mother, and drove away Madame de Polignac on account of a perfume which she used and he disliked.

Nothing mended under Brienne, and discontent showed itself more openly. The Parliament of Paris was always in opposition. A decree of toleration for the Huguenots had been sent down to be registered. The only opponent was Esprémenil, an excitable man, who, strangely

CAMEO XXVI. — *The Notables.* 1787.

enough, had been a dupe of Mesmer, and of Cagliostro. Stretching out his hand to the crucifix which hung on the wall, he cried, "What, would you crucify Him afresh?"

And yet all that was granted to the Huguenots was that they might be legally married, and their children might be reckoned legitimate.

The Parliament was unanimous on this point, but their determination was to force the King to assemble the States General, the really popular assembly. Such abuse was poured on Calonne that he took alarm and repaired to England, but Brienne found the debts of the treasury since 1776 amounted to £66,000,000, and that they increased at the rate of £600,000 annually. He proposed a stamp duty and a land tax, and the Notables granted this, and were dismissed on the 25th of May 1787.

The Edict had to be registered, but instead of doing this the Parliament protested, and were exiled to Troyes, but soon recalled, while another form of raising money was devised, and the King went himself to see it registered.

The moment that it was plain that it would raise a discussion, Lamaignon, the *garde des sceaux* declared that, the King being present, discussion was forbidden, and was proceeding to record the edict, when the Duke of Orleans, who had just succeeded to the title by his father's death, rose up and demanded, "Is this a *lit de justice?*"

"It is a royal sitting," replied the King.

"Then," said the Duke, "this registration is illegal."

But the King insisted that he was acting according to precedent, saw the registry made and withdrew. But immediately the Dukes of Orleans and of Bourbon, and many of the Parliament, headed by Esprémenil, declared the transaction illegal and the decree null and void.

In much displeasure, Louis exiled the Duke of Orleans to his estate at Villiers Cotterets, and the other recusants, to the Hières islands, but the Parliament took them under its protection and an address was put in hand justifying them, and demanding why they should be banished.

The Duke hunted a good deal while in his banishment, for he had given up shooting ever since he had the misfortune of killing one of his game-keepers. His popularity was much increased by an adventure as he was riding across a rough bridge over a river in flood. The bridge swerved, and he and his horse fell into the torrent. He shook his feet out of the stirrups and gained the bank by swimming, but the groom who followed was being swept away, when he leapt in and succeeded in dragging him out. "All I ask of you," he said, "is not to cut your hair so close, for it was very hard to get hold of you."

The sentence of banishment was soon recalled, but the contumacy of the Parliament led to a plan, concocted at Versailles, for a court of appeal which would lessen its power over the law, and also to make registration unnecessary.

A printer engaged on making copies of the edict intended to be proposed, betrayed the scheme, and the Parliament were at once in alarm. Esprémenil and Monsabert were commissioned to draw up a

proclamation declaring the absolute rights of Parliament and to present it to the King.

A warrant was issued against them and they put themselves under the protection of their colleagues in the Palais de Justice.

A deputation was sent to remonstrate, but in the meantime an officer arrived to arrest them. A hundred and seventy magistrates were seated in their black robes, tall caps and wigs. He paused and turned to the Premier President, "Which persons am I to arrest?" he asked.

"We are all Esprémenils and Monsaberts," was the general cry.

Esprémenil protested in the name of the law, but as the palace was surrounded by soldiers, he turned to his colleagues, told them he yielded to violence, asked their protection for his family, and followed the officer down a private staircase, to avoid the crowd in the court. He was sent to the prison of Ste. Marguerite, but only for a short time. A few popular changes were made, but they satisfied nobody, and disaffection was everywhere, Brienne was helpless, the debts were enormous. He resigned, advised the King to summon the States General and to recall Necker! Marie Antoinette was so imprudent as to load him with favours, a splendidly ornamented portrait of herself, and the appointment of Lady of Honour for his niece.

"Ah!" sighed Necker when the letter reached him, "if I had only had those fifteen months of the Archbishop's."

CAMEO XXVII.

THE PEACE OF VERSAILLES.

1780–1784.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXVII. — *Domestic life at Court.*

THROUGH these years of the American War, George III. and his Queen continued their happy domestic life, only disturbed, so far as family affairs went, by the ungovernable behaviour of their eldest son. He had probably the coarse passions of his German ancestors, and though his deportment could be extremely dignified and graceful, and he had considerable abilities, there can be no description of his whole nature save depraved and even brutal. George III. had given great care to the training of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and had been very severe on their faults, flogging them with his own hand when they deserved chastisement. Bishop Hurd was their tutor, and Mr. Arnold their subpreceptor, good men both, but unable to gain any real influence over the young men. Their uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, the good-for-nothing youngest brother of George III., encouraged all their aberrations, especially card-playing and drunkenness, and still more harm was done by Fox, who employed his wit in deriding the King for his respectability. No doubt the Court was dull, but it had its enlivenments. There were expeditions almost every summer, when the royal family stayed at some great mansion, and delighted the neighbourhood by their gracious demeanour and the interest "Farmer George" took in agriculture.

Bulstrode, the home of the Duke of Portland, was a favourite resort, being within a drive of Windsor. The duchess-dowager, granddaughter to Queen Anne's Earl of Oxford, was an excellent and delightful person, whose kindness to all around was great. She was also an ingenious woman, whose grottoes, adorned with shells and crystals, were extremely admired by the taste of her time. She made the Queen acquainted with Mrs. Delany, a charming old lady, Mary

CAMEO XXVII.

Court relaxations

Granville by birth, who had been married as a mere child to a mere brutal country squire, but was delivered from him by his death before many years were past, and was then happily wedded to Dr. Delany, Dean of Raphoe, in Ireland, which was partly, though not entirely, her home till his death. He was a good ecclesiastic, after the notions of the day, and both were intimate with the more noted people of the time—Swift, Pope, Horace Walpole, and, latterly, the whole brilliant circle of the "blue-stocking ladies," though Mrs. Delany made no pretensions to abstruse learning or literature beyond those of any educated, intelligent, well-read lady. Her great talent was for cutting out in paper the exact forms of flowers and leaves in the most delicate lace work, and these were much admired; they are still preserved at Llanover; but her conversation and general art of society were charming, and at seventy-seven, when she was introduced to Queen Charlotte, she was as interesting as ever. She was given a cottage in Windsor Park, and this was a favourite, unceremonious resort of the King, Queen, and Princesses, who could there unbend and enjoy themselves. Another who haunted the cottage was Frances Burney. Her father was an eminent doctor of music, intimate with the best society of the day, and she had made, about 1780, what was then an extraordinary venture for a young lady—that of writing and secretly publishing a novel called *Evelina*. It was the history of a young lady's first experiences in London, between a pleasant and a very unpleasant guardian. The vulgarisms of the time were shown up with a good deal of humour, and the book was soon the fashion. Dr. Burney had it recommended to him before he knew whence it came. Mrs. Thrale, the clever wife of the great brewer of Streatham, was in raptures with it, and imparted her delight to Dr. Johnson; and Fanny Burney became a sort of petted favourite with him. Queen Charlotte was anxious to patronise her, but it was not easy to do anything for a person without rank, and all that could be done was to appoint her as a reader.

It was a mistake, for the life of the backstairs of a Court was trying, and Fanny had an amount of vanity and self-importance which kept her fretting over petty grievances; besides which, Mrs. Schwellenburg, the principal lady of this part of the establishment, seems to have made herself very disagreeable. Of the goodness and true kindness of the King, Queen, and Princesses there is every token.

So there is in the memoirs of Mrs. Pappendorf, wife to one of the pages, who were men of gentle birth employed about the person of the King. The Queen was very kind to Mrs. Pappendorf and her children, and made it a special cause of commendation when she saw the eldest girl dressed in an adaptation of her mother's old gown. For the Queen was always anxious to encourage thriftiness, and this gave rise to ill-natured reports of her being avaricious. This was likewise caused by her desire to help her elder sons while yet there seemed hope of reclaiming them, and before their debts had swelled to a hopeless amount.

CAMEO XXVII.

Family of King George

These were heavier sorrows than the loss of the two youngest sons, Alfred and Octavius. The first of these died at two years old, on a Sunday evening, after much suffering. When the babe was quietly sinking, the King led the mother away into another room, and said he would read a sermon as usual. He chose one of Blair's, "On Death," ending with a paraphrase of the description in the Book of Revelation. In the midst there was a slight knock at the door, and a shudder passed over the King, but he read steadily on to the end, and then said, going up to his wife, "Such, my dearest, I humbly trust our little Alfred now is. That knock informed me that he is passed from death into life."

He wept over this boy, but said, "If it had been Octavius, I should have died too."

Octavius was four years old, and very engaging, and when he was taken, nine months later, the King, in the midst of his grief, said, "I am thankful to God for having allowed me to enjoy such a creature for four years."

The little children of his family, as well as his daughters, were a veritable enjoyment to the King, who was fond of all children, and delighted in giving them Christmas parties and balls, where his own children appeared, down to little ones in rose-coloured leading-strings, and where he loved to watch that each of the small visitors had a good supper.

It is worth recollecting that though this is not reckoned as the reign of intelligence or good taste, the King was the steady patron of Handel, and likewise of Herschel, whose observatory was in the precincts of Windsor, where he and his devoted sister made many of their discoveries. So far as he understood, George III. was devout and religious, and so was his Queen, ever anxious to promote religious feeling in the circle round her and the country at large. She patronised the efforts that Mrs. Trimmer was making for the education of the poor at Brentford—to teach them the Catechism, the Bible, spinning, and needlework. Spinning, the good lady said, was an employment that could never fail! Even a spinning jenny had not dawned on her imagination, far less than that her husband's wholesale business at Brentford, as a universal carrier, would be superseded. Her work was on strictly Church lines, as, indeed, John Wesley intended that his should be. As long as he lived, his brother Charles, and the excellent Fletcher of Madeley, the Methodists attended Church, there received the sacraments, and were no more a sect than the Church Army. Charles was an admirable, almost inspired, sacred poet, some of whose hymns were adopted into the Prayer-book, even before the days of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

There was a great opening for much more spiritual feeling in the English Church. The admirable John Fletcher (Fléchier, of Madeley, for he was Swiss by birth, but was ordained in England) was a noble pastor to his living of Madeley, and brought his congregation to daily prayers at church. A grand story is told of him. When on a visit to

Switzerland, a ne'er-do-weel nephew, who had extorted a large sum from two of his uncles by putting a pistol to their heads, tried the same on him. Fletcher never flinched, but said he was ready to be sent to a better world. The lad was conquered, gave way, and actually returned the sum to the other uncles! Fletcher's widow carried on his work for many years at Madeley. John Newton, the converted ex-captain of a slaver, was an admirable pastor, first at Olney, then at St. Mary Woolnoth, in London, and, with his friend William Cowper, carried on English hymnody in the "Olney hyms." Cowper was a very true poet, though not of the first rank, and piteously disabled by the tendency to insanity, which resulted in religious melancholy amounting to despair, strangely contrasting with his natural playfulness.

The American Church had fared very ill, though, especially in Virginia, parishes with regularly ordained clergy had been established from the first. Connecticut and other colonies had, even in 1738, petitioned for a bishop, and the English bishops had been strongly desirous to obtain the appointment, but the old Puritan leaven was working in some of the States, and there was no agreement. Sects began to multiply, and when the war broke out, the animosity to the clergy as loyalists increased.

Washington was bred up in the Church, but he sent a message to Mr. Inglis at Newtown to omit the prayers for the King. Inglis told him to his face that he could close the Churches, but it was not in his power to make the clergy depart from their duty. Thereupon a hundred and fifty soldiers were marched into the church at service time, but he went on undisturbed and retained the keys. One gallant old man preached from Nehemiah's text, "Should such a man as I flee?" Personal violence was not common, though one clergyman was lured out at night on pretence that a sick man wanted him, and was mercilessly beaten; but Churches and parsonages were sacked, and in 1775 a petition to Convention was brought forward by the Anabaptists, and supported by Quakers, Deists, Presbyterians, and all the sects for exemption from payment to any save their own religious teachers. After a hot debate, all laws in favour of the Church were repealed, and sustenance, except from their private means, was cut off from the clergy, churches were abandoned and left to decay, except in towns where a sufficiently zealous population remained to keep them up, while a few clergy travelled about to keep up the faith and devotion of their faithful friends. These, however, were chiefly loyalists; and such as could not get away from their country were subject to every kind of insult from the insurgents, and often plundered by both sides. In Virginia, there had been a hundred and eighty-four churches at the beginning of the war; at the end, ninety-five were utterly forsaken, and out of ninety-one priests only twenty-eight remained!

At the end! for after the surrender at Yorktown it was plain that the war must be given up. Both the King and Lord North perceived it, but the King's speech at the opening of the Parliament of 1781, gave no

CAMEO XXVII.

The end of the American War, 1781.

such intimation, and the speeches of Fox and Burke on the address were indignant. Fox's violently and unconsitutionally so; Burke's, more moderate; and even Pitt's unfavourable to the war. Yet, still the majority in both Houses were unfavourable to resigning the contest; but the nation outside were evidently weary of it, thinking it only resulted in disaster and disgrace and the displeasure of the country culminated when Admiral Kempenfelt came home, having declined to engage nineteen French vessels with only twelve. Poor Kempenfelt! he was a good man, religious and earnest, but his caution did not recommend itself to a nation who were used to naval victories with inadequate numbers. He is best known to us by Cowper's dirge on the loss of the *Royal George*, suddenly sinking in Portsmouth harbour, being heeled over too far while being cleaned :—

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice two hundred men.

Lord Sandwich was attacked in Parliament as the author of the naval disasters, and a vote of censure was proposed by Fox, and only defeated by twenty-two votes. Lord George Germaine was still more unpopular, and he had declared that nothing should induce him to agree to American independence, as it would be the ruin of the English nation. Lord North had to ask him to resign. "Very well, my lord," he said, "but why do you stay?"

He demanded a peerage, and would not be satisfied with a barony, but insisted on being a Viscount, and chose the title of Sackville. It was an unwise selection, recalling, how twenty-two years before, as Lord Sackville, he had been tried by court-martial for his conduct at the battle of Fontenoy. Lord Caermarthen moved that it was derogatory to the peerage that the honour should be conferred on one sentenced by court-martial, and he read the sentence aloud in the House of Lords to Lord George's face. Most were, however, disgusted. Horace Walpole declared this was like a bloodhound; the King was very angry, and the motion was negatived.

General Conway, who had first objected to the Stamp Act, moved an address praying for the discontinuance of the war. He was only defeated by a majority of one! And the doom of the ministry was sealed; but Lord North, in spite of all objurgations, would not retire, though most anxious to be released, until the King should be convinced and give up the contest.

It was with great difficulty that he persuaded George III., who felt it contrary to his honour, to throw himself into the hands of the Opposition. He even thought of returning to Hanover, but he finally, with much heart-burning, accepted the Marquis of Rockingham as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Shelburne and Fox as Secretaries of State, and General Conway as Commander-in-Chief. Thurlow continued Chancellor.

It was very sore to the King, for Lord North had been the playfellow and friend of his boyhood, while he personally disliked the new ministers, and knew Charles James Fox to be one of the chief corruptors of his eldest son, who, just at this time, would not speak to him when they were out hunting together,

But the King submitted, and put no difficulties in the way of his advisers who, when in contact with him, were perfectly amazed at his ability and good sense. Lord Rockingham, however, died suddenly at the end of fifteen weeks; and after some hesitation, Lord Shelburne was placed at the head of the Ministry, and among other changes, William Pitt, at twenty-three, became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Henry Dundas, Treasurer of the Navy. Shelburne was a moderate Whig, and Fox and the more violent were bitterly affronted, and had given up their posts, and spoke strongly against the new Ministry.

The news of Rodney's victory over Count de Grasse came most opportunely to end the war with honour. The preliminaries of peace were in hand at Paris, and the King announced it in Parliament. He asked afterwards whether he had lowered his voice when making the bitter announcement, which to him seemed absolutely disgraceful, and likely to degrade his country. But there was no help for it. The thirteen colonies were declared independent of England, and their self-government recognised; but Canada was retained by England, and the King tried hard to get compensation for the poor loyalists, but could not succeed more than nominally, and many removed to Nova Scotia, reduced to great poverty. Of course much bitterness still lingered after the declaration of peace on September 13th, 1783, and the lapse of a century has been needed to soften the feelings of enmity, and draw the better class of Americans towards England as their original home and cradle.

The French resented the negotiations having been commenced before consulting their Government; but they could not but agree to be included in the treaty. The conquests on either side were restored, together with the island of Tobago and some land on the Pondicherry side, which were given up to France. The claims to Dunkirk were also renounced, and Spain retained the island of Minorca. Florida still belonged to her, and Louisiana to France, so that the United States did not extend beyond Georgia.

The terms of peace were much contested, and the Shelburne Ministry was overthrown, and there was much difficulty and great anxiety to the King before a coalition between Pitt and Fox was agreed on, and they both came into a coalition Ministry, with the Duke of Portland at its head; but this only lasted to the end of the year, when William Pitt at twenty-four became minister.

CAMEO XXVIII.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

1784-1795.

England.
1760. George III.

France.
1774. Louis XVI.
1793. Louis XVII.

Spain.
1759. Charles III.
1788. Charles IV.

Germany.
1765. Joseph II.
1790. Leopold II.
1792. Francis II.

CAMEO XXVIII.

Apathetic state of Europe.

THE Peace of Versailles may be taken as a closing era of the eighteenth century, and the lull before the time of change and novelty that was already secretly preparing.

It found George III. on a throne beneath which parties surged high, but gradually gaining on the respect and confidence of his people; Louis XVI. and his beautiful Queen upon the thin crust of a volcano ready to explode; Joseph II. of Germany and Austria, endeavouring to bring in philanthropic changes, for which his subjects were not ready; Frederick II. of Prussia dying and leaving a nephew as heir, dull, and content to believe his uncle's system invincible; Catherine II. of Russia, philosophic and irreligious, but with wonderful powers and abilities; Spain and Portugal in a dull apathy; and Italy in much the same state, devoted to false ideas of art and beauty, and therewith full of tolerated dissipation, the effect of her slavery to foreign nations.

The Church likewise seemed asleep; or, if she be likened to the moon, "the faithful witness in heaven," it was in the waning state, though already there were tokens of renewed life. 1784 was the year of the death of Dr. Samuel Johnson, a staunch Churchman and a religious man, whose powerful and trenchant sayings had done much to strengthen English good sense and rectitude, and when reported by his devoted admirer and reporter James Boswell they held their ground and became absolute proverbs.

It was in this year 1784 too that William Wilberforce stood for the county of York. Born in 1759, he had already acquired a strong distaste for the prevailing vice of gambling, and the next year he became entirely devoted to religion, and by his example, joined to his charming manners and great eloquence, produced a most happy effect. He,

together with Samuel Clarkson, took up a determined opposition to the Slave-trade, and persevered through many years of bitter and self-interested resistance.

Wesleyanism had not yet broken loose from the Church, and the spirit it had evoked was working in many a parish, especially under John Newton and Robert Cecil. There were many good and faithful people who were striving to do their duty, and regular catechising in church, daily services in town churches, and steady reading of Psalms and Lessons kept up much sound private devotion, though not demonstrative.

The American Churchmen were resolved to be no longer without a bishop. Dr. Seabury was commissioned to seek consecration from the Scottish bishops, who were not bound by allegiance to the English Crown. Bishop Skinner gladly received him, and on the 14th of November, 1784, he was consecrated to the see of Connecticut by the bishops of Aberdeen, Ross, and Moray. A Convention of the clergy was held at Philadelphia, and the English Liturgy adopted with some unfortunate omissions and some additions, and a petition was sent to the archbishops for the consecration of three more bishops. Consent was given by Parliament and the Crown, and two clergy came to London, the third being too poor to bear the expense of the voyage. Dr. White and Dr. Provoorst had an audience of the King, and were consecrated by the two archbishops and three bishops at Lambeth on the 4th of February, 1787. Though at first much depressed, and suspected of leanings to England, the American Church has gone on gaining ground, and has now a bishop for every state, and a large proportion of members in each city.

The Confederation also was fixed. The Congress of representatives from every state of the thirteen was really powerless to raise supplies, or to enforce obedience. Washington called it a shadow without a substance, and though English law was supposed to prevail and did so in criminal matters, there was no public authority, and the community was dreadfully jealous of the army, remembering how successfully troops had dominated England. Half-pay was promised to the officers, then denied, and Washington barely prevented a mutiny, and obtained for them five years' full pay after their discharge. It was plain that the States would never deserve the title of United unless there was some central power to act both within and without.

Finally, after a Convention at Annapolis, and another at Philadelphia, the Constitution was adopted, leaving to each state its internal organisation for executive government, but electing from them representatives to form Congress, in the Lower House, and two senators from each state for the Upper House. Over these there is the President, chosen by electors appointed for the purpose from each state, and holding office for four years. Taxes, appointments—military, naval, and political—foreign policy, and all questions affecting alike the entire body, were in the hands of the President and his ministry.

Washington was naturally the first President, though he had stood

CAMEO XXVIII.
Washington President.
1789.

aside in the actual forming of the Constitution. He was an upright, dignified man, one of those sure to do well and conscientiously whatever came to his hand, and also to see what needed to be done. His journey to New York was a triumphal progress, though he chose to enter the city on foot; but banners streamed from the houses, flowers were scattered, and there was intense enthusiasm. The capital and seat of Government and Congress was wisely placed on neutral ground, distant from any place of public resort, and was named appropriately after him.

There, in the White House, he held levées, attired in a black velvet coat and white satin waistcoat, with silver buckles at his knees, his hair powdered, and gathered into a bag, and he went about with a coach and six, liveried servants, and outriders. In fact, for almost a century, Virginian and Maryland families lived in much state and prosperity amongst their numerous family of negro slaves.

England was debating over the articles of the peace. And the Duke of Portland did not show himself capable of being more than as it was said, "A block to hang Whigs upon." There was likewise contention over the allowance to be granted to the Prince of Wales on coming of age. Double the amount of what his grandfather and father had received was proposed, and the Duke of Portland and Fox had promised to support the claim, but the Prince released them from the engagement on finding that it could not be carried out, and he obtained £50,000 a year, with the payment of his debts for £30,000.

Fox brought a measure into Parliament vesting the Government of India in seven commissioners, who were not to be removed by the Crown except on an address from one of the Houses of Parliament. The objections were that so much patronage would thus be thrown into the hands of the ministry as to render it independent of the Crown; and, on the other hand, that it was a violation of the terms of the charter of the Company. Wilberforce was strongly against it; so was Pitt; but Burke delivered one of his finest orations in favour of it, being convinced that a change in the mode of dealing with India was most desirable. It was carried through the House of Commons, but thrown out by the Lords, most of whom were aware of the King's strong dislike to it. When the news of their decision arrived, he exclaimed, 'Thank God, it is all over! The House has thrown out the Bill, so there is an end of Mr. Fox.'

The coalition ministry was in fact overthrown, and at twenty-four years of age, William Pitt became Prime Minister, a post which he held for seventeen years, until his untimely death. The appointment was popular, especially in the City, with all save the vehement Foxites, mostly members of Brooks's Club.

A great banquet was given at the Hall of the Grocers' Company. Wilkes made a speech in welcome, and many of the shops were illuminated as Pitt drove back accompanied by his brother, Lord Chatham, and his brother-in-law, Lord Mahon, the eldest son of the Earl of Stanhope. The populace proceeded to take out the horses and

drag the coach themselves, and the report of this influenced the disappointed politicians at Brooks's so much that a rush, apparently organised before, was made upon the carriage by ruffians armed with sticks and broken poles of sedan-chairs, the doors were torn open, and blows aimed at the gentlemen within, who had some difficulty in escaping and taking refuge in White's Club.

It was a strange time, for Fox led great majorities on the Whig side, Burke was with him, and the only really able speaker who was with Pitt was Wilberforce, never a party man. Lord Temple had deserted the ministry, but the House of Lords and the King supported Pitt. Indeed the King said to him, "If you resign, I must resign too." The King was very much out of spirits, and took long rides without speaking a word, but his attendants marvelled to see how he recovered his cheerfulness, and never allowed any sign of vexation to trouble his temper with his wife and daughters, or even his attendants, though his eldest son was causing him more vexation than ever. Between December, 1783, and March, 1784, the Opposition actually triumphed by sixteen majorities, and the saying was "Billy's painted galley must soon go down before Charles's black collier." It must have done so in the present state of things, when ministries depend on the votes in the House of Commons; but the will of the King was still paramount, and he could withstand even a petition from the House of Commons.

The Earl of Effingham moved, in the Upper House, that certain of the late resolutions of the Commons had infringed the Constitution. The result was a vote in his favour of 100 against 53, and petitions in multitudes came up, showing that the main body of the country held with the King and Pitt.

"What is to be done," said Pitt, "if the Commons refuse the supplies?"

"They will not dare," said Lord Mahon. Nor did they. The supplies were voted, and the King dissolved Parliament so as to ascertain the will of the country. It was one of the most noted and desperately fought elections of the old times, when such lasted many days, and the most shameless means of securing votes were employed.

Wilberforce was invited to stand for Yorkshire. His money, indeed, flowed freely, but he gained by his eloquence. A spectator said of his address to the huge mass of freeholders, "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount on the table, but as I listened, the shrimp grew and grew till it became a whale."

The India Bill, with its supposed injustice to the Company's interests, was the great rallying cry. A caricature represented Fox as "a political Samson," carrying off the East India House on his back. Another was called "The triumphant entry of Carlo Khan into Delhi," where in the robes of the Mogul Emperor, he rode on an elephant, driven by Lord North, and with Burke proclaiming him as successor to Tamerlane and Aurungzebe.

The Whig ladies canvassed Westminster for Fox most vehemently,

CAMEO XXVIII.

Pitt and Fox. 1785.

especially the beautiful Georgiana Cavendish, *née* Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, whose loveliness has been immortalised by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was to her that an Irish mechanic said, "I could light my pipe at your eyes;" and she actually purchased the vote of a butcher by a kiss! But all blandishments and lampoons were in vain, and though Fox himself gained his election, yet in most other places there were rejected candidates known as "Fox's martyrs." It is true that his was in many respects the cause of liberty, and that many abuses needed to be rectified, but his disgraceful morals and coarse invective, together with those of the Prince of Wales, all acted against his popularity, especially in contrast with the religious life of the King, and the purity and disinterestedness of Pitt, who though not a devout and earnest man like Wilberforce, was eminently free from vice and dissipation. He was, in fact, just as anxious as Fox to amend the abuses that had grown up, and on this ground, Wilkes, a much wiser man than of old, was returned for Middlesex as his supporter.

It was ten days before his twenty-fifth birthday that William Pitt found, on the assembling of the Commons on the 18th of May, 1785, that he was their undoubted leader, and well was it for the country that such a hand was at the helm during the storms that were beginning to work to their outbreak on the Continent.

The failure of Fox added to the animosity of the Prince of Wales against his father, who, he declared, had hated him ever since he was seven years old. He was dreadfully in debt, and declared that it was impossible to be otherwise with the income that was allowed to him. It was held out to him that his debts would be paid and his income increased if he would marry, but this he declared he would never do, the truth being that he was desperately in love with Mrs. Fitzherbert, a very lovely widow. Her maiden name was Mary Anne Smythe, and she was the daughter of a Roman Catholic, Squire Walter Smythe. She had been twice a widow before she was twenty-five years old, and was twenty-eight, the Prince twenty-two, when his passion began. She would not listen to him, but he resorted to the strangest means to obtain her consent. One day, a surgeon, accompanied by Lords Onslow and Southampton, suddenly appeared in her room, and implored her to come with them, for the Prince had stabbed himself and her presence alone could save his life. She was in great perplexity, and insisted on going first to her friend, the Duchess of Devonshire, who at once came with her to Carlton House, where the Prince resided. He was in bed, with a display of blood on the sheet, and brandy and water by his side. He conjured her to become his wife, declaring that nothing should induce him to live without her, and that they would be married by the laws of God, if not of man. He put a ring on her finger, and made all present sign a declaration of his purpose, but no sooner had she left him than she hurried away abroad, out of his reach, leaving the declaration behind at Devonshire House.

For eighteen months she remained on the Continent, beset with

CAMEO XXVIII.

George III. receives American Ambassador. 1785.

letters from him, conjuring her to return, and at last she did so, he making every solicitation to her to marry him, while Fox and his other friends strenuously dissuaded him, since not only did the Royal Marriage Act declare a wedding in the royal family invalid without the sovereign's consent, but the lady being Roman Catholic, the Act of Settlement would exclude her husband from the throne. However, ten days after her return George, Prince of Wales, and Mary Anne Fitzherbert were married in her house in Park Lane on the 21st of December, 1785, by a clergyman of the Church of England, her brother John Smythe and her uncle being present. Later, Mrs. Fitzherbert generously destroyed the signatures of the witnesses, as they had made themselves liable to prosecution, but the certificate with her own autograph and that of the Prince are preserved.

Fox, no doubt with a view to the succession, absolutely denied the marriage in Parliament, calling it a miserable calumny. It seems that the Prince had actually denied the wedding to him, but on the other hand, to his unfortunate bride herself, he declared that he had never given authority to Fox to deny it. He never seems to have had the slightest regard, or even perception of truth, and he was notoriously an unfaithful husband, though Mrs. Fitzherbert was the only woman he ever really loved. His father and mother always treated her with great respect, the King showed her as much affection as if she had been his own daughter, and the Queen, besides personal kindness procured for her an annuity of £6,000 a year. She outlived him, and though he had long deserted her, she wrote a letter to him in his last illness which he kissed and put under his pillow. When he died, there was a locket round his neck, which he had desired to have buried with him. The Duke of Wellington, his executor, could not refrain from opening it for a moment, and saw that it contained a miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert. She lived to be eighty-one, and died at Brighton on the 29th of March, 1837, having seen his reign finished, and nearly also that of his successor.

It was while all these family complications were distressing him that George III. first received an American envoy, as from an independent state. The person chosen was John Adams, called the Colossus of Congress, as having been one of the foremost in the establishment of the new Government.

It was on the 1st of June, 1785, that Adams was conducted to St. James's Palace by the Marquis of Caermarthen, and after waiting among an assembly of ambassadors, bishops, and ministers of state, was conducted to the King's apartment, where he was left alone with the King and Lord Caermarthen. He made three bows—one at the door, one halfway up the room, and one near the sovereign. When this was duly returned, he made a very suitable speech, wishing health and prosperity to the royal family, and hoping to restore goodwill and friendliness between people of one language, religion and blood. His voice, he relates, trembled, and the King spoke more steadily as he said, after

CAMEO XXVIII.

Warren Hastings' Return. 1786.

some civilities, "I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very free with you. I was the last to consent to the separation, but the separation having been made and having become inevitable, I have always said, and I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power."

He then changed the conversation, and asked the American his views of the French nation, which some of his countrymen much admired in spite of the accounts given by Benjamin Franklin and Governor Morris of the corrupt state of manners in high life at Paris. "There is an opinion," he said, "among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France."

"I must avow to your Majesty," said Adams, "I have no attachment but to my own country."

"An honest man will never have any other," declared King George.

Adams was so much gratified that he pronounced the King to be the most accomplished courtier in his dominions, with the affability of Charles II. and the domestic virtues of Charles I.

It was not long after that a mad woman named Margaret Nicholson tried to stab the King with a knife as he left St. James's Palace. The blade was so thin that it was turned by his waistcoat. "Do not hurt the poor creature," was his cry, "she has not hurt me." She was a servant, daughter to a barber, and being evidently quite insane was sent to Bedlam.

It was in 1785 that Warren Hastings' Government ended and he came home, having sent his wife before him on account of her health. The reception of both was gratifying. Mrs. Hastings was received at Court, her diamonds were admired, and her unpowdered hair wondered at. Hastings, then fifty-two years of age, was welcomed, and presents of an ivory inlaid bed and various jewels were graciously received. He was busy about the repurchase of his ancestral home at Daylesford, the dream of his life.

But a storm was brewing. Francis actually hated him with bitter malignity. Fox was bent on collecting information for justifying his India Bill, and Burke's generous Irish spirit was fired with indignation at the idea of oppression and peculation. Monstrous reports went about among the Whigs as to Hastings's proceedings, their object and the wealth he was supposed to have attained and his bribery of the Court, and it was resolved to impeach and prosecute him for his conduct in the Rohilla war and towards the Begums.

In April, 1786, a paper containing the charges against Hastings was drawn up by Burke and laid on the table of the House of Commons. Warren Hastings was asked for his defence, and he drew up and read aloud a long and elaborate statement in the tone of an injured man. It was prosy and it was dull, and nobody attended to it.

In June, Burke brought forward a motion on the injustice of the war which had overthrown Rohilcund, and which Dundas had very properly censured, but as Government had three times named Hastings Governor-General since that time, it was felt that it would be preposterous to condemn his conduct of it, and only sixty-seven members desired to do so, against a hundred and nineteen.

But the attack was not over. On the 13th of June, Fox brought forward the charge of unjustly obtaining an exorbitant fine from Cheyte Singh, Rajah of Benares. Every one expected that this too would be quashed, especially when Pitt rose to speak, justifying the imposing of a fine on the Rajah for his contumacy, but, and here came the surprise, calling it oppressive and tyrannical. Votes went with the ministry, and 119 decided for the impeachment of Hastings against 71.

It was not, however, till the next Session that the business was actually taken in hand, and it was on the 13th of February, 1788, that the Court opened in Westminster Hall, in full state and splendour, the peers and judges in their robes, the Commoners in Court dresses, the ladies, a brilliant company, in their gallery. While France was seething to the outbreak against national oppression, all that was noblest in England was gathered to try the abstract right of a cause in which one of her servants had for her sake stretched his power too far.

There he stood, an old broken man, infirm and indisposed, in a poppy-coloured suit of clothes. He knelt at the bar, but the Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, bade him rise, and made a speech designed to encourage him.

Then the articles of accusation were read, at great length, and afterwards Edmund Burke made one of his most celebrated orations. It occupied no less than four sittings, going through the history of the Company in India, and giving a most vivid picture of Eastern life, as it appeared to him, and, as a climax, an indignant and pathetic description of the injuries and oppressions suffered by these innocent natives. He worked all up with the fluency of his Irish tongue and vehemence from the very bottom of his honest heart.

Sobs and tears broke out all round, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in hysterics. Every one was wrought into a state of enthusiasm on which Fox's cooler speech fell flat. There were twenty charges, each of which was to be examined separately. Sheridan spoke in the cause of the Begums and produced much excitement, but after this there was an adjournment, the cause languished, and finally, in 1795, after seven years' prosecution and 148 sittings of the Court, Warren Hastings was acquitted on sixteen of the twenty charges.

He settled down at Daylesford to a quiet country gentleman's life, and died there in 1818. The trial, though abortive, had the one good effect of establishing a strong sense of public opinion on the uprightness of men dealing with subject races.

CAMEO XXIX.

GOOD WORKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

1770–1788.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXIX.

Domestic life of George III.

A PERIOD of fairly peaceful years had come to Britain with William Pitt's ministry. The King and Queen, by their solid worth and earnest conscientious desire for the good of their people, were gaining a confidence which was to stand them in good stead in the coming crisis which was preparing in Europe.

They chiefly inhabited Windsor Castle, where the King interested himself in the estate, so as to obtain the title, sometimes given in affection, sometimes in derision, of Farmer George, and his blue coat, turned up with red, was a familiar sight. After going regularly to St. George's Chapel on Sunday morning, the whole family turned out for a solemn parade on the terrace, when any respectable person was admitted to line the walk, and the royal personages often paused to speak to any one whom they knew, or to notice a pretty child. On other days, the King rose in time to ride up to St. James's Palace for a Cabinet Council, where he worked, apparently, incessantly for many hours, only taking a biscuit and single glass of wine for luncheon. Then he rode home, and dined early and abstemiously, being constantly in dread of growing as unwieldy as his uncle the Duke of Cumberland, or of exciting his brain. The evenings, when there were no balls or receptions, were spent in reading aloud with his family. No one enjoyed a children's party more than he did, and it was pleasant to see him taking care of the little ones' supper, and watching that they were properly wrapped up to go home.

He was a great reader, and made an admirable collection of rare books, taking much interest in Shakespeare and other great writers. He was also the patron of Herschel, for whom he erected the first observatory, and in music his taste stood very high, so that Handel

made England his home as the only place where his oratorios met with appreciation. In art the King's taste was not good, Sir Joshua Reynolds did not please him so much as very inferior artists by whom the royal children were delineated in groups of three, as may still be seen at Hampton Court.

To good works both King and Queen gave their hearty patronage. One grand attempt had begun before his time. General Oglethorpe had in the beginning of the century endeavoured to awaken public opinion upon the frightful condition of prisons and prisoners, but without much effect; and it was not till 1773 that the appointment of Mr. John Howard, of Cardington, as Sheriff of Bedfordshire, led to attention being stirred up in the cause of "the prisoners and captives" for whom the Church intercedes in the Litany.

Howard was born in 1727, the son of a considerable upholsterer living at Hackney, with a warehouse in London, a thorough-going old-fashioned Nonconformist. Though in easy circumstances, his principles stood in the way of his son's receiving many advantages in education, and the boy was bound apprentice to a grocer in Watling Street, probably to render him eligible for admission to city companies. Dying in 1742, the father left him heir to the estate at Cardington and to £7000 or £8000 a year. For some years he lived at Stoke Newington and was a member of the Presbyterian congregation of Dr. Isaac Watts, who was memorable for his hymns. A few of these are really fine and poetical, though not equalling Charles Wesley's, but these are little known in comparison with those for little children, apparently the first ever composed for them. The most poetical, on the "Rose," and on the "Sunset" are far less known and quoted than "The little busy bee," or "Let dogs delight," or the few with strong Calvinist denunciations. But the Sunday one beginning—

> "This is the day when Christ arose
> So early from the dead,"

still rings in many an ear on Easter morning, nor has any argument on the love of dress ever equalled—

> "Why should my garments, made to hide
> Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
> The art of dress did ne'er begin
> Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.
>
> When first she put the covering on,
> Her robe of innocence was gone,
> And yet her children vainly boast
> In the poor marks of glory lost.
>
> How proud we are, how fond to shew
> Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
> When the poor sheep and silkworms wore
> That very covering long before."

Then follows the final resolution that truth and grace are the richest robes, the real imitation of our Master.

CAMEO XXIX.
—
Isaac Watts.

Watts had been a schoolmaster at Southampton, and thence moved to Stoke Newington, where Howard came under his influence. There, strangely enough, at twenty-five years old, Howard married his landlady of fifty-two, and lived happily with her till her death, two years later. The tidings of the distress caused by the great earthquake at Lisbon impelled him to set forth to do what he could for their relief. He sailed in a Portuguese vessel, which was captured by a French privateer, and his first acquaintance with prison life was then made. He was kept forty hours without a drop of water, before being taken into Brest, and there was thrown with others into a dungeon with no bed but straw, and no food except a joint of mutton thrown in to be torn in pieces by the prisoners like dogs. It seems that he had affronted the privateer captain by his indignant tone, and he was better treated on his removal to Carhaix, but he knew much of the miseries inflicted on his countrymen, and heard that thirty-six had been buried in one hole at Dinan on one day.

He was at last allowed to go home on parole, and exchanged for a naval officer. He made known the condition of the captives, and representations were made which ended in their release. After his return, he married again, and went to live on his estate at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, and did much beneficent work among his tenants, making improvements which are still to be seen. In 1765, he lost his wife, who left him an infant son, whom he bred up with the anxious solicitude and sternness of a conscientious father on guard against his own tenderness. When the boy was old enough, he was sent to a lady's boarding school, while Howard made another journey abroad, more fortunate than his first. On his return, being an "occasional Conformist," he was pricked as sheriff for his county, and in that capacity soon found that the treatment of English prisoners was not greatly superior to that which he knew by personal experience to be the lot of captives to the French.

The jailor lived upon the fees that he extracted from his prisoners, and the new sheriff demanded of the magistrates to pay a salary instead out of the rates. They demanded a precedent, whereupon he rode into other counties to inquire; but he found in every one the same system or no system; and, further, that the most frightful corruption of mind and body raged within. A jail fever, as it was called, was sure to rage then, and in 1730, at Taunton, the Lord Chief Justice, the sheriff, and hundreds besides had been infected. Criminals under sentence, untried persons, and debtors were all heaped together, living or starving according to their means. In the "Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith showed the terrible interior, and even an acquitted person, one who had fulfilled his term, was not released till he had paid 15*s.* 4*d.* to the jailor and 2*s.* to the turnkey.

Howard, being sheriff, could not be in Parliament; but he acted on Sir Thomas Clavering and others, so that a Committee was appointed who examined into the disgusting and horrible details, and in 1774 two

bills were passed, one for the paying of jailors through the county rates, and the other for the cleaning of the prisons. The House returned public thanks to John Howard, Esquire, for bringing the matter forward.

Still there was much to be done. No inspector was appointed to see that the changes were carried out, and there was no penalty inflicted for misrule. Howard, after having just missed entering Parliament as member for Bedford, set out on a progress through English prisons, and wonderful were the horrors he saw.

At Salisbury there was a chain secured in the middle to a staple in the wall, and each end round the waist of a debtor privileged to sell the small handiworks of the prisoners. At Winchester a doctor told him that twenty prisoners had died of jail-fever in the course of the year; but at Exeter the doctor put in his contract that he should not attend such cases.

At Nottingham the prisoners were in cells excavated under the sandy rocks, and at Plymouth there was a den called the Clinks, seventeen feet long, eight wide, and five and a half high, with no light save from a hole five inches by seven. This served to put in food, for the door had not been opened for five weeks, though a poor wretch had been there for seventy days, declaring that he had rather have been hanged at once.

Norwich and Ipswich were in more humane hands, but the effect of the corrupted air was such upon paper that Howard could hardly bear to transcribe his notes taken on the spot, and travelled on horseback because his clothes were intolerable when shut up in a chaise.

He spent the next two or three years in travelling from one loathsome dungeon to another, collecting evidence, and finding some cases where better habits had begun, though to our present feelings the state of things even then was shocking, and in many cases the jailors defied improvement, and were too often supported by dull, obstinate, country justices of the peace.

He was continually on the move, inspecting prisons and bridewells His fashion was, when he halted at an inn, to order dinner as usual, only stipulating that no waiter should attend him save his own servant. When all the people of the inn were gone, his man removed the dishes, and served him with a bowl of bread and milk. But he always gave full fees to the waiters, and paid handsomely for the dinner that he did not eat.

Once when a postillion had been insolent and disobliging on the road, when he stopped to change horses, he told the landlord to call a poor and respectable widow, and before the eyes of the post boy gave her twice the usual gratuity to the latter, explaining that, though he did not grudge money, he would not permit rudeness.

London was as much a scene of neglect as any other town. To be sure, the jailor did not, as before Oglethorpe's time, send his felons out to pursue their trade partly for his benefit, but at the Marshalsea, on a single Sunday, six hundred pots of beer were brought in from a neigh-

CAMEO XXIX. — *Prison treatment.* 1774.

bouring public-house, while the poor inmates starved. The Fleet prison had apartments beyond, where debtors lived with their families.

We see this state of things, modified, in *Little Dorrit*, though by this time the weekly wine club and beer club, with all their riot, were done away with. Prisoners played at skittles in the court, and clergymen, of whom there were always some among the debtors, had been ready to perform the ceremony of marriage for runaway couples, till 1753, when this was made invalid and illegal.

The Savoy palace was used as a prison for soldiers, and here, in 1782, a mutiny broke out. Two officers were murdered, and two hundred ruffians held the place, no one daring to go near them till Howard undertook to face them. How he dealt with them is not known, only the fact that his undaunted spirit and wise management subdued them, and made them lay down their arms and submit.

He extended his journey to Wales, where things were very bad, and to Scotland, where, though the prisons were worthy of Mr. and Mrs. M'Guffog, the canny Scots did not often haunt them; but in Ireland, he pronounced that the pigs were better off than the prisoners. But he was treated with much distinction where he was known. An Irish nobleman invited him to dinner, and he accepted on condition of being regaled upon nothing but potatoes. Seventeen dishes appeared, and he thought the conditions had been broken; but when the covers were removed, they showed potatoes dressed in seventeen different manners!

He met at Dublin two remarkable persons, John Wesley, who declared him to be one of the greatest men in Europe; and Alexander Knox, Lord Castlereagh's secretary, whose correspondence with Bishop Jebb was one of the sheet-anchors of English Churchmen a little later for wise expositions of faith.

Afterwards Howard inspected the hulks—old ships of war which at that time were devoted to the reception of convicts, who did work in the harbours. The crowding and management were shocking. In one ship a hundred and ninety-seven men died within nineteen months. After an inquiry penitentiaries were erected on shore under inspection, and in 1787 the system of transportation to New South Wales began, and was pursued for half a century.

During the American war the prisoners taken from France, Spain, and Holland occupied Howard's attention. On the banks of the Severn he discovered a horrid abuse. Three hundred Dutch seamen were there confined, and were starving and almost naked. Some benevolent people made a collection for their benefit, but the wretch in charge pocketed it, and tried to persecute his captives into taking service under the British flag. Howard made a fresh collection, and then distributed the clothing himself, ending with an exhortation to the Dutchmen to be honest men, true to their own country.

Between his English inspections, he visited foreign prisons. In 1775, he was at Paris. He was not admitted at the Bastille. If he had

CAMEO XXIX.
Foreign prisons. 1775.

penetrated the gates and the guards, he would have been amazed at finding only two prisoners forgotten there, one English debtor, and one dazed and imbecile. However, he thought of the Paris prisons, and in Holland he found the regulations and the whole system quite models, but Germany and the Austrian dominions showed much that was deplorable.

Roman prisons and hospitals were in benign hands. Howard even had an interview with Pope Pius VI., who said to him, as often Popes have said to Protestant visitors, "The blessing of an old man will do you no harm."

In the succeeding years he visited the northern countries, Spain, and the other parts of Italy, hearing such stories at Venice as may console us for the then approaching downfall of the mighty signoria. Returning by Vienna, Joseph II. sent for him, and their interview was satisfactory to both parties, as the Emperor was really doing what he could, and had visited all the prisons and hospitals in his nearer dominions before he had been a month on the throne. Howard told him that it was a great mistake to let soldiers under punishment be set to attend on the sick, and pointed out other improvements. "He did not plead for the prisoners with soft and flattering speech," said Joseph, "that means nothing. He advised what I should not do and what I should do."

Joseph was not like the countess of one of the little German states, who haughtily asking after her husband's prison, was answered, "The worst in all Germany, particularly as regards the female prisoners. I recommend you, countess, to visit them in person as the best way of rectifying abuses."

"I go to prisons!" indignantly exclaimed the lady, marching away; but Howard called after her, "Madame, remember that you are a woman yourself, and must soon, like the most miserable woman in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of the dust whence you were taken."

Many journeys were undertaken in the cause, and England awoke to be proud of her "philanthropist," as he began to be called. There was a proposal to erect a statue to his honour, and a subscription was raised before he could stop it, as he did decidedly. He could not bear to be commemorated, and when he saw a person trying to sketch him, he contorted his features so as to disconcert any attempt. As to merit in his undertakings, "It is my hobby horse," he said.

All the time of his later journeys he was suffering much on his son's account. He has been discredited, and called harsh and even hypocritical on account of his relations with this boy; but it appears that in the child's earlier years, there was all the anxious care and affection of a father in fear of over-indulgence, and unable to supply his mother's place. When young John was old enough for school, was the first time the father's journeys began, and the holidays were spent at the house of his mother's sister. Things seem to have gone well till a wicked servant corrupted him, and introduced him to scenes of vice, which took such hold on him by the time he was eighteen, that nothing, neither the

CAMEO XXIX. — *Howard's death.* 1790.

influence of his father, nor of an excellent tutor, had any effect on his character, though he never seems to have mentioned his father save with affection.

Probably insanity had a share in causing the unhappy lad's misconduct, for after having begun his residence at St. John's College, Cambridge, he became undoubtedly insane, and was removed to Cardington under the care of two keepers; nor did he ever recover his reason, though he survived his father for nine years.

Howard's last journey was to Russia, where he did not find much improvement. He proceeded southwards to Kherson, which Catherine II.'s minister, Potemkin, was trying to make a Russian colony of importance, a forerunner, in fact, of Sebastopol. There a lady fell ill of a fever, and hearing of the skill that Howard was said to have acquired, begged that he would visit her. He rode to her through a wet and rainy evening, sat by her all night, contracted the fever, and died on January 20, 1790, cheered at the last moment by a good account of his poor son. The Russians gave him a state funeral, escorted by all the military in the garrison. His friend, Admiral Priestman, seems to have been the only Englishman at hand.

Howard was not the only person engaged in bringing about changes in old abuses. As early as 1770, Granville Sharp and Thomas Clarkson had been engaged in endeavouring to do away with the horrors of the slave-trade.

All the countries with American possessions had carried on the importation of negroes as a matter of course ever since Las Casas, in the sixteenth century, had suggested it as a means of converting the negroes and sparing the delicate Indians. English settlers had come to depend upon the supply, and it seems had not cared about Christianising them. John Newton, who had come to be one of the most devoted of London clergymen, and an intimate friend of the poet Cowper, and of Hannah More, had once been captain of a slave-ship.

Negroes, if well treated, thrive in the American climates, and besides their work in cotton, rice and sugar-cane fields, some could be made into excellent domestic servants. Many were brought to Europe, by their masters, and in France especially it was the fashion for fine ladies to be attended by little negro pages in fine (supposed) Oriental dresses, who brought their chocolate and attended to their pet parrots and monkeys. The fate of many of these poor creatures when they grew past pagedom was often lamentable. Dr. Johnson met one starving in the street, who became his faithful servant.

Granville Sharp was persuaded that in Britain slavery was absolutely illegal, and in 1772 he brought about a trial in a court of justice which established the freedom of a negro servant, and made it plain that thenceforth a slave touching English land became free.

Still, negroes were captured by chiefs of hostile tribes on the Guinea coast, and sold in droves to traders, who heaped them into the holds of their vessels, and made them endure unspeakable miseries on the

CAMEO XXIX.

Abolition of Slave Trade. 1786.

passage to the West Indies. Edmund Burke thought of bringing the matter forward in Parliament, but quailed on perceiving the amount of opposition from the merchants, traders, and planters and all their connections, who thought pity for the negro sentimental, and supposed that without a continual import of them into the West Indian islands, sugar could not be grown.

However, in 1786, Clarkson met William Pitt and William Wilberforce under a great tree in Holmwood Park, and agreed to work together for the abolition of the slave-trade.

Wilberforce was a great friend of Pitt. They had travelled together in France, and at Paris there was a proposal entertained for a short time of a marriage between Pitt and Germaine Necker, the daughter of the Swiss banker who was called in to fulfil the hopeless task of setting the French finances in order. Her mother was a grand and able woman, who had once been much admired by Gibbon the historian, and her salons were frequented by all that was most intellectual in Paris. Germaine became the cleverest woman in Europe, but the plan for her wedding with Pitt went off, and she married the Baron de Staël, the Swedish Ambassador.

Pitt was a conscientious, sound-hearted man, but not so devoted to religious thoughts and habits as Wilberforce, the son of a family who had acquired a large fortune by commerce in Yorkshire. He had been led to devout habits by the arguments of a clergyman who, though of careless habits himself, held the true theory of faith and practice, which were adopted by the young man with all his heart and soul. A small, rather strange-looking man, Wilberforce had so sweet a voice and such eloquence of speech as entranced his hearers. "I thought him a shrimp till I heard him, and then found he was a whale," said one of his hearers at his first election at Hull in 1784.

His wonderful eloquence was to be devoted to the great cause, and Fox was as much on his side as Pitt, but the mere preliminaries of collecting evidence with which to go before Parliament was very slow, for the opposition was intense. While one set of people were leaving off sugar rather than let the negroes be oppressed, the West Indian proprietors were furious, and used every means to suppress evidence, actually shutting up or deporting men at Bristol who were likely to show cause against them. Wilberforce worked in collecting his materials nine hours and a half on four days of the week, and eight on two others, whenever he was in London. And when in 1791 he brought his bill forward, it was thrown out by 163 to 88!

All the time he was writing a book called *Practical Christianity*, which had a great effect in wakening the consciences of good men; and in one of his holidays he visited his friends, the five Misses More, who had retired from their school labours to Cowslip Green, near Wrington. Hannah had published *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great*, and had begun to be known as a religious writer, and the acquaintance had ripened into friendship. While staying at Cowslip

CAMEO XXIX.
—
Hannah More at Cheddar.
1794.

Green, Mr. Wilberforce made an expedition to see the Cheddar cliffs, fifteen miles off, and there encountered some of the poor children of the place. He discovered that they were in a state of terrible poverty, ignorance, and heathenism, and was so much shocked that he drove back unable to eat or speak, and spent the evening in prayer in his room.

The upshot was that he offered to find the means if the ladies would undertake to improve the condition of the district. They consented, and Hannah and her sisters Sally and Patty became almost missionaries, though the farmers were obstructive and the clergy almost as ineffective. Schools and clothing-clubs, and many of the supplementary aids of charity then known, were set to work, and in spite of extreme difficulties and disappointments, in a few years the Cheddar district became a very different place.

The like work was being done by Mrs. Trimmer at Brentford. She was the daughter of Joshua Kirby, an architect and clerk of the works at Kew. She had married Mr. Trimmer, director of a great carrier's establishment at Brentford, and she was the mother of twelve children, and she was soon led to make her experience available to others. Books for little children were much needed. Anna Letitia Aikin, who was a schoolmaster's daughter, and had married a half-crazy Frenchman, M. Barbauld, wrote some few. Her *Early Lessons to Little Charles* were the staple reading for many generations, and her *Hymns in Prose* had really fine passages which went to some little hearts; but she was a Unitarian, which greatly crippled the religious influence of her writings, while the More sisterhood and Mrs. Trimmer were staunch Churchwomen, who worked on such Church lines as were made available to them.

After writing for children's amusement the story of the robins and further instructive knowledge of nature, with certain little histories scriptural and ancient, Mrs. Trimmer concerned herself with the poor, and worked hard in Sunday and week-day schools, insisting especially (as did Hannah More) on the girls learning to spin—as an industry, they said, that could never fail. Her sacred history, the Bible itself, in selected passages, with annotations and reflections, was used almost universally down to the present day. Her work was noticed with much approval by the King and Queen, and the examples of these good ladies began to tell far and wide in the country.

CAMEO XXX.

THE EIGHTIES.

1780–1789.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXX.

Death of Maria Theresa. 1780.

THE penultimate decade of the eighteenth century entered upon Europe with tokens of coming change, though the time was not yet ripe.

The Empress Queen died on the 20th of November, 1780, after forty years of a grand reign.

She was a noble woman, religious, conscientious, and upright, though sometimes warped in judgment by Statecraft, especially in her relations with France, when she set her envoy to make her young daughter, Marie Antoinette, work for Austrian interests, and thus laid up in store the bitter hatred of the nation for their young queen, who, in these days, was only a giddy girl.

Maria Theresa had six sons and ten daughters, of whom most survived her. She does not seem to have paid much attention to the training of her daughters, judging by the ignorance of Marie Antoinette, and the folly of Caroline, Queen of Naples, but she was an affectionate, though stern mother to her sons.

Joseph, however, burnt to reverse all that he thought antiquated and superstitious, and to reform his hereditary dominions, after the fashion of the two philosophical sovereigns, Frederick and Catherine, forgetting what different materials they had to deal with. Ten different languages were spoken in his dominions, and there were almost as many different constitutions as well as half as many different forms of religion, but he fancied they could be made all alike, all liberal, all German, all free of what he held to be superstition. He carried off the Crown of St. Stephen from Hungary, and refused to be crowned there, that he might not have to swear to the constitution. He broke up the old boundaries, and made thirteen governments with similar codes of laws everywhere, and German was to be used in all courts of justice, and after two years was alone to be taught in the schools.

CAMEO XXX.
—
Joseph II.
1781.

Some of his regulations were wise, some tyrannical, such as the one that no one might travel into other countries under the age of twenty-seven. And he caused to be drawn up to be taught in the schools a really absurd political moral catechism, in which maxims framed like a parody of the commandments were to be taught to the children.

"Thou shalt not carry flags, nor wear high feathers in processions.

"Thou shalt not bring into the land any foreign breviary or psalter.

"Thou shalt not send out of the land hare's skins, or hare's fur.

"Thou shalt not keep useless dogs.

"Thou shalt not plant tobacco without thy lord's permission."

The Roman Catholic Church was to be predominant, but greatly curtailed, the bounds of the dioceses altered, and convents broken up after the pattern of Henry VIII., and with the like suffering to the expelled nuns; images were taken from the churches, pilgrimages forbidden, and changes announced that must have been unbearable to a deeply religious, and often superstitious people like the Austrians and Tyrolese.

The Pope, Pius VI., tried to remonstrate, and wrote numerous letters, but finding that they received no attention, he actually set out for Vienna on the 27th of February, 1782. Every token of respect was paid to him outwardly, the Emperor went out to meet him, and conveyed him in his own carriage to the palace, where he was lodged in the apartments which had belonged to Maria Theresa, but the externals were all that was granted to him. The Emperor and his minister, Kaunitz, listened with cold politeness to his expostulations and requests, and the back doors were blocked up so as to prevent private interviews with the clergy. Finding his visit useless, he only remained a month, and returned to Rome, having had the first taste of the humiliations and reverses that were in store for Rome before the century was over.

Joseph went his own way, with beneficent intentions, but ill-digested schemes. One of his favourite plans was to exchange the Austrian Netherlands for the Duchy of Bavaria, thus making his dominions more compact; but he hoped to accomplish this as soon as the old King of Prussia should be dead. But Frederick, though aged seventy-four, and suffering from many disorders, was as alert and as jealous of Austria as ever, and continued to draw all the Germanic powers into a league against altering the old forms of the empire. Joseph was very angry, and called the Prussian the Anti-Cæsar.

This was the last great undertaking of Frederick, who was wretchedly ill, unable to ride, walk, or lie down with comfort, but as active-minded as ever, attending to business, and listening to all the books of the day. To the last day of his life he dictated despatches and signed papers, and his last word was the watchword of the day. No touch of religious thought or belief escaped him, and in his will he directed that his remains should be buried in his garden among his dogs. He died on the 17th of August, 1786, and Prussia can well call him great, for he had repelled an invasion from the greatest sovereigns in Europe,

CAMEO XXX.

Death of Frederick II. 1786.

rendered his dominions wealthy, prosperous, and extensive, and guarded them with a splendid army.

Catherine was meantime adding to her empire by advances on that of Turkey, and with an evident view to the Empire of the East, she had caused her two eldest grandsons to be named Alexander and Constantine. She bestowed great care on their education, and even wrote books for them; but their father, Paul, she kept in the background, partly out of jealousy, and also partly on account of an hereditary taint of insanity, which rendered him eccentric and unreliable.

She had a fleet on the Caspian Sea, and endeavoured to secure all the country round. She had forced Turkey to declare the Crimea independent, and no sooner was this done, than, on a slight pretext, she laid hands upon the peninsula, deporting the Khan, and slaying the Tartars who resisted. In 1787 she set out on a progress to view her new dominions, and invited the Emperor Joseph to meet and accompany her. She and her suite, which included the ambassadors of England and France, travelled in sledges, day and night, along freshly marked roads, where relays of horses were ready, and enormous bonfires were kindled to light the way. On the Dnieper, fifty barges were ready, and in them the *cortége* embarked, enjoying the utmost luxury. One barge contained seven apartments, and a saloon where forty persons could dine. The King of Poland, under his private name of Count Poniatowski, had already joined her, and her voice faltered as she spoke to one whom she had not seen for twenty-three years, and whom she had so cruelly despoiled and betrayed. Potemkin took a fancy to him, and thus he enjoyed some years more of his fragment of royalty.

All along the banks of the river sham villages were erected, and filled with flocks guarded by Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, concealing the dreariness of the district; and at Pultowa the troops imitated the famous battle between Peter the Great and Charles XII. Joseph had promised to meet the Empress, and admire her triumph. Always rapid, he made his appearance at Lemberg far too soon, and after waiting twenty days went on to Cherson, the appointed place of meeting. Not finding Catherine, he proceeded up the river to meet her, but her great barge proved to be aground; so she landed, and the two sovereigns went on together in one carriage.

At Kaidak, where they halted to dine, there was great consternation, for there was no provision for two Imperial visitors coming at once by land, and Potemkin, who had brought his own dinner, had just finished his meal. However, the scarcity of fare only added to their merriment, and on they went to Cherson, entering under a triumphal arch, inscribed, "The way to Byzantium," in Greek letters. In the Crimea, which Catherine wanted to call Tanrida, the lodging was in the ancient palace of the Khans, and Tartars were brought in to hail the new Government. The progress lasted as far as Sevastopol, where Catherine beheld her navy riding in the Black Sea.

Joseph, however, was annoyed at perceiving what an accession of

CAMEO XXX. — *Death of Joseph II.* 1790.

power he had assisted in giving to his ally, his spirits were observed to be lower, and as soon as possible he quitted the Empress and returned to Vienna.

The Turks had a fleet at the mouth of the Dnieper, and war soon broke out again. Joseph endeavoured to make progress on the Hungarian side, and broke with Catherine. The Netherlands were in a state of revolt, unsettled by the disturbances in France, and by Joseph's attempt to part with them. His health was failing, and bad news poured in upon him. "My tomb," he said, "should be inscribed, 'Here lies a monarch who, with the best intentions, never succeeded in a single design.'" He died, a worn-out, disappointed man, in his forty-ninth year, on the 10th of February, 1790, leaving his crown to his brother Francis II.

One horror was ever hovering over George III., namely the threatenings of disordered brain, and these might well be enhanced by the continued anxiety that his eldest son gave him. The Duke of York, at twenty-four years of age, returned from Germany, and though affectionate and amiable towards his father and sisters, was soon led into the same gulf of dissipation as his brother. The brothers were always much attached, but seem to have been equally devoid of conscience.

Disappointment in this favourite son probably may have hastened the attack which was coming on, and which seems to have been accelerated by a feverish cold, caught from getting wet through. The first symptom was curious. After hearing Mrs. Siddons read, the King placed in her hands a blank sheet of paper, with his own signature appended. As a conscientious woman, the great actress carried it at once to the Queen, who thanked her heartily for her discretion.

This was in the October of 1788. On the 22nd he held a levée, talking in a confused, excited manner, but standing the whole time, as he invariably did, even when conferring with his ministers in private, so that they were often utterly exhausted. Twice after this he went out hunting, and was five hours on horseback, but he continued incessantly talking till he was quite hoarse. He knew his own condition, and said to the Duke of York that he wished he could die, for he was going mad.

Still he was always kind, gentle, and courteous, and anxious, above all, to keep the Queen from knowing his state. Poor woman! she knew it only too well, and though she made the utmost efforts to conceal her grief, she could not always restrain herself from bursting into tears. On the 8th of November such violent delirium came on in the middle of dinner, with the Queen, the two elder sons, and several of their sisters, that it became absolutely necessary to place him under restraint.

He walked about, never attempting to injure himself or any one else, but continually raving and muttering over delusions. Once he burst in on a consultation between the ministers, his doctors, and his two eldest sons whom he did not see. "Where is Frederick?"

he said. "Yes, Frederick is my friend." Nobody ventured to approach him but Colonel Digby, the Queen's Chamberlain, who took him by the arm and said, "Sir, you have been very good to me; I am going to be very good to you, and take you to bed." He submitted, as if he had been a child, and complained of a heaviness in the head. This was relieved by bleeding, but insanity was very little understood, and the treatment was most insufficient. The Prince of Wales, expecting immediately to be king, took the command of Windsor Castle, and not only spoke and wrote with brutal unfeeling of his father's condition, but showed his mother great disrespect, in which such of the attendants as were worshippers of the rising sun, and even the Duke of York, imitated him.

A regency would almost certainly be necessary, but Pitt was determined that the powers it conferred upon such a man as the Prince should not be unlimited, and that adequate provision should be made for the guardianship of the poor king, and for the support of the Queen and her children.

The Chancellor, Thurlow, was bought over by the Prince's friends, especially Sheridan, by a pledge that under the Regency he should retain the Great Seal. He was a coarse, violent man of no high principle, nor generous nature; and when Fox, who had been absent in Italy and Switzerland, learnt the arrangement, he was much vexed, as the appointment had actually been promised to Lord Loughborough. However, he wrote to Sheridan, "I have swallowed the pill, and a bitter pill it was."

Party fought strongly over the amount of power to be allowed to the heir-apparent, from which arrangement Fox and the other Whigs expected to reap every advantage, while Pitt and the more loyal feared that unless the custody of the King were kept from them, he would be declared beyond all hope of recovery. Thurlow insisted that the Queen should still watch over him, and that his household should remain untouched.

On the very day on which the Regency bill was about to be read for the third time in the House of Lords, decided tokens of recovery were made known.

The King, much against his will, had been removed to Kew Palace, as the physicians complained of the distance of Windsor from London. He was rudely treated by his keepers, who declared that his wife and daughters must not be with him, and a German named Ernest actually knocked him down, but he rose, calling it a fall.

Shortly after this, a clergyman, the Reverend Francis Willis, rector of Wapping, and noted for his method with the insane, was called in with his son, a physician, and under their treatment improvement at once set in. Without reasonable cause, the former keepers had treated him as if he were bent on self-destruction, and would not let him have a knife at his meals, shave himself, nor cut his nails, but Willis trusted him, and further induced sleep by giving him a hop pillow, and, above all,

CAMEO XXX.

Recovery of the King. 1789.

responded to all his deep religious feeling and habits of piety which his former keepers had neglected or silenced. It was particularly cruel to him, as he was perfectly aware of his own state, and it was to his strong religious habits of self-control that Willis trusted chiefly to the hopes of his ultimate recovery.

He found *King Lear* and read it over, telling his elder daughters when he saw them again that he was happy in having three Cordelias. Willis let him see and walk with the Queen, but the other physicians insisted on keeping them apart, apparently in the interest of the Prince and the Whigs, who feared lest there might be an attempt to rule through an imbecile sovereign.

However, by the end of February, 1789, there could be no doubt that he was completely rational and collected, and the only persons who denied it were his Regan and Goneril, his two elder sons. On the 10th of March he took leave of his physicians, and the country was in a rapture; London was illuminated from end to end, even to the smallest cobblers' shops, and never was there greater national joy. The Queen and her daughters went out to admire the illuminations, leaving only the little Princess Amelia with her father. Miss Burney had arranged a poem of congratulation which the child brought him, and which ended with—

> "The little bearer begs a kiss
> From dear Papa for bringing this."

On the Sunday, and again on Easter Sunday, he received the Holy Communion from Bishop Hurd; and on the 23rd of April attended a great public thanksgiving at St. Paul's, when the splendour of the heartfelt anthems of praise quite overcame him for the moment. His sons were of necessity present, but in a very different mood.

All his ordinary duties were resumed, and it was well that loyalty had been thus enhanced, for perilous changes were afoot in the adjacent country, though at the moment all was hope, and those who admired liberty above all were full of enthusiasm, especially the young poets, Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge. After the recovery of the King, one of his royal progresses was made, this time through the New Forest and Dorsetshire into Devonshire, where Lord Rolle's pompous entertainment of him gave rise to a clever skit in a mock heroic poem called the Rolliad, which old people quoted with delight long after Lord Rolle had lived to call forth the prompt good feeling of King George's grand-daughter by his stumble at her coronation.

Just before this journey had been fought what was probably the last duel of a Prince of the Blood Royal and a Commoner. On a parade of the Coldstream Guards, Colonel Charles Lennox, nephew to the Duke of Richmond, stepped up to the Duke of York, who was in command, and demanded an explanation of some insulting expressions which the Duke was said to have used concerning him. The Duke ordered him back to his post, but sent directions, after the field-day was over, that he should come to the orderly room.

CAMEO XXX.

Resignation of Thurlow. 1792.

There the Duke said he desired to claim no exemption on account of rank, either military or royal. So an encounter actually took place on Wimbledon Common, when the Duke abstained from firing his own pistol, and after Colonel Lennox's ball had passed near his head, there was a sort of apology.

The King showed much feeling when he met his sons again, but the Queen made no manifestation, being evidently too much wounded by her sons' conduct to their father, which was at its worst, in their disappointment about the Regency. The third brother, William Henry, Duke of Clarence, was affectionate and kindly, but exaggerated a sailor's rough coarseness and inebriety.

Coarseness was far too common, Fox affected it, probably to please the Prince of Wales, for he was a man of high cultivation, and much nobility of nature. The Lord Chancellor Thurlow was an absolute bear, and a great thorn in the side of Mr. Pitt, whom he constantly opposed and grumbled at even, and he was finally desired to resign the Seals in November, 1792, to his extreme mortification. "No man has a right to treat another as the King has treated me," he said, very unjustly. It was well that the King had recovered, and that Government was on a firm basis, for the condition of France could not but strongly affect English minds and policy.

CAMEO XXXI.

THE STATES-GENERAL

1788–1789

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXXI.
—
The Tiers État.
1789.

THE States-General were convoked for the end of April, 1789. But who were they to consist of? Many generations had passed since there had been any attempt to assemble them, and precedent and tradition were alike unavailable.

While in England, in spite of all defeats and inconsistencies in the system, the Commons had been growing gradually more powerful, in France they had been sinking farther and farther out of reach of influence. How then was the *Tiers État* to be represented?

A clever pamphleter, the Abbé Sièyes wrote :—

"What is this *Tiers État?* Nothing.

"What does it want to be? Everything!"

After much searching into precedents a hundred and seventy-five years old, it was decided that there should be no more than twelve hundred deputies, elected by persons who could prove themselves householders and tax-payers in each *bailliage*—a division of a province which varied a great deal in each of the old provinces, each order electing its own deputies. During the elections, all the country as well as all the lookers-on for others were in a vehement state of excitement, fully persuaded that the good time was coming and that France was going to reform itself and become an example to all countries. The result was that the deputies altogether numbered 1,158, of whom the *Tiers État* counted 598, the clergy 290, including 47 Bishops and 35 abbots and canons; the nobility 270. The prelates did not sit by right of faith, nor the noblemen by right of birth, they were elected by their orders in their *bailliage*, and the nobles in some of the provinces, especially Brittany, would not send anybody, disapproving of the whole. The Princes of the Blood sat in their own right, but the Duke of Orleans chose instead to be elected in his own *bailliage*. They were to meet at Versailles, where

CAMEO XXXI.

Election of Tiers État. 1789.

alone there was a hall large enough. Everybody expected something for himself, but very few thought of relieving the burthens of others.

Versailles was eleven miles from Paris. There a little hunting seat of Louis XIII. on a marshy spot, had been chosen by his son as the site of a palace, after the tumults of the Fronde had disgusted him with the Louvre and the Tuileries. In seven years a most magnificent building had been raised in Palladian architecture, at enormous expense, wrung from the poor peasants. Little did the Grand Monarque realise that he was building his chambers by iniquity and that the stone would cry out from the wall, and the beam out of the timber should answer it! The actual work in additions, ornaments, splendid water works, gardens, lasted twenty-seven years, and the place became surpassingly majestic.

Within the castle it was a labyrinth of halls, galleries, staircases and chambers, holding a perfect army of courtiers of all classes; without, the great feature was two gigantic marble staircases, of 104 steps each. After all, it was too magnificent for comfort. Louis XIV. had built a so-called cottage at Trianon for retirement and Marie Antoinette had her fancy farm at Little Trianon. It was in one of the halls of Versailles that the States-General were to meet in May.

On the 1st, heralds in tabards of blue velvet, worked with gold fleurs-de-lys, rode forth with trumpets and soldiers proclaiming the assembly of the States-General. It was very nearly their own extinction that they proclaimed.

On the 4th of May all met in the church of Notre Dame at Versailles, the deputies being assembled there before the arrival of the King himself. He came with the Queen in his two-horse carriage followed by twelve or fifteen other state coaches filled with ladies and great officials, the horses in splendid harness with plumed heads, and followed by all the royal household, equerries and pages on horseback, falconers with their hawks on their wrists, but there was hardly any applause among the vast crowds around, for the stately train were only looked on as consumers of the food so greatly needed.

The procession was formed on foot, the *Tiers État* going first, in plain black coats, bands and short cloaks, the lawyers' dress, and among them was Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, the ablest man in France, large in form, hideous in face, but very popular, as, though the younger son of a noble family, he was supposed to have thrown in his lot with the people. Cheers greeted the *Tiers État* but sank as the nobles appeared, the plainest in black velvet glittering with gold lace, many with the stars and blue or red ribbons of their orders. The Duke of Orleans met with applause for marching with the deputies instead of as a Prince.

Next after these came the priests, in their plain cassocks and wide bands, and then the Bishops in rochet edged with deep lace, and last of these, with scarlet hat and cope, the Cardinal de Rochfoucauld. Under a canopy, supported at the corners by the King's brothers, the counts of Provence and Artois, and the two sons of the

CAMEO XXXI.

Procession of the States-General. 1789.

latter, the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri; the Archbishop of Paris carried the Host.

Behind came the King, bearing a taper, wearing a mantle and coat of cloth of gold, the Queen by his side, equally splendid, and with the flower crown imperial in her hair. Sadly they looked up to a balcony, where on a couch lay the wasted figure of their poor little son, the Dauphin, who could just greet them with a languid smile as they passed.

Arriving at the church of St. Louis, High Mass was said and a sermon preached by the Bishop of Nancy, eloquent and popular, and actually applauded in Church to the scandal of the sober-minded and religious. That pageant under the sun of May was the last gay blossom of the Fleur-de-lys. The days of retribution were beginning, many a good saint was praying, who would save not their nation, but their own souls. Every window, every roof, every wall, every chimney-top or lamppost in Versailles was densely crowded with spectators in a state of rapture for the most part.

Madame de Staël was one who gazed with delighted hope, but the lady who stood by her, Madame de Montmorin, wife of the foreign minister, exclaimed, "Ah, do not exult. Out of this day will arise frightful disasters to France and to us."

Poor lady, it was only too true a presentiment, but all the world was in an enthusiastic state, expecting all errors to be redeemed, all wrongs to be redressed. But of course there were endless divisions. The older nobles were resolute in conservatism, some from anxiety for their privileges, others from dread of the effects of sweeping away barriers; the younger had sympathies with liberty, and were carried away by the current of the times, the higher ecclesiastics wanted to be rid of forced loans, and to keep everything; the *curés* were sensible of the wrongs of the poor, and in the Third Estate some wanted equitable reform, others to destroy all that they hated. The populace was disappointed that the States-General did not meet at Paris, only under the royal wings at Versailles, but absolutely there was no place large enough to hold them all. Indeed at Versailles the three orders were in three separate halls, where the higher clergy and the nobles were determined to keep to themselves, while the Third Estate, greatly outnumbering them, were still more resolute that all should be together. When the secretaries of the *bailliages* called over the names in the hall of the *Tiers État*, nobody answered among either the representatives of the nobles or the clergy.

However, the parish priests, the *curés*, outvoted the higher clergy, they being mostly of peasant or artisan families, and favourable to the popular movement, but the nobles protested to the King. However, all the names were called over together, and the King promised to hold a royal sitting at the opening, but there was some delay. The poor little Dauphin died at eight years old, on June the 4th, and some time was needed for his funeral and his parents' sorrow. Moreover, the great hall required some alterations for the reception of such numbers,

CAMEO XXXI.

The Tennis Court. 1789.

and thus when the deputies arrived for their formal opening on June 20th, they found the doors guarded by soldiers. They leaped to the conclusion that this was such an absolute exclusion as had been practised by Louis XIII. Nobody attended to the notice that the sitting was deferred to the 22nd, but all poured out into the tennis court, which was large enough to contain the whole number, and there M. Monnier, and the Abbé Sièyes, proposed an oath which was enthusiastically taken by most, "That the assembly should never be dissolved, nor break up till the constitution of the kingdom should be placed on a solid basis." If that oath was to be kept, the States-General would be sitting at this moment. Three years later the Mayor of Paris, Bailly, declared that oath to have been his death-warrant.

That oath in the tennis court *The Serment du Jeu de Paume*, was one of the steps in the Revolution, like the resolution of the Long Parliament never to be dissolved.

The opening was to be on June 25th at last. Necker had drawn up a speech for the King, but it had been so much altered that he had withdrawn in disgust, and sent in his resignation, but he was entreated to remain, the Queen declaring that the King's safety depended on it. He had little hope, as he argued with members of the *Tiers État*, and saw how little they could understand moderation. The day appointed was wet, and by some mismanagement, while the first two orders waited under shelter for the opening of the doors, the *Tiers État* were left out in the rain.

When all had taken their places, the King from his throne began the address, and then the Keeper of the Seals announced that the three orders must deliberate separately (peers, clergy, and commons, as in England), unless they asked to join for their common interest, and that no decisions of the *Tiers État* alone would be legal. This raised such a storm of discontent, that the promises and concessions of the rest of the speech were not attended to, and when the assembly was adjourned, and the King left his throne, followed by the nobles and the higher clergy, all the *Tiers État* and the *curés* remained sitting.

The Master of the Ceremonies, Braézé, came back, "Messieurs, you have heard the King's orders." "I ask the orders of the assembly," hesitated Bailly. Up sprang Mirabeau. "We have heard the suggestions, monsieur, but you—you have no place here, no voice, no right of speech, you are not the person to remind us. Go and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and only bayonets can disperse us."

And there were shouts of exultation as de Brézé retreated, and at Mirabeau's hint all the members declared themselves personally inviolable.

The crowd outside cheered wildly as they came out, "*Vive Necker! Vive le Tiers!* Down with the aristocrats!" was the cry.

The next day most of the clergy yielded, and the next day the Count de Lally Tollendal, the son of the Indian Governor-General, made a speech

CAMEO XXXI.

Departure of Necker.

full of Irish fervour, in which he declared that if the nobility joined the popular movement, they would be inscribed for ever among the benefactors of the nation. Led by the Duke of Orleans, forty-five of the nobles went over to the third order, and on June 27th all the others were compelled to follow. "The family is complete," said Bailly, the president of the *Tiers État*. The Archbishop of Vienne was president of the clergy, the first order.

A committee was formed to arrange a new constitution, and the rejoicings were so tumultuous and alarming, that Marshal de Broglie was called upon to bring the army to the neighbourhood. Some foreign regiments were among them, and this greatly excited the people, fearing that all deliberations would be broken up. Mirabeau loudly demanded their dismissal, Necker so strongly advised it, that an order was sent to him on July 17th to leave Paris as quietly as possible. He and his wife started off, only sending a note to Madame de Staël, as if for an evening drive, and were soon far on their way to Brussels, meaning to go to Switzerland.

But no sooner was his departure known than Paris was in an uproar, Camille Desmoulins, a young journalist, leaped upon a table in front of a coffee house, pistol in hand, "The exile of Necker is the signal of a St. Bartholomew of the patriots!" he shouted. "Foreign troops are marching to the slaughter! To arms, to arms!" He tore down a twig from the tree and stuck it in his hat, and all the crowd followed his example. The theatres were closed, the busts of Necker and the Duke of Orleans veiled in crape, the populace had risen, and the few futile attempts of the soldiery to restrain them only added to their fury. The troops, being under orders not to fire unless pillage or incendiarism set in, could only retreat, or remain motionless in the Champ de Mars.

A recall was sent after Necker, and came up with him at Frankfort on July 13th. So he turned his face again towards France, but on that very day much was happening. The States-General, the Count de Clermont Tonnerre was calling attention to the condition of Paris. "The troops there," he said, "are of two different kinds, equally dangerous, undisciplined Frenchmen, who are in no one's hand; and disciplined Frenchmen in the hand of despotism."

To provide for the safety of Paris was a great and pressing necessity, but Louis XVI. still trusted to his army, and refused any assistance from the gathering at Versailles. Indeed, when a deputation was offered to him to interpose, he answered, "I have informed you of my measures that the disorders of Paris have forced me to take. It is for me alone to judge of the necessity, and I can make no change." And when the words, "National Assembly" were used, he interposed, "You mean the States-General."

The mob of Paris meanwhile were in a state of angry terror lest they should be attacked, and the cannon of the Bastille were specially dreaded. The municipal authorities were trying to organise a guard, but the multitude were beforehand. They had already plundered the

gunsmiths' shops, and now they rushed upon *Les Invalides*, the Chelsea Hospital of Paris, and on the Hôtel de Ville, and obtained at least 30,000 muskets.

Reports came in, "The soldiers are marching upon the fauxbourgs. Paris will be put to the sword and set on fire! The cannon of the Bastille are pointed on us."

A message had been sent to M. Delaunay, the Governor of the Bastille, to desire him to draw in his cannon, the muzzles of which exasperated the people, and he promised that he would do nothing unless self-defence were necessary.

But, just as from the steps of the Hôtel de Ville this was announced to the people, the thunder of a gun from the Bastille was heard. As far as appears, the chains of the first drawbridge had already been cut, and the insurgents were attacking the second. The small garrison, thirty Swiss and eighty pensioners, were collected behind it, when a musket shot was fired by some one in the crowd; the soldiers unhappily replied; the struggle began, and men fell on either side; the cannon began to be fired.

The soldiery were already infected with the revolutionary spirit, and many were among the crowd. Two non-commissioned officers named Elie and Hullin led them, and some small field-pieces were dragged into the court. A note was captured from General de Bensenval to Delaunay: "Hold out. You will be succoured;" but no succour came, and the rage of the mob was only increased. Delaunay took a match to blow up the magazine and fortress together, but one of his lieutenants held his arm, and he prepared to capitulate. Elie promised that the lives of the garrison should be spared "on the faith of an officer," and the doors were opened! The raging multitude, mad with fury, poured in, and Hullin and Elie fought in vain with all their might to redeem their word, but in vain.

Hullin held Delaunay in his strong arms, put his own cap over his face, and struggled along, but was overthrown and trampled upon; and as he rose he saw the Governor's head with its white hair upon the end of a pike. Elie had been lifted on the shoulders of the people, very angry, and refusing the laurels his fellow soldiers wanted to crown him with, and calling out to them to save the other prisoners and the honour of the French nation. The soldiers did save all but the major and captain, who had already been murdered.

A horrible procession began to promenade the streets, carrying in triumph the bleeding heads, and showing off the released captives. There were only five. Two had become imbecile, and could not tell where were their homes, one was an English debtor, the other two were ordinary criminals, little worthy of the flowers and streamers thrown before them, in memory of the old tyrannies of which the Bastille was the emblem. In an incredibly short time the building was an utter ruin.

Meantime message after message had been sent to Versailles. On the tidings of the plunder of the Hôtel de Ville the King asked why

CAMEO XXXI.
—
Triumph.
1789.

his orders had not been carried out, and only reiterated them; and by the time the news came that the Bastille was actually taken the great court of Versailles was full of Guards carousing, their officers were dining with Madame de Polignac, and the King, always a heavy sleeper, was gone to bed. The Archbishop of Vienne had appointed that La Fayette should be elected president and had retired. The Duke de Liancourt awoke the King, and told what had happened. "It is a revolt," said the bewildered sovereign.

"No, Sire, it is a revolution," replied the Duke.

In the morning, however, he sent word that he was coming to the Assembly. They had decided that he should receive no acclamations. "Silence is the lesson of kings," said the Bishop of Chartres.

However, when he appeared with no attendant save his two brothers, all rose and cried "Vive le Roi," and were gratified when he announced that he considered himself one with the nation, and had given orders that the troops should leave the neighbourhood of Paris.

Te Deum was sung in Notre Dame, and there was actual ecstasy at the fall of the Bastille, not only at Paris, where a set of dominos was made and presented to the new Dauphin, but through America and in many breasts in England. Fox and all the friends of liberty were delighted, among them Southey, Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who looked on the whole fortress as the shrine of tyranny. Gray might make his Welsh bard invoke the Tower of London as:—

> Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> By many a foul and midnight murder fed.

And really executions from thence were more recent than any in the Bastille, yet those same Towers had become a holiday resort, the pride of the country. It was the imprisonments without trial, and absolutely interminable, that had rendered the Bastille a proverb for oppression and tyranny. But others were appalled at the murders. Dr. Rigby, who was actually at Paris, changed the whole tone of his letters after that frightful spectacle.

Necker was returning, Mdme. de Polignac, at the Queen's request, had gone to meet him, and he was received with a delirium of delight. Soldiers marched out to welcome him, and he was escorted to the Hôtel de Ville by cavalry and infantry, not only the regulars, but the newly-formed National Guard of volunteers, of which La Fayette had been chosen commander. They carried bouquets and wreaths of laurel, banners and flags were waved, drums beat, trumpets sounded, while the sensible banker sat in his carriage, bowing, but feeling hopeless of his capacity to guide such an overwhelming current, too well knowing that he was like a leaf to be soon cast aside in the sweeping torrent.

La Fayette met him affectionately, and his wife and daughter were with Madame de la Fayette in the Hôtel de Ville, where rapturous speeches were made and answered, and it was announced that the return of the incorruptible minister should become a fête day, and that "the Assembly decreed an amnesty to its enemies!"

CAMEO XXXI.

The King's visit to Paris. 1789.

The cry was for the presence of the King, and on the 17th of July he proceeded to Paris, having first communicated, and drawn up an edict appointing his brother lieutenant-general in case of his death or captivity, while Marie Antoinette wept bitterly over his danger.

No acclamations greeted him, and at Sévrès the crowds of peasants looked so hostile that he dismissed his guards, fearing a collision. Bailly met him at the gates, and presented him with the keys of Paris. "The same," said the Mayor, "as had been given to Henri IV. He had won back his people—here the people have won back their king."

Lines of the National Guard were ranged along the streets, and as he entered the Hôtel de Ville, the freemasons raised their weapons, so that he entered under an arch of crossed swords, amid cries of "Vive la Roi." La Fayette presented him with the cockade that had been chosen for the National Guard, red and blue, but a fortnight later white was added to it in remembrance of the old standard. This was the Tricolour. "A flag" said La Fayette to his new guard, "which will be carried round the world!"

Poor Louis, he fastened it to his hat, but nothing could inspire him with eloquence! He was personally brave, but speech failed him, and he could only mutter what Bailly repeated to the people, "You may reckon on my love!" In their frantic condition this excited them, they shouted "Vive le Roi" and struggled to kiss his hands and his clothes. He set forth for Versailles at seven o'clock amid cries of "Vive le Roi," but in the streets the shout was only "Vive la Nation!" However he came back safely, to be received by his faithful womenkind with tears of relief.

It was a time of fevered excitement in the salons of Paris as well as in the streets, and over the whole country. Every one expected the new constitution to redress all wrongs, every one discussed it. Madame de Staël had her circle at the Swedish embassy, where the discussions were reasonable if enthusiastic, but a far more effective salon was that of Madame Roland, the wife of one of the deputies from the Gironde.

Her maiden name was Marion Phlipot. She was daughter to an engraver, and was born in 1756. She had read Plutarch with passionate admiration, and at fourteen shed tears because she could not be a Spartan or Roman matron. She really imagined that an ideal classical republic would be created in France, and that the aristocracy, especially the Queen, were the chief obstacles. She was a very beautiful, fascinating woman, and was a sort of inspiration to the men she gathered round her, little knowing how they were delivering up themselves and their country to the most fearful spirits of destruction.

Some of the more moderate and reasonable of the Assembly began to wish to remove the scene of deliberation to Soissons or some place out of the immediate reach of the Paris mob, which became more infuriated every day, as reports went backwards and forwards. The Kin

CAMEO XXXI — *The Girondins.* 1789.

could not make up his mind to decide on the move, the Queen was in despair at his hesitation, and some at least of the reformers began to guess that this same mob might be an important engine in their hands, little foreboding that it would destroy themselves.

The men, who hoped to be influential and to form a State analogous to their idea of the old classical republics, and were full of human kindness, had as their leader Roland, whose wife was full of their theories and of enthusiasm in their cause. Her salon was their great resort, and they became known as Girondins, because Roland and several of his other friends came from the Gironde, the country round the estuary of the Garonne.

CAMEO XXXII

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

1789–1791.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1765. Joseph II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXXII.

Flight of the Royal Family. 1789.

THE mischiefs of the old system in France had been so terrible that not only was alteration absolutely needful, but it was not wonderful that personal hatred should be roused against those connected with past abuses and oppressions. The destruction of the Bastille had shown the populace what their strength really was, and wherever a family was especially obnoxious, the inhabitants of the nearest town began to rise against those whom they hated.

Many took alarm and fled. First went the King's brother, the Count of Artois, with his wife and two sons, then the two Princes of Condé and Conti, the Duke of Bourbon with his son, the Duke of Enghien. Knowing how much hated the Polignacs were, the Queen insisted on their going, though they even knelt before her to obtain permission to remain; but it was high time for them to depart, for a Jaquerie was beginning, and in Franche Comté they saw châteaux in flames, as they drove hastily along on the way to Switzerland, the lady disguised as a servant, her husband as a merchant. Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire soon started for Savoy. They wanted their niece Elisabeth to come with them, but she resolved to share her brother's fate.

On their way they were arrested by the municipality of Arnay le Duc; and the question was carried to the Assembly. "Europe will be much surprised," said M. de Menou, "to hear that a great Assembly spent several days in deciding whether two old women shall hear Mass at Rome or at Paris."

"Is there any law against Mesdames' journey?" asked Mirabeau.

"The public safety!" cried Gourdon.

"Public safety requires the observance of the laws," said Mirabeau.

The Princesse de Lamballe was also with her father-in-law, but she

CAMEO XXXII.

The Changes decreed. 1789.

likewise resolved to stand by her beloved Queen. Monsieur the Count of Provençe, an abler man than either of his brothers, and not without interest in the changes contemplated, remained longer on the scene of action.

But things grew more alarming every day. Foulon, the former Minister of Finance, was specially hated, not only for having ground down the poor, but for being supposed to have said, "If the people are hungry, let them eat hay." He tried to conceal himself, but was dragged into Paris, where Bailly tried to protect him, but there were shouts from the crowd of "Hang him! hang him!"

"Condemned without a trial?" cried La Fayette, whom the sounds of the tumult had brought up.

"He has been condemned these thirty years," was the roar in answer, and the miserable old man was hanged on a lamp-post, and his head carried about on a pike. The savage procession met Berthier de Savigny, his son-in-law, who had been arrested for having been "intendant de Paris." La Fayette and his National Guards tried to protect him as far as the prison of the Abbaye, but he was dragged out of the carriage, and though he fought for his life, was torn to pieces.

Thirst for slaughter was setting in. The cry of "aristocrat!" hounded on the fury of the populace to pursue any one whom they fancied an enemy. At Strasbourg the populace rose and for thirty hours pillaged the bettermost houses; at Caen a young officer of dragoons was torn to pieces. All was horrible confusion. Troops of brigands roamed the country, preying on all that came in their way—castle, convent, or farm. The peasants rose to resist them, felt their own strength, and fell upon the gentry. Every family memoir has its record of an alarm, a flight at night, the flames of the burning homestead behind, a struggle of delicate ladies to reach the frontier. If a noble had been beneficent and lived on good terms with the peasants, still the townsmen were too apt to seek him out and bring destruction on his home. Title deeds and all parchments were especially hated and dreaded, and hundreds were burnt. A regular report of these horrors was made to the National Assembly on the 4th of August, and it was supposed that the best way of quelling them and calming the people was to publish the new Constitution.

Some out of generosity, some out of terror, some out of compliance with the majority, the clergy and nobles of the National Assembly, led by the Cardinal de Rochefoucauld and the Viscount de Noailles, declared that the following changes should be made, each order renouncing some of its claims:—

Abolition of serfage.
Compounding for dues to the Seigneur.
Abolition of feudal jurisdiction.
Suppression of feudal rights of chase, dovecot, and warren.
Redemption of tithe.
Equality of taxation.

Opening civil and military offices to all grades.
Abolition of sale of offices.
Suppression of privileges of cities and provinces.
Reform of guilds.
Suppression of sinecure pensions.

The details of these reformations were left to be further decided on, but it was an error to proclaim them without preparation, sweeping away the existing checks without compensating for the loss of them. The King agreed to them all at once, and was rewarded by the assurance that he would be called the restorer of France.

The Seigneur's woods, his game and his pigeons had been a serious nuisance to the peasants, and no sooner did they hear of the decision than they hewed at the ancient woods right and left, and killed the wild animals without regard to the crops; while robbery and crime had no one to punish them.

Tithe was to be no longer paid in kind, but commuted for money; but only two days later came forward a request to the clergy to renounce all the estates they held, chapter, convent, or endowment of any sort.

The Abbé Sièyes contended that these lands were held in trust. "You would be free," he said. "You know not how to be just."

"Ah!" returned Mirabeau, "you have loosed the bull. Do not complain if he uses his horns."

But Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, declared that the Church had no right to more property than sufficed for the maintenance of Divine Service, and that all the rest was the property of the nation, who should pay a moderate stipend to each priest employed on the service of religion. Such a change was not made without long debate, and while this was going on, there was a design proposed to the King and Queen of escaping to Metz, where the faithful might rally round them, and the acts of the National Assembly be declared illegal. This was whispered about and increased the excitement. There really was a bad harvest, and an amount of scarcity, and the unreasonable declared that if the court were at Paris, there would be bread, and that there would be more control over the Assembly.

On the 1st of October a loyal regiment arrived at Versailles, and were received by the bodyguard, who gave them a banquet in the little theatre of the palace. Loyal toasts were drunk, loyal acclamations rent the air, the King and Queen appeared with their little boy, now the Dauphin, the band played an air supposed to accompany Blondel's song—

"O Richard, O mon roi,"

and all was enthusiasm, while the ladies distributed white cockades instead of the tricolour.

It was the last bright moment of the doomed family. Reports went about at Paris, where the people were starving, that the banquet had been splendidly furnished; moreover there was the fear of the troops coming upon the city. A crowd of the destitute and of the factions collected,

CAMEO XXXII.

Attack on Versailles. 1789.

intending to proceed to Versailles and demand food from the King, and the National Guard began to rise, actuated by fear that the King was going to head an army to put down the new Constitution, and desire to have him at Paris in their own safe keeping.

La Fayette, who could not entirely cease to be a loyal gentleman, tried to dissuade them, but finding this vain, thought it best to accompany them and be some check on their violence.

The King was out shooting, the Queen at Trianon, when the tidings reached them. "They are coming to ask for my death," she said; "but I have learnt from my mother not to fear it."

He wanted to send her and the children away, but she would not have him.

The crowd, swelled to a huge multitude, set forth at four o'clock on the 5th, tramping on foot, and famished, along the eleven miles. As soon as Mirabeau heard of their advance, he went to the acting vice-president, Monier, and said in a low voice, "There are 40,000 marching on us from Paris."

"I know nothing about it," was the answer.

"I tell you Paris is marching upon us! Hang the debate! Break up the sitting. Go to the château! Give them warning: say that I desire it."

"I never hurry debates. They are too much hurried already."

"Paris is marching——"

"Let it. If they kill us all the State will gain."

By midnight the ragged rout was pouring into the great courts of the palace, looking up at the grand stone stairs, whose magnificence must have seemed most hard and cruel to them. A deputation of women advanced to the King, introduced by Monier. Louison Chabray, a girl of seventeen, was pushed forward. She was faint with hunger and the long wet walk. The King supported her, kissed her, and promised food if it could be had. But the other women were angry with her, said she had betrayed the cause, and threatened to hang her!

The Queen tried to persuade him to fly. He walked backwards and forwards, muttering, "A runaway king." Monier announced to the women that the King had agreed to sanction the Constitution.

"What good will that do us? We have not eaten since morning."

Monier sent out to all the bakers' shops for bread for them.

It was five in the morning, and La Fayette had thrown himself on a bed and gone to sleep, trusting to the promise of the mob to remain inoffensive—a vain trust indeed!

A man was trying to break in a grating when one of the guards fired and killed him. Passions were awakened, the doors were broken in, the mob rushed into the passages, and were threatening the Queen's apartments. Two officers of the bodyguard tried to stop them. One, M. de Miomandre, was killed! Madame Auguier, a brave lady, held

CAMEO XXXII.

Royal Family brought to Paris. 1789.

the door till her Queen, half-dressed, had fled by a private staircase to the King's rooms.

He half opened his door to call out, "Do not hurt my guards," but they owed their lives to La Fayette, who succeeded in saving a few. So little had danger been expected, that their arms were not loaded. There was a calm, and the King went out on the balcony and promised to go at once to Paris.

Then there was a howl for the Queen. She went out with her two children. "No children!" was the shout. She put them back, and stood in her striped buff and white dress, with her arms crossed on her breast, tall and dauntly, before the raging multitude.

La Fayette, deeply touched, knelt and kissed her hand, and "Vive la reine" rang out at the spectacle. Then he embraced one of the guardsmen who had put on the tricolour, and meantime the King consented to go to Paris, requesting the Assembly to go with him. The poor little Dauphin was crying with hunger, but all the Royal party seated themselves in a carriage when Mirabeau pronounced that dignity forbade sitting at Versailles, and Monier added, "Our dignity requires that we do our duty."

La Fayette tried to hasten the departure, but there was a whole weary hour for the family to sit in their carriage in drizzling rain before they could set forth. Foremost of all, but happily out of sight, the worst ruffians bore on pikes the heads of the brave gentlemen whom they had murdered. Behind came 200,000 rioters, National Guard, pikemen, artillery, women riding on cannon, cartloads of corn and hay, cheeses stuck on bayonets, green boughs upon guns, miles and miles of the tumultuary procession, and a hundred of the deputies in carriages. The shout rang out, "We are bringing the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy." It was dark when by torchlight they reached Paris, and drove to the Hôtel de Ville, where they were received with flattering words, and then went on to the dull long-deserted Tuileries. "Oh, how ugly," sighed the shivering Dauphin.

"Louis XIV. lived here, my son," replied his mother.

Everything was altered by this move. Two hundred deputies asked for passports to return to their provinces, thinking themselves in danger, but the Assembly refused them to all who could not plead urgent private business.

There was a certain mistrust of the Duke of Orleans on all sides, and Louis thought it would be better if he were out of reach, and therefore appointed him Ambassador Extraordinary to London. La Fayette feared for him and wished him to be safe, but Mirabeau would have kept him to serve as a useful instrument, and was very angry at his accepting the appointment and departing. "A coward," he cried, "not worth the pains we were taking for him." Orleans was presented to George III. on the 21st of October, 1792, and quickly became intimate with the Prince of Wales, Fox, Sheridan, and all their party, leading a gay, dissipated life, and not impressing any one with a good opinion of his talents or abilities.

CAMEO XXXII.

National Assembly. 1789.

The Assembly met in the great hall of the convent of the Tuileries. Meantime the royal family settled themselves in the dull and partly dismantled palace of the Tuileries. The Queen and Madame Elisabeth embroidered, while history was read aloud to them, and as the King missed his hunting, they played billiards with him. He contrived to arrange a fresh workshop in the attics, and the Dauphin was still allowed to play in the gardens where the family took their walks.

There was an examination on the subject of the riot at Versailles, and the Queen was interrogated, but she answered, "I will never be the accuser of any of my subjects. I have seen all, I have known all, I have forgotten all." The hope was of implicating Mirabeau and the Duke of Orleans as having caused the tumult, but the Duke had been at home and asleep, Mirabeau was in the Assembly, and the whole had been a popular outbreak, but a fatal step in the Revolution, by placing the National Assembly in the immediate reach of the Paris mob, which had felt its power, and was easily excited to fury by the orators of the clubs. The name was borrowed from England, but had a very different signification from the title of the London meetings, half for genial good company, half for literary occupation or discussion. These were wholly political, and became the hot-beds of wild enthusiasm, and the focus of violent measures. Foremost of these was a club that, about this time, moved into the deserted convent of some Jacobin friars, whence its members were known as the Jacobins, and they were soon conspicuous for their exaggerated sentiments and ferocious means of supporting them.

The State was on the verge of bankruptcy, and there was famine throughout the land. To meet the general difficulty, the Bishop of Autun, Perigord Talleyrand, proposed that the whole property of the Church, an enormous amount, should be declared the right of the nation, and in fact confiscated, the clergy receiving salaries from the State. Of course there was great discussion and opposition to such a measure of spoliation. The good Duke of Rochefoucauld declared that it was no question for deliberation, but the more conscientious and moderate could not obtain a hearing. It was proposed to begin by declaring that the State accepted the Catholic religion and authorised no other form of worship. This formulary was disputed not only by the Protestants, but by the liberals. "From this spot," cried Mirabeau, "I see the window whence a shot from a King of France was the signal for the St. Bartholomew."

There was a shudder and silence in the Assembly. Toleration was established, but a little later another deputy observed to Mirabeau that the Louvre was not visible from the tribune. "I recollect," said Mirabeau, "but at that moment I saw it!" No one seems to have reminded him that the massacre was well advanced before the maddened Charles fired his harquebus. No doubt he believed in what he had said!

The Assembly decreed that the whole of the estates of the clergy

should be put up to sale! It was a work not to be accomplished in a moment, and as the needs were pressing, a host of promissory notes called *assignats* were put forth into circulation, to be realised when the property should have been sold, but at present to be in currency; and as the value was far less in actual use than in nominal value, this brought eventually much of the confusion and distress sure to be entailed by sacrilege. The title of archbishop was abolished, and the Diocese of Paris was made the premier see instead of the historic Lyons, and Rheims was only to receive 50,000 livres—£2,000—and parish priests the merest pittance, and all from the State.

A priest named Camus, very learned in ecclesiastical law, endeavoured to adapt the new state of things to what might be really ecclesiastical. The divisions of dioceses, he pointed out, were not divinely appointed, and might be altered. The election of bishops had once been popular, and that the Pope and the Crown should hold it was usurpation. Appeals to Rome should be given up, and causes determined locally. In fact, he and the Abbé Gregoire would accept the loss of worldly goods if so the Church might be restored to primitive purity.

Of course a great number of the bishops were strongly opposed to such spoliation; but the King wrote to the Pope to demand his sanction. Pius VI., to whom the whole was naturally horrible, delayed his answer for four months, while private negotiations passed with Louis which kept him balancing until the 24th of August, 1790, when he accepted the decree.

An oath had been drawn up by the Bishop of Clermont to be imposed on all ecclesiastics. "I swear to be faithful to the nation, the law, and the King; to maintain to the utmost of my power whatever belongs to the Order of the State, decreed by the National Assembly and confirmed by the King, excepting that which belongs essentially to the spiritual authority."

This, with the other changes, had not been accepted at Rome; no answer had been made public, but of course it was felt that the Pope was virtually superseded by the popular government. Therefore no priest, bred up in the primary obedience to Rome, could take it. Some of the clerical members of the Assembly, however, did so; the others were silent, and a protest was drawn up by Boisgelin, the Archbishop of Aix, and signed by most of the bishops and almost all the clergy.

Nevertheless, the Constitution was to be imposed upon them all, and it was decreed that those who had not taken it by the 27th of November, 1790, should be deemed to have resigned their offices, and their successors should be named without delay. If they continued to exercise their ministry they were to be declared rebels, stripped of their rights of citizens, and be punishable by the tribunals.

The Abbé Gregoire was the first to take the oath, but Talleyrand, and one other bishop in the Assembly, alone took it, and three others,

CAMEO XXXII.

Festival of the Champ de Mars. 1790.

one of them Brienne, out of the whole Episcopate consented. The Bishop of Agen was the first openly to refuse in the Assembly. "I do not regret my place, nor my fortune. I should regret the esteem I wish to deserve."

"I am seventy years old," said the Bishop of Poitiers, "I have been thirty-five of them a bishop, I have done all the good I could, I will not dishonour my old age or take the oath."

"You are driving out the bishops," said Madame Montausier. "They will retire to the huts of the poor whom they have fed. You take away their golden crosses, they will wear wooden ones. It was a cross of wood that saved the world."

M. Maury said it was a mistake to make martyrs, and Mirabeau, that it was opening a fresh wound. Talleyrand and two other bishops consecrated the first constitutional ones, and France was thenceforth divided by priests *sermentés* and *insermentés*, and to the latter all the faithful adhered all the more because of a Bull from Rome condemning all that had been done, and excommunicating Talleyrand and his fellows; but this was utterly disregarded by the other party.

On July 11th, 1790, the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille, there was a huge festival in honour of the oaths to the Constitution, held in the Champ de Mars. It was a strange scene of wild and ridiculous contrasts. There was a placard over the ruins of the Bastile with "Here is dancing." Steps were erected leading to an altar where Talleyrand celebrated mass, with three hundred priests round him. The King stood beside the altar and swore to observe the Constitution. All the deputies and delegates from the country shouted together, "I swear to it." The Queen held up the Dauphin in a balcony, and there was a universal embracing and dancing for joy. Lally wrote that the whole scene was most absurd.

The state of affairs was far beyond Necker's power, and he resigned his office and quitted Paris early in September with his wife. His daughter, Madame de Staël, could not accompany him, as her first child, Auguste, was only a week old. Twice he was stopped by the mob on his way to Switzerland, and escaped from their savage hands with difficulty. The rest of his days were spent quietly at his estate at Coppet, near Geneva.

A much more able man, Mirabeau, began to perceive that the forces he had helped to evoke were getting beyond control. He had begun to have meetings and consultations with the Queen, and at the first at St. Cloud, she recoiled from the rugged scarred visage, but when he said "Madame, when the Empress, your mother, admitted one of her subjects to the honour of her presence she did not take leave of him without giving him her hand to kiss."

Marie Antoinette complied. "That saves the monarchy," he said.

But the monarchy was by this time past being saved. When Mirabeau defended the right of the Sovereign to decree peace or war, the shouts outside were, "The great treason of the Count de Mirabeau,"

CAMEO XXXII.

Death of Mirabeau. 1791.

and he said, "There is only a short way from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock."

He tried to save the country from lawless violence, but his mighty voice and striking presence had lost their power, and he bitterly felt the real cause. "I am paying dearly for the errors of my youth," he said. "Poor France, thou too art made to pay for them. If I had brought to the Revolution such a reputation as that of Malesherbes, what a destiny I should have secured to my country, what glory to my own name!" A most piteous reflection!

He was much annoyed when all titles were abolished, and he found himself called by his surname of Riquetti. "You have *désorienté* Europe with your Riquetti," he said. He was beginning to suffer from a fatal malady, and soon it increased upon him beyond all power of medicine. There was great consternation from the King down to the Jacobins, and his door was besieged by inquirers. "You are a great physician," he said to Cabanis, "but there is a still greater, the Author of the wind that overthrows, penetrates and fertilises all, of the fire which either quickens or decomposes."

But he died a heathen. "At this point," he said, "one can only perfume one's self, be crowned with flowers and hear music so as to enter pleasantly into the sleep that has no waking." He was, however, sad. "I go away mourning for the monarchy, whose remains will be the prey of the factions."

So the man who had talents to have saved France, had he preserved his faith and his morals, died at forty-one, on the 2nd of April, 1791, having only overthrown, not built up again, nor even saved anything.

La Fayette (who renounced his Marquisate and made one word of his name) would have paused where he was, but though commander of the National Guard, he was powerless to resist the people.

It was usual with the King to spend his Easter in quiet at St. Cloud, and La Fayette and Bailly intended that this should be as usual, but the mob were determined against it, instigated by the foremost Jacobin, George Jaques Danton, who put him against "the chief public functionary edicts," showing contempt for the law by hearing mass from non-juring priests. After an hour and a half spent in the carriage, exposed to all the insults of the populace, the King gave up the attempt, returned and heard mass at the parish church. La Fayette sent in his resignation, but soon recalled it. This restraint decided Louis to endeavour to escape from the intolerable mob. He knew that the emigrant nobles were collecting in the Empire, and that they hoped to make a demonstration on the frontier that should lead to a general rising throughout the country, and he resolved to seek their protection. The 2nd of June, 1791, was fixed for his intended departure, and the hopes of these virtual captives began to rise, but they were unable even to understand the necessity of reasonable precaution and secrecy. The Marquis de Bouillé, the Governor of Metz, was ready to receive them, and had soldiers ready to march to escort them; and a Swedish gentleman, Count

CAMEO XXXII.

Attempt to Escape. 1790.

Axelr Fersen, who was chivalrously attached to the Queen was at Paris, devotedly working for them.

The King and his favourite locksmith arranged a safe in the wall of the palace where he lodged his more important papers. A large *berline* was built under Fersen's superintendence, and another lighter carriage was procured to carry two women. Passports were procured for Baroness de Korff, a Russian lady, travelling with her two children, a governess, a maid, a courier, a groom and other servants. La Fayette more than suspected the plan, but would not know it. He would probably have been relieved by its success.

The day fixed, by a letter to Bouillé was the 20th of June 1791, but there was an unfortunate delay of one day. On the evening of the 20th, the Count and Countess of Provena were informed that the flight was to take place immediately. They disguised themselves, started by different routes, crossed one another without a sign of recognition, and finally met safely at Brussels.

The night of the 21st came, the huge travelling carriage was packed, with Fersen driving as coachman, and drawn up at Porte St. Martin, the Dauphin, now seven years old, was dressed as a little girl, and made to sit on the floor of a glass coach hidden by the skirts of his governess Madame de Tourzel, and thinking he was to act a play. Then followed his twelve year old sister, Madame Royale, his aunt Elisabeth in cloak and hood, and the King in a round hat and perruque like a valet. Long did they wait for the Queen; she did not appear, and nearly an hour passed in the utmost anxiety.

She had set out as the femme de chambre of Baroness Korff, in a plain dress and gipsy hat, with a little cane in her hand and attended by one of the former bodyguard. La Fayette's carriage passed her, and she could not help touching one of the spokes of his wheels with her stick in a sort of triumphant mischief. Then they lost their way; both being ignorant of Paris streets, they took a wrong turn, and did not reach the rest of the party for an hour.

However, they arrived at the Porte St. Martin, and a little beyond it, changed into the berline, which Fersen drove as far as the village of Bondy, where his own carriage was waiting for him, and he then started for Sweden.

"If we were to be stopped we should have been stopped already," said the Queen, as they met the first relay of soldiers whom De Bouillé had sent from Metz.

Alas! Louis was not to be withheld from putting his head out at the window and walking up the hills, seeing his kingdom, poor man! for the last time. Louis had made his features well known, and a republican named Drouet, galloped off to give warning to the authorities beyond; some of the royalists hurried by cross roads to intercept him, but he reached the town of Varennes before the berline. It was nearly midnight and the royal party waked to find the horses stopping on the hill, and the postillions declaring they could go no farther.

Yet horses and escort under the command of De Bouillé's son were at the other end of the town. He had given up the hopes of seeing the King arrive that night and had actually gone to bed and to sleep.

Drouet galloped past the stranded carriage, and carried the news into the town, where the "patriots" barricaded the road, and when the carriage drew up at the *Bras d'Or*, the mayor, Sausse, a grocer, a timid man, easily coerced, arrested the travellers and called on them to alight.

A sharp decided word from the King would have cleared the way and given time for De Bouillé and his soldiers to arrive, but Louis, like one in a dream, stumbled out, took his children by the hand, and submitted to be led up stairs, while the Queen cried out, "If you know he is the King, prove it by showing him due respect." A supper was served up of bread and cheese, with a glass of Burgundy, and Louis, whose appetite never failed him, ate heartily, and called it the best Burgundy he ever drank. It was to the despair of the Queen, who felt that a little energy might have saved them all, but she could only lie weeping on the bed where her weary children slept. Madame Sausse was much agitated, and fell on her knees before the Queen, but could do nothing for her. "You think of your husband," she said, "I can only think of mine."

Messengers hurried to Paris with the tidings, which were not welcome to more moderate and merciful men, who would have been glad if the King had been beyond the power of the more violent. Lafayette turned to Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, before sending orders for the arrest, "You are sure that it is the only way of preventing civil war?" he said, before sending off two of his aides-de-camp to announce that they must return.

One of these, M. de Romeuf, tried to console the Queen and defend his General by saying he was a friend of liberty but no foe to the royal family.

"He is one," said the Queen. "He is in love with nothing but the United States. He will see what a French republic is."

Romeuf showed an edict forbidding public functionaries to remove more than twenty leagues from their posts.

"I never sanctioned that," said the King, throwing it on the bed where the Dauphin was asleep.

The Queen snatched it up. "I will not have my children's bed defiled," she exclaimed.

"Madame," said Romeuf respectfully, "would you wish that any other than I should witness these transports?"

Marie Antoinette blushed and recovered her self-command.

The troops from Metz were expected hourly, but the populace was raging in the streets, and Louis decided on turning back. Bouillé arrived at Varennes only to hear that the King had been an hour gone, and all he could do was to hurry away across the frontier.

Latour Maubourg, Lafayette's aide-de-camp, and two republicans, Barnave and Pétion, were sent to bring home the King, and met the

CAMEO XXXII.

Return from Varennes. 1791.

mournful cavalcade between Epernay and Dornoux. The two latter chose to enter the carriage, where Barnave was respectful and pitying, but Pétion showed himself rude and insulting. He rolled the fair curls of the Dauphin round his fingers so roughly as to make him cry out, and when food was provided, tossed out his chicken bones past the King's face, and made Madame Elisabeth pour out wine for him.

Six days after quitting Paris, the prisoners were brought back through 100,000 people. Placards were set up, "He who cheers the King will be beaten, he who insults him will be hanged." In silence, therefore, they arrived at the Tuilleries, thenceforth a prison, for when the King would have gone forth he was met by crossed bayonets. Thus ended the second act in the tragedy, and the Queen's golden hair came back whitened by her anguish.

By this time the National Assembly had completed their work of devising a new Constitution. There was to be an Assembly, called the National Convention, which was to originate all measures, leaving the King only the power of preventing them by his *Veto* (I forbid), a privilege greatly resented by the democrats, who called him and the Queen Monsieur and Madame Veto. The Convention was to be elected by universal suffrage in the course of the following year, but till this was done the National Assembly continued to sit and carry on such government as there was.

CAMEO XXXIII.

DETHRONEMENT.

1791–1792.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1762. Francis I.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

Emigration. 1791.

IT was plain that the unfortunate Louis XVI. was no longer a free man, and the indignation of the sovereigns of Europe and of his own loyal subjects rose to a height. England held back, most unwilling to engage in war, and holding that the French nation had a right to arrange their own government. Leopold of Germany was a cool and prudent man, who knew that provocation to the French mob would be danger of his sister and her husband, and likewise would risk the loss of the Netherlands; but he died in February, 1792, leaving sixteen children. His eldest son, Francis II., was a weak man, easily led, and the same might be said of Frederick William II. of Prussia, the nephew of the great Frederick, who had inherited none of his talents, only an overweening confidence in the abilities of the Prussian army and veteran generals. At Pilnitz he met the Austrian Emperor, and a league was signed, August 12th, 1791, against the revolution in France.

Emigrant French nobles swarmed in the Netherlands, Switzerland and Prussia, and thirsted to liberate their sovereign, avenge their own wrongs, and recover their property. It was said that the more respectable emigrants had mostly gone to England, certainly a very large number of priests, to whom an allowance was made by the compassionate English Government. Many of the high nobility gained a living as tutors, governesses, fencing masters, dancing masters, or milliners, and in spite of poverty contrived to lead a cheerful life. The Prince of Condé, in Belgium, was rallying together all willing to bear arms, and an invasion of France to liberate the King was hopefully looked forward to.

In the meantime, the National Assembly had broken up on the establishment of the new Constitution, and a Legislative Assembly was

CAMEO XXXIII.

The 20th of June. 1791.

elected, which began its career by declaring all emigrants who did not return home before the 1st of January, 1792, to be guilty of high treason, to be put to death if they returned, and their estates confiscated.

Louis was most unwilling to confirm the decree. "The King will examine," was the answer he sent.

"The King is not free," was the cry of his friends, and gentlemen thronged to Coblentz, where the army of emigrants was assembling, and the minds of the revolutionists were alarmed. The non-juring priests were accused of fomenting rebellion, and a decree was launched, forbidding them to exercise their office, and sentencing them to imprisonment in case they were found in sympathy with the emigrants. "I will lose my life rather than sanction the decree," said the King.

But the war had really begun, the war that was to last twenty-three years. General Biron led the dragoons as far as Mons, where a panic seized them, and they fled without having even seen the enemy. The troops of General Theodore Dillon, on perceiving an Austrian regiment before them at Tournai, shrieked out "Treason!" and fled to Lille, murdering their General. Lafayette could accomplish nothing and had to fall back.

The temper of Paris was still more inflamed. The King's refusal, his Veto, to sign the decree against the priests or the emigrants made the people furious. They called the Queen Madame Veto, as the supposed author of the denial. Barnave and Dumouriez both entreated her, well-nigh wept to persuade her, to induce the King to change, but Louis had come to the end of his concessions, and would not condemn either loving subjects or faithful priests. Roland and other ministers resigned.

The people were moved to present a petition to the King, and to plant a tree of liberty in the Tuilleries. No one would interfere. "It was contrary to the laws for the Assembly to interfere with measures of the police."

It was the 20th of June, 1791, the third anniversary of the Tennis Court Oath. By break of day crowds were assembling, many of them armed, and with hosts of the fish-women, who were becoming a formidable body. Men, women and children were thronged together. There was a bullock's heart on the point of a pike, placarded, "The heart of an aristocrat," and a torn pair of breeches with the motto, "*Vivent les sans culottes!*"

Presently they were at the gates of the Tuileries gardens, and demanded that the gates should be opened. The King replied that they might extend themselves along the terrace, but in a few moments they had invaded the palace itself, where not a guardsman, not a servant, was visible.

The King, Queen, children, and a few more were in the private apartments, hearing the howls, shouts of vengeance, cries of "Down with the Veto!" and songs of "Çaira," and no one could advise nor suggest what was to be done. One of the National Guard, Aclocque, knocked at the door, "Sire," he said, "you must show yourself to the people."

"Let us go," said the King.

Madame Elisabeth pressed to his side. The Queen, as being the special object of enmity, was held back. The door of the ante-room was cracking under furious blows.

"Open it," said the King.

A grenadier coming in first bade him have no fears. The King quietly placed the man's hand over his heart, "See if it beats more than usual," he said.

The crowd pushed him into the recess of a window, where he stood upon a stool. His sister strove to keep beside him. "The Austrian!" was the cry.

Those who knew her tried to explain to them. "Hush," said Elisabeth, "do not undeceive them." A few grenadiers surrounded the King.

"Citizens," said Aclocque, "here is the King, show him respect. We had rather perish than allow the least insult."

One voice alone cried "Vive le Roi," the others shouted abuse. A butcher came forward, "Monsieur, listen," he said, "you are made to listen to us. You are a traitor; you always deceived us; you are deceiving us still. Beware! The measure is full. The people are tired of being your toy." Then he read the petition, while cries of "Down with the Veto!" echoed on all sides.

The King stood still, and with unmoved face. "I will act according to the Constitution," he said.

The tumult surged round the embrasure which the grenadiers could hardly protect, and some mounted on the shoulders of others to be better heard. A red cap of liberty was handed to the King on the end of a pole; he put it on his head, and for the first time there was a cry of "Vive le Roi!"

Pétion, the Mayor of Paris, at last made his way through the crowd amid cries of applause. "Sire," he said, "I have just learnt in what a situation you are."

"That is strange," said the King, "for it has lasted at least two hours."

A young man forced his way up. "Sire," said he, "in the name of a hundred thousand men around me, I demand the sanction of the edicts and the recall of the patriotic ministers. Otherwise you will perish."

Looking quietly at him, Louis said, "You are transgressing the law. Attend to the people's magistrates."

The municipal officers were arguing with the mayor, bidding him take care, for his conduct would be judged by the event. Pétion hesitated, but at last he made a feeble remonstrance to the people.

"You do not want your magistrates to be unjustly accused. You have acted like free men. Retire now."

All the doors were open; the Queen and her children had taken refuge in the King's study with a table before them, while her apartment was

CAMEO XXXIII.

Attack on the Queen. 1791.

devastated and a cap of liberty was thrust on the little Dauphin's head, almost stifling him. A fish-woman stood pouring out a torrent of foul abuse against the Queen, who could not help saying, "What harm have I ever done you, I am your Dauphin's mother, I am French, I was happy when you loved me."

The woman was overcome, she burst into tears, and said, "I see that you are good."

Santerre coming up relieved the little boy from the cap of liberty, and told the Queen she had nothing to fear, but he said the weeping poissarde was drunk and had her removed. The tide was turning, the people began to disperse, and the scattered members of the family came together again, the King still in the red cap. When his attention was called to it, he threw it down and bursting into tears said, "Madame, you were not brought from Vienna to see me insulted."

He had held out all day to his principles, those five terrible hours, by his passive courage, but the hatred of the people began to take a direction to himself.

A deputation was sent from the Assembly with a sort of apology. Marie Antoinette showed them the mischief that had been done, and seeing tears in the eyes of one of them, she said, "Ah! you weep for the indignities shown to your King."

"Madame," he said, "I weep for the family and the mother, not for King or Queen. I hate kings and queens."

Angry personal approaches were levelled at the King. "Man, unmoved by the generosity of the French, man who feels nothing but the love of power, you will not reap the fruit of your perjury. You are nothing in the constitution you have violated, or the people you have betrayed."

His treason and perjury consisted in denying his assent to one cruel law.

Lafayette, on receiving tidings of the outrages of the 20th of June, hurried back from the army to Paris, to demand in the Assembly in the name of the army that the crimes of that day should be declared high treason, and that his soldiers might be assured that the Constitution should not be infringed by violence, while they were shedding their blood in defence of the country.

All he got was a question, who had given him permission to quit his post, and come to lecture the Assembly? He wanted the King to come with him to a review to make a speech to the National Guard, but the Queen, who always distrusted him, informed Pétion, who countermanded the review. He went away with sad forebodings for the King and the Constitution; and a day or two after he was accused before the Assembly of having tried to persuade his colleague, Marshal Luckner, to march upon Paris. His answer was the four words, "That is not true." And Luckner's reply was almost as brief, "No such proposal was made."

The accusers were called on to explain themselves. To oppose a majority with a proud minority, was, it appeared, equivalent to civil war.

To acquit Lafayette would be to raise a throne for him on the ruins of the Constitution.

"There is no accusation against General Lafayette," declared the President.

A scrutiny was demanded; 406 were in his favour, 224 against him, and though he thus escaped, some of the majority were maltreated by the populace.

Humane and reasonable, his desire was to save the King, and he concocted a plan of escape, but the Queen, who deemed him the author of all the mischief, would not listen to it, and told his aide-de-camp that the best thing that could happen to the family would be to be shut up for two months in a tower.

Madame de Staël, too, hoped to contrive an escape, but Louis was resolved not to run the risks of another Varennes, and still more not to provoke a civil war, nor to return among foreigners. "No," he said with his passive resolution, "I will not quit Paris."

It was a kingly resolution, but it was to cost his family dear.

"Mother, is the 20th of June come back again?" asked the poor little Dauphin, for whom still more terrible days were in store. At present, though closely guarded and watched, the family could still walk in the garden, write letters, keep their attendants, and receive visitors, but the doom was closing on them, accelerated by the efforts of their friends on the frontier.

Emigrants were assembling at Coblentz under the command of the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Brunswick, a hot-headed old man, cousin and brother-in-law to George III., put out a manifesto, treating France as a conquered country, and calling on the inhabitants to submit to him on his march to Paris. The King had striven to prevent such a measure, by his letters and messengers, but he was entirely disregarded, and the only consequence was to inflame the fury of the Revolutionists. It was terror as well as rage. Every person, man or woman, who was accused of connection with the emigrant army, was thrown into prison.

The regular French army was under Dumouriez. The throwing promotion open to all ranks had naturally won over most of the lower officers and soldiers, and those of higher degree had either fled to join the emigrants, or else had been fired in their patriotic feelings by the threatened invasion of France.

Very few troops were at Paris. Most of the regiments had been sent to join the army, and only one battalion of the Swiss Guards remained to guard the Tuileries, one battalion and half of another of the National Guard openly declared it their intention to guard the King, and there were also a number of noblemen and gentlemen who were too loyal and high-spirited to desert the King at his need, and who hung about the palace to use their swords in his defence, but not organised. Of them was the Vendéen Marquis de Lescure, and his father-in-law, the Duke de Donnisan.

CAMEO XXXIII.

The "Marseillaise." 1791.

It was known that the Revolutionists held the King guilty of all that his friends attempted on his behalf. Aloud in the Assembly he was denounced in the speeches, and though the more moderate prevented any actual sentence, the Jacobins, and those who held the power, were resolved on taking the law into their own hands, and dethroning him.

On the festival of the 14th of July, in honour of the storming of the Bastille, a number of the provincial National Guard had come to Paris, most of them greatly advanced in their revolutionary opinions and the delegates of their several citizens. These stayed on in Paris in expectation of a crisis, and there was also a terrible battalion of fierce young men from Marseilles, a place noted for the fierce and unruly passions of the populace who were descendants of the Greek and Roman colonists. A vehement young man named Barbaroux had proposed to bring them to the aid of the Parisians and the Assembly, who supposed themselves in danger of a rising by the aristocrats in their midst on the advance of the emigrant and German army.

These men marched into Paris with ferocious countenances, singing with one accord the destructive poem lately composed by Rouget de Lisle, an enthusiast for liberty in their own city, and therefore called the "Marseillaise," both by its tune and by its cadences inflaming the soul to wild effort and vengeance upon oppression.

A report had been spread that the soldiers of the states were being poisoned in the hospitals by the aristocrats, some bits of broken glass having actually been picked out of the bread at Soissons, whereupon was founded the accusation of a diabolical conspiracy, though the fact was that the military bakery was in an old church with broken windows.

The more moderate men, several of whom came from the Gironde, the country round the mouth of the Garonne, who were therefore called the Girondins, with Roland at their head, had somewhat desired another insurrection in hopes of terrifying the King into submission to their will, but they saw that the mob was getting far past their power.

The Assembly was told that on the 10th of August the tocsin would be rung, and the people would march on the Tuileries.

"Will public tranquillity be maintained?" Pétion was asked.

"I cannot tell," he said. "In our present state no precaution can be taken."

Pétion vacillated. When the commander of the National Guard asked for more powder, he said that the application had not been regular, but when 5,000 ball cartridges were served out to the Marseillais, no difficulty was made. It was on that day that Madame de Staël, ambassadress as she was, decided on leaving Paris, having often been in great danger from her noble efforts to save the proscribed. She hid the Count de Narbonne in her house, prevented a search for him by joking with the men who would have taken him, and sent him off in safety to England. She actually went in person to Manuel, a member of the Commune, and so pleaded the cause of Lally Tollendal and Jaucourt that they were

released from the fatal prison of the Abbaye and escaped to England, where the former was joyfully received by Lord Sheffield.

It was time for Madame de Staël, like the English Embassy, to leave Paris, but still she endeavoured to save the Abbé de Montesquiau, and had given him the passport of one of her servants, with which he was to meet her on the road.

She set out in full state as an ambassadress, with six horses and all her servants. Immediately the populace crowded about her crying out that she was carrying money to the enemies of the nation. She was taken to the Assembly, and there she found a great confusion. She was denounced for trying to carry away the enemies of the nation, and that her people must be examined. One name was not answered to, it was that of the man she had sent to Montesquiau of the delay. She was then ordered to the Hôtel de Ville, and the horrible mob was so dense round the carriage that the drive lasted three hours, with shouts of death all around, but a gendarme who had been placed in her carriage promised to protect her; indeed, he turned aside a sabre that was thrust at her.

She could hardly get into the hall of the Hôtel de Ville, which was full of furious men and women. However, Manuel was there and took her to his office, where she waited six hours, and saw the murderers returning stained with blood. He got another passport for her, and Santerre, the brewer, sat on the box of her carriage and saved it from pillage, in gratitude for a distribution of corn made by her father to the people. At night Manuel saw her safe out of Paris, and on her way to Switzerland. No woman had then been put to death! But alas for the morrow!

Indeed a new Municipal Council had been installed, elected under the orders of Danton. It was plain that all was mustering for an attack, and the more moderate wanted the royal family to retire into the precincts of the Assembly.

"Monsieur," said the Queen, "there are forces here. It is time to see who will win the day, the King or a faction."

Few enough were her forces! The more loyal of the National Guard, commanded by Mandat, a friend of the King, a hundred nobles led by the Marquis de Maillé, and a thousand Swiss Guards. There might have been more loyal gentlemen, but the King had sent word to them in their hiding places in Paris that the danger was not imminent and he did not need them. However, he met the small contingent in his hall, and Maillé said, kneeling before him, "Sire, here are your faithful nobility come to restore you to the the throne of your ancestors."

The Queen chose to present them to the National Guard. She did not hear the growls, "Too many of those people; our men don't like them." She said, confident in the noblesse, "These gentlemen will march in front and show you how to die for your King.'

Mandat had been sent for to the Assembly, imprisoned and murdered there! There was no one to utter a word in reply to the Queen's brave

CAMEO XXXIII.

Attack on the Tuileries. 1791.

speech. One noble exclaimed, "Come, gentlemen of the National Guard, this is the time for courage."

"You will see if we are wanting," was the answer, "but you will not show us what to do."

The National Guard retired, and left only the gentlemen and the Swiss. Louis XVI. was called on to review them, but he came down half awake, after having slept on a sofa, and walked along the ranks, with his hat in his hand and not a word to say, but with the same calm expression of passive courage. The gentlemen within cried "Vive le Roi!" but the National Guard outside cried, "Vive la Nation," and some even "A bas le Veto!" He tried to go out to them, but his way was barred. The Queen wept. "This review has done more harm than good," she said. "We are lost!"

Indeed some of the gentlemen who were trying to reach the palace were arrested. A handsome degraded woman, named Theroigne de Méricourt, pointed out to the mob an unfortunate journalist, who was instantly murdered. It was the first blood that was shed, but several more loyalists were also killed, and their heads carried on pikes.

No one slept that night. The tocsin was ringing out at all the steeples, and the Queen and Madame Elisabeth stood at the windows trying to distinguish between the bells, and even looking out at a fiery red sunrise sky.

Rœderer, the Procureur-General, was going backwards and forwards between the King and the Assembly. A gunner at the palace stopped him saying, "Sir, must we fire on our brethren?"

"Only fire on those who fire at you," said Rœderer. "They are not your brethren."

The gunner extinguished his match, but the six hundred Marseillais had collected and were already at the gates of the garden. Rœderer saw that the greater number of the National Guard were not to be depended on, and hurrying on, entreated the King to put himself under the protection of the Assembly. "There are not five minutes to lose, Sire," he said. "There is no safety but with the Assembly. The gunners will not fire!"

Still the Queen hesitated. She could not bear to give way. "Madame," said Rœderer, "you are endangering the lives of the King and your children."

"I did not see many people on the carousel," said the King.

"Sire, the faubourgs are coming in. The crowd is enormous. They have cannon."

"We have guns," said the Queen.

"Time presses,' said Rœderer. "We do not beg, we demand permission from the King to take him with us."

"Let us go," said the King; but then pausing, "How about those who came to defend us?"

"They are not in uniform," said Rœderer, "if they throw aside their arms they will pass easily through the crowd." Of the Swiss Guards

no one seems to have thought, but a certain number, as well as of the National Guard, marched round the royal family as escort.

It was eight o'clock when they thus left the palace which they were never to see again. The way through the gardens was still open, as the King, Queen, the Dauphin, his sister and aunt, with the Princesse de Lamballe, and Countess de Tourzelle, the children's governess, went down into it, led by Rœderer.

The leaves were falling, and the little Dauphin kicked them before him while the King mechanically remarked on their early fading. Deputations were coming out to receive the King, and a crowd soon pressed about the family. The Dauphin could not get up the steps of the terrace of the Feuillants when a grenadier of the sappers caught him up, carried him in, and set him down on the President's desk.

"Gentlemen," said the King as he came in, "I am come to you to avoid a great crime. I can be in no safer place than in the midst of you."

"Your Majesty may depend on the National Assembly," replied the President. "We have sworn to defend constituted authorities."

It was suggested that the King's presence might hamper the freedom of debate, the grating was torn off the reporters' box, and the royal family were crowded into it, together with several of their loyal attendants, and there they sat all day in the stifling heat of August.

After they had left the Tuileries, the numbers around it thickened. The Swiss were at the windows, and the Marseillais turned against them the cannon that had been abandoned.

"Yield!" they cried; but there was no one to take the command of the defenders, and, indeed, Mandat's head was being carried through the streets and Pétion was confined to his house. The people were in the court, and had forced a barrier at the bottom of the staircase and the crowds filled the halls.

Suddenly a shot was heard. No one knew whether it was from within or from without, from the assailants or the defenders. More followed, and the Swiss began to fire. Some had fraternised with the people, and there was a cry, "Their kisses are warm on our cheeks, and they slaughter us."

The Swiss formed in good order, and coming down the stairs they recaptured the guns, and turned them against the assailants, actually driving the Marseillais back into the streets.

The sounds were heard in the Assembly, the Queen murmured to M. d'Hervilly, "Were we not right not to leave Paris?"

"I wish," he answered, "that your majesty may be able to ask me the same question this day six months."

At the same moment the King was saying, "I forbade them to fire! M. d'Hervilly, command them to cease."

The loyal servant obeyed at the peril of his life, and the faithful Swiss obeyed, having done just enough to provoke the horrible fury of the mob. Those who had been able to keep together reached the Assembly,

CAMEO XXXIII.
—
Slaughter of the Swiss.
1791.

followed by shots which broke the windows. The King ordered them to lay down their arms, "I will not have brave men like you perish," he said, and he gave them a written order. They were sheltered in the church of the Feuillants, and their lives were saved with much difficulty.

Their comrades, either still in the palace or dispersed among the crowd, were killed without mercy, and likewise the gentlemen who had come to defend the King.

The Queen's maids were all together in one room, and some one called out "Grace for women!" so that they were spared, but the entire palace was a scene of slaughter, the barracks of the Swiss were on fire, the Swiss were pursued and slain in every direction, even in private houses, and it is even said that the porters in great hotels, being called *Swisses*, were killed.

The faithful courage of these Swiss Guards, mercenaries as they were, has been, as is well-known, commemorated by the worthy monument of Lucerne, carved out of the solid rock, the Lion dying in defence of the Fleur de Lys; and beneath is the muster roll of all the brave men who have been known to have perished in their duty on that day.

The gentlemen were equally slain. Some, like Messieurs de Donnisan, de Lescure, and de Marigny had, happily for themselves, not been able to gain admission to the palace, but they had to remain in various concealments in obscure lodgings, till they could obtain passports to leave Paris. M. de Lescure had his young wife with him, and the horrors of the walk through Paris, the cries of "*Vivent les Sans Culottes*," drove away her senses so entirely for the time that he could not stop her from shouting with them the same cries.

Meantime the unhappy royal family remained shut up in the reporters' box while Danton marched in at the head of a deputation from the Commune, and announced that it acknowledged no judge save the people of the extraordinary measures that had been needful.

Debates followed, and finally these two articles were passed out of sheer terror, not for conscience:—

"The French people are invited to form a National Convention.

"The chief of the executive power is provisionally suspended from his function till the National Convention shall have decided on the measures to be adopted to secure the sovereignty of the people, and the reign of liberty, fraternity and equality."

The dethroned king bent towards one of the deputies, saying in a calm steady voice, "This is scarcely constitutional."

"It is the only way of saving your life," was the answer.

Furious demagogues came rushing in from time to time, uttering abuse against the King, or boasting aloud of the murder of his friends and defenders. On hearing of the death of one who had just been sent on a message, the Queen for the first time covered her face with her hands.

A little food was handed in for the children, but there they sat on and

on, the Dauphin asleep in his mother's arms. The Tuilleries was partly on fire, not exactly robbed, but rendered uninhabitable by the wanton mischief that had been done by the men and women who were too proud to steal. Time went on, and the names of the new ministry were proclaimed, to whom was transferred all the remaining royal power, Roland, Clavièrs and Servan, Danton Minister of Justice, Lebrun Minister of Foreign Affairs; but still unquenched, the Queen turned towards M. de St. Croix, "I hope," she said, "you will still consider yourself Foreign Minister." And as the Keeper of the Seals signed the decree, suspending the King from his royal functions, Marie Antoinette said, "Nevertheless the Duke of Brunswick will be here on the 23rd." Said the King, "They will not save me, they may avenge."

At last the exhausted family were allowed to retire to the old cells of the Feuillants monks at three o'clock in the morning, after fifteen hours' misery.

In the morning the guardianship of the King was confided to the Commune of Paris, and it was decided to lodge the family in the tower of the Temple, the remainder of the old abode of the Knights Templars, so cruelly and sacrilegiously destroyed by Philippe IV. Strange retribution on the descendants!

They were without linen or toilette necessaries, and Lady Gower, the wife of the English Ambassador, supplied some for the Dauphin. The Commune provided their guards, municipal gendarmes, who took the watch in rotation, never relaxing it entirely, though some were merciful while others were brutal.

The few faithful servants were for the most part separated from the King with tears and embraces before he left the Feuillants. There remained the Princess de Lamballe, the Countess de Tourzel and her daughter Pauline, the maids of the Princesses, and five men-servants of the King, but in a very few days the maids were taken away by a decree of the Commune, and then the ladies, though the Queen protested that Madame de Lamballe belonged to the royal family. They parted with embraces, bitter tears and forebodings. She was allowed to return, and also Cléry, a former valet, who has left a memoir of the sufferings of the family. He has given a plan of the tower, where we see three fairly large rooms occupying the centre with turrets at the corners for the stairs and other conveniences. There was a building adjacent of larger space, but this was not for them, and a garden in which under close guardianship the family were allowed to take mournful exercise, amid insults and threats from the labourers, which they endured for the sake of the children's health. Marie Thérèse, or Madame Royale as she had always been called, in later life wrote a close record of those days.

The King slept in the highest room, one gendarme always keeping him in sight, the Queen in the centre with her boy's bed by her side, the two Princesses together in another lesser room. Except breakfast, which was taken in the King's room, meals were served in the kitchen, in the entrance to which a savage turnkey lived and slept, using every

CAMEO XXXIII.
—
The Guillotine.
1792.

chance of insulting them. Tobacco smoke was blown in the faces of the ladies, and there was no indignity spared to them.

It was about this time that the machine came into use the name of which has become identified with the Revolution. It had been invented by Guillotin, a physician, in 1785, as a painless mode of execution. Sanson, hereditary executioner of the fourth generation, represented that since all men were pronounced equal and hanging abolished, it would be impossible to behead all by the sword according to the privilege of nobility, in the old Roman fashion, since no sword was capable of giving more than three sufficient strokes without being dinted, and besides, people of ignoble birth would not kneel steadily like brave aristocrats. Therefore the guillotine, a frame which held the victim fast as if looking through a window, while an axe rapidly descended, came into use. Assuredly the dispensation was merciful in those days of dark vengeance when ancestral crimes were being visited upon so many personally innocent heads.

CAMEO XXXIV.

WAR AND THE CONSEQUENCE.

1792.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1762. Francis I.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXXIV.

Advance of the Prussians.

As soon as the tidings of the dethronement of Louis XVI arrived, Lafayette, an honourable and upright man, threw up his commission and left the army, He took refuge in Germany, meaning to go to America, but the Emperor of Austria, considering him a dangerous person, seized upon him and kept him a close prisoner in the fortress of Olmütz. His admirable wife, Pauline de Noailles, travelled thither with her daughters, but they were only allowed to spend a few hours in the day with him, and the strictest watch was kept to prevent communication with any one else. The only son was at school in America.

Dumouriez was appointed General-in-Chief. He was a thorough Republican, with his head full of Greek liberty and Greek conquests.

The Prussian force under the Duke of Brunswick was actually invading French territory, in company with the emigrant army under the Prince of Condé. They had captured Longwy, and were on the point of taking Verdun, and intending to advance upon Châlons and thence to Paris.

Dumouriez occupied the forest of Ardennes, guarding all the roads. "This will be the Thermopylæ of France," he said. "I shall be luckier than Leonidas."

But on the advance of the Duke of Brunswick on an ill-fortified post, a sudden panic seized the defenders under Kellerman, and in spite of all his efforts there was a general flight of his division. "Ten thousand," as Dumouriez wrote, "fled before four hundred Prussian hussars."

He quickly repaired the damage that had been done, and took further precautions, training in haste all the young soldiers who flocked in to him in terror lest the evil days of feudal oppression were being renewed.

CAMEO XXXIV.

Ringing of the Tocsin.

But the siege of Verdun and the slight defeat of Kellerman's division, together with the imprudent manifestoes of the Duke of Brunswick, had a most fatal effect at Paris. The furious Republicans held that, as Danton said, they were between two dangers, from the Royalists within the city and the Royalists on the frontier. "We are between two fires," he declared; and Vergniaud declared, "We must dig the grave of our enemies before they dig ours."

"Audacity! Audacity for ever, and France is saved!"

Audacity? What was this Audacity? The murder by armed men of helpless prisoners! It surely was even then that France was given up to devils, possessing the crowd with bloodthirsty rage, absolutely without remorse, and propelled partly by panic and partly by the horrible lust of cruelty that grows by indulgence.

The tocsin was rung on the 2nd of September. The Marseillais were still at Paris, and orders came from the Assembly that death should be the penalty of disobedience to orders.

The clergy who had refused the oaths were the chief objects of hatred. Numbers of them had been arrested, and were imprisoned in the Abbaye and at The Carmelites. Twenty-two were waiting to be transferred to that prison. They were thrown into carriages. "See them, see them!" cried the Marseillais to the populace, who were slow to move. "You are about to march to defend Verdun. As soon as you are gone they mean to slaughter your wives and children."

Actually the people believed this, and cut at the helpless priests with sabres, killing them as they arrived. The Abbé Sicard, who had first invented means of instructing the deaf and dumb, was happily recognised by a clock-maker. "You must pass over my body to touch the Abbé Sicard," the man cried, and thus the good priest was saved. All the others perished, except two, whom the commissaries saved.

"To the Carmelites," cried the murderers. Here were the greater number. Their first cry was for the Archbishop of Arles. He asked absolution from a fellow prisoner, and answered those who would have held him back, "Let me pass. Perhaps my blood will suffice them."

Then turning to the murderers he said, "Here I am. I am he whom you seek. Spare the rest. They will pray for you on earth, and I will in heaven."

He was answered by abuse.

"I never hurt any one," he said.

"But I am going to hurt you," cried a Marseillais, striking him down with his sword.

The other priests fled into the garden, and there, amid laughter and songs, were hunted down, from tree to tree, from wall to wall. One managed to climb from a tree to a roof, whence he finally escaped to England and was received by Lord Sheffield. The wounded were collected in the church, and killed one by one in the porch. Carts were waiting to carry the bodies away to trenches already dug.

The turn of the Abbaye came next. Here there was a sort of

CAMEO XXXIV.
The Massacre at the Abbaye.
1792.

tribunal set up by a man called Maillard. A gentleman who survived, the Chevalier de St. Méard, has left an account of what he calls "My agony of thirty-eight hours." The unhappy prisoners heard the cries, "À La Force! À La Force!"

By this they meant immediate massacre in the cloisters of the Abbaye, where nine bishops and priests were penned up, and were every one of them killed; and likewise a hundred and twenty Swiss, all without the pretence of being tried.

The others were called out one by one. They were bidden to pass on, and then murdered. Among them was M. de Montmorin, who had been a minister of Louis XVI. He tried to defend himself, but was cut down at once.

M. de Cazotte was saved by his daughter, who clung round him, declaring that no one should touch him save by first striking her. M. de Sombreuil was also saved by his daughter Elizabeth, who, according to report, drank a glass of blood as the ransom of his life. During the night there was a sort of respite, and one of the men set to watch was so much interested by M. de St. Méard speaking his dialect, as to bring him wine, and resolve to protect him. When dragged before the table which served as a tribunal, he was kept waiting by two men with swords crossed before his breast, but was allowed to defend himself, and was finally acquitted of being "one of the caterpillars of the civil list.

The men who escorted him to his lodgings would accept no money, only a drink of *eau de vie* from the landlord. "We do not even work for money," they said.

There were ten prisons, and the number of murdered, as computed by the jailors, in each amounted to 12,847.

The *poissardes* and other women were fully persuaded that the prisoners meant to murder them and their children as soon as the men had marched to the frontier, and they carried food and drink to support the slaughterers, and applauded each successive murder.

The prison of La Force contained many ladies. There "Let madame be set at liberty" was in fact the fatal sentence, for as the victim turned away, she was seized and cut down. Pauline de Tourzel, a young girl, had been released the night before and was guarded through many dangers, but the Princess de Lamballe, who was lying on her bed, was dragged down to the table and interrogated.

"Your name?"

"Marie Louise, Princess of Savoy."

"Your employment?"

"Superintendent of the Queen's household."

"Had you any knowledge of the plot of the 10th of August?"

"I do not know of any plots, but I know that I knew of none."

"Swear to liberty, equality, hatred of the King, Queen and royalty."

"I readily swear to the first two, I cannot swear to the latter. It is not in my heart."

"Swear or you are dead," some one whispered to her.

CAMEO XXXIV. — *The Massacres.* 1792.

She only raised her eyes to Heaven.

"Let Madame be set at liberty," was the sentence, and she was supported out by two men who told her to cry "*Vive la Nation,*" but the sight of the horrors made her faint, and a blow on the neck, it may be hoped, deprived her of sensation, as she was dragged over the corpses, and sank at length on a pile of them. Her head was cut off, raised on a pike, and, with all her beautiful light hair floating round, it was displayed before the windows of her relations, and even carried to the Tower of the Temple, where the King was forced to stand at the window. The Queen fainted and was spared the sight of her devoted friend, almost a martyr.

A tricoloured ribbon was placed across the door, and this hindered the mob from breaking in!

At the Bicêtre the massacre lasted a week. Cannon were brought to finish it, and some prisoners fled into the cellars; there was an attempt to drown them out, but here Pétion at length intervened and saved the last victims. The Assembly was shocked, but powerless.

"You have no concern in this," said the murderers. Roland, however, promulgated this declaration: "We owe to all France the assurance that the executive power could neither foresee nor prevent these excessès."

It was a confession that power had departed from the Assembly into the hands of the Commune, and thence into those of the assassins. Other massacres took place at the different cities of priests, magistrates and nobles, but at length there was a partial lull. The prisons were almost empty, but they began to be filled again with the families of emigrants and all who were suspected of conspiracy against the Republic.

By the 21st of September, 1792, the elections before agreed on were over, the National Assembly broke up, the National Convention, chosen by universal suffrage, came into such authority as there existed.

Among the former deputies was the Duke of Orleans. When titles were abolished, Manuel, the Procureur Syndic, declared against this name of Bourbon, and turning to the statues of Liberty and Equality, said they ought to be his new sponsors, and dubbed him at once "Philippe Egalité."

His only daughter at fifteen had gone to England with Madame de Genlis for her health, and when he found that a petition in her favour would not be attended to unless by this name, he submitted, and thus was elected to represent Paris; and her two elder brothers, Louis Philippe Duke of Chartres, and Philippe Duke of Montpensier, were with the army of Dumouriez and Kellerman. On the 20th of December, the Duke of Brunswick attacked this force on the heights of Valmy. Kellerman knowing that action, not steadiness, was the only way to deal with his new troops, vehement but fresh from the plough or the workshop, cried, "*Vive la Nation,*" and rushed forward. On this charge the Allies fell back, and this success was of much importance as it gave confidence to the new levies, and depressed the emigrant army, so that they did not feel ready to march upon Paris.

But when Dumouriez visited Paris shortly after, though he was received triumphantly, he was horrified at the condition of affairs and the ferocious language of Maximilien Robespierre, a lawyer, and Marat, a Swiss surgeon, who, as well as Danton, made no secret of their approval of the massacres of September, and were filling the prisons with fresh victims.

However, he returned to the army, and on the 6th of November, he, with the Duke of Chartres, gained a really brilliant victory at Jemappes over the allied armies, not only driving back the Austrians, but opening the way into the Netherlands so that Liége was under the tri-colour by the end of November, 1792.

Well might he, an honest and humane man, loving constitutional liberty, but untouched by the sanguinary fury of the nation, be shocked at what was passing at Paris.

In the Convention, Boulotte, the delegate from Auxerre, while presenting a petition from the Jacobins against the King's life, said, "The head of a man proscribed by public opinion must be struck. If any one in the Convention thinks that the prisoners of the Temple should not be punished, let him mount the tribune and defend them. For my part, I demand the sentence of death."

The Girondins, moderate and humane men, hung back afraid of the loss of popularity, and no voices were heard in support of the harmless, well-intentioned man who had never desired the hurt of any one, but who had inherited the fearful amount of retribution heaped up by the selfishness and ambition of a long line of ancestors.

Gamain, the locksmith, who had taught and worked with him, betrayed the spot in the wall of the Tuileries, where he had assisted in hiding an iron box containing the King's correspondence with Mirabeau, Barnave and others, who had tried to find means of saving him. Other papers were brought forward, fatal as the garbled letters seized at Naseby were to Charles I. The very endeavour at self-preservation was a crime, as Valezy reported on the papers. Investments had been made in foreign commerce. "Of what was not this monster capable!" was his cry. "He is at war with all human nature! A monopoliser of wheat, of sugar and of coffee."

Who was to judge him? The National Convention erected itself into his judges, and the time for the discussion was fixed for the 15th of November, as to whether he should be tried for life or death. The delegates were divided. The Abbés Gregoire and Fauchet defended the King, and so did the English Tom Paine, though America had fired him with revolutionary and atheistic sentiments, and he had written a book which was proscribed in England.

But Robespierre, protesting that he abhorred capital punishment, and neither loved nor hated Louis XVI., declared that the Sovereign must die that the country might live, while Danton said, "We do not judge the King, we kill him."

Still it was arranged that he was to be heard before this self-appointed tribunal. Four months had passed since the August day which had

CAMEO XXXIV.

The Prisoners in the Temple 1792.

consigned the victims to the Temple. They had passed monotonously, save for the various insults of the guards, who gave them newspapers to read when there was anything specially dreadful, such as a proposal to make a cannon ball of the King's head.

At seven o'clock the King rose, and attended to his devotions till eight o'clock, when he dressed himself and his little son, and they then went down to breakfast. For two hours after the King taught the boy his lessons, but let him amuse himself till twelve, when all had to walk in the garden that the fresh guards who came to relieve the others might see them. Clery played at ball with the Dauphin and they stayed out till two, when they came in to dinner, and after it the King and Queen spent an hour in pretending to play at cards, because thus they had an opportunity of exchanging a few words. The guards hardly let them out of their sight or hearing, and when Madame Royale wrote exercises, they insisted on looking for treasonable matter in them.

At four o'clock the king lay down to sleep till six, when he gave his son more lessons and played with him till supper time, after which the Queen undressed the boy and put him to bed. The others sat together till eleven. Madame Elisabeth went through the daily portions of the Breviary and read devotional books, often aloud. The Queen attended to her daughter's studies, and occupied herself much with needlework and embroidery. There is a doll in the museum at Salisbury which she dressed at this time, with every detail, even to the shoes and knitted stockings, most minutely finished, and the little pockets daintily stitched round. It seems to have been given to some woman who was kind to her, as some one or two of those engaged in menial offices about the Tour du Temple certainly were, conveying letters to and from her. Madame Royale mentions two of the guards who were moved to tears of pity at different times, but as two always were together, those of "milder mood" durst not show signs of pity. One said he was sorry for the little boy, but he was doomed to die, as he was the son of a tyrant.

When the decision had been made that the King should be tried, the officers suddenly informed the family after supper that their father was to be summoned away from them, and detained in his own room above.

The Queen wept piteously, and the next morning when breakfast was served separately she could not eat, and the municipal officers, startled at her despair, consented to the family meeting at meal times, but only on condition of their conversing aloud and in good French. The Dauphin still slept in his father's room, and the walk in the garden was in common; also as Clery, the valet, was no longer allowed to enter the ladies' apartments, they sat in the King's, to let him dress their hair as an excuse for being together a little longer.

Pens, pencils, ink and paper were taken away from all, knives only allowed at dinner, and even scissors were removed, so that the princesses had to bite off their thread. The Dauphin was soon obliged to remain with them; the King did not choose to separate him from his mother.

A doctor named Chambou had replaced Pétion as Mayor of Paris.

CAMEO XXXIV.

Citation of the King. 1792.

and came to summon him before the bar of the Convention by the name of Louis Capet.

"Capet is not my name," answered the King, "only the nickname of one of my ancestors. This is the same treatment that I have experienced for four months past. I follow you, not to obey the Convention, but because you have strength in your power."

One of his enemies described him as appearing before the Convention "calm, simple and noble, never for a single instant losing the dignity of the throne."

He was allowed to be seated while the interrogations began, "Why did you collect troops round Paris?"

"I had then the power of directing their march, but I never meant to shed blood, I executed all the decrees."

He was shown a note from the Count of Artois which had been found in the Tuileries.

"I disavowed all my brother's proceedings, following the Constitution," he said.

The resistance of the Swiss on the 10th of August was the chief subject of accusation.

"Why did you collect troops?"

"All the constituted authorities did so. The place was threatened. I was a constituted authority."

"You made the blood of Frenchmen flow."

For the first time colour came into his face, and bending forward he exclaimed—

"No, gentlemen, it is not true."

He demanded the act of acccusation, and the substance of the evidence, as well as the assistance of a counsel. He was taken out of court and there was a great tumult; many supporting his request, but Marat exclaiming, "No lawyers' tricks! This is no common trial."

The counsel was, however, accorded, but the Jacobins wanted to hasten matters. "Foreign nations," said Thuriot, "in the name of their own liberty demand a great example. The tyrant must carry his head to the scaffold."

A voice on a distant bench cried out, "Do you forget that you are a judge?"

However, ten days were granted to Louis to prepare his defence. He chose two distinguished lawyers, but one excused himself, though the other, M. Tronchet, willingly accepted the perilous honour, which was eagerly solicited by Monsieur de Malesherbes, a fine old man who had served him in the good days of Turgot, whom unhappily Louis had not had the decision to support.

Both were much affected when they met. "Your sacrifice is the more generous," said the King, "that you will expose your life without being able to save mine."

"It will be easy to defend your Majesty victoriously," said Malesherbes.

CAMEO XXXIV.
—
Trial of Louis XVI.
1792.

"No," said Louis, shaking his head. "They will make me perish, I am sure. They have the power and the will, but no matter! Defend me as if I was to win. I shall win in the opinion of posterity."

And he wrote, "My blood will flow because I would never shed other blood."

The two lawyers obtained the assistance of another advocate, Dasèze, from Bordeaux, who made a long and affecting speech, at the trial on St. Stephen's day, when truly the King did steadfastly look up to Heaven in these strange sufferings upon earth. When the speech was over and the King had said a few words, he warmly embraced all the three before they parted for ever.

The Assembly was in an uproar. There were some who had a horror of the unjust judgment, and others who doubted of the competence of the tribunal, and among them was Rabaut, the son of one of the most noted preachers of the Huguenots in the persecution. He was a Girondin, but that party was divided, while the Jacobins held all together for condemnation.

The young Duke of Montpensier was sent by his elder brother, the Duke of Chartres, to entreat their father, Philippe Egalité, to leave Paris, and at any rate to endeavour to save the King's life, but Barère, who had acquired great influence over the foolish, weak-minded Duke, had expressed his opinion, "The tree of liberty is watered by the blood of tyrants"—and he vacillated.

721 voters were present in the Convention. Of these 387 voted for death, 334 for some lesser punishment. The Duke of Orleans, seeing how matters went, wrote, "Solely occupied with my duty, and convinced that all those who have injured (*attenté*) or may injure the sovereignty of the people deserve death. I vote for death!"

A murmur of horror went through the Assembly, even among the bitterest enemies of the court, and revived the conscience of the unhappy man. When on his return home, his youngest son, the Count de Beaujolais, reminding him of his promises, he turned saying, "Away! I am not worthy to be your father!"

When the division was announced, the advocate Desèze read aloud a manly appeal from the King to the judgment of the nation at large. This was disregarded. So was the gallant speech of Tom Paine, written in English, but the translation was read aloud by an interpreter, beside whom he stood in the tribune.

"The man whom you have condemned to death is regarded by the people of the United States as their best friend and the founder of their liberties. That people is your only ally. It demands of you by my voice to suspend the execution of your sentence. Do not give the despot of England the pleasure of seeing on the scaffold the deliverer from tyranny of your brethren in America."

Neither was this brave remonstrance of any use, "Louis Capet" was found guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the nation, and condemned to die within twenty-four hours. It was the 20th of December,

CAMEO XXXIV.

Condemnation of Louis. 1792.

1792, he was to die on the 21st, a hundred and forty-three years from the execution of Charles I.

It was poor old Monsieur de Malesherbes who was deputed to carry him the information. He had lived all this month of the trial entirely secluded from his family with no communication with them except through Clery, and the Commune was so much afraid that suicide might debar them of their vengeance, that they would not allow him even a table knife, though Malesherbes had assured them that if the King were a philosopher like Cato, there might be danger, but as he was a pious Catholic there was no fear that he would kill himself.

When admitted, Malesherbes could only throw himself at his feet in tears. He was raised and embraced by the King, perfectly calm and collected, saying that he fully knew what to expect, and had only been examining himself to see whether he had ever desired anything but the good of his people.

Then the old lawyer went on to say that throngs of people had pressed round him to say, "The King shall not perish! We will save him or die with him."

"Do you know those men?" asked the King.

"No."

"Try to find them, and tell them I would not forgive a drop of blood-shed for myself. I would not consent before, when it might have saved my throne and my life. I do not repent!"

As he looked over the list of those who had condemned him, he came on the name of Philippe Egalité, his cousin. "He is more to be pitied than me," he said. "I am very unfortunate, but I would not change with him."

At two o'clock the Minister of Justice and a deputation arrived to read the sentence, to which the King listened with the grave dignity of a martyr. He then read aloud his requests. They were:—"A delay of three days for preparation.

"The attendance, without witnesses, of the person he would name.

"Deliverance from perpetual surveillance.

"Permission to see his family alone, and protection and freedom for his family.

"Also support for the many attendants who were totally dependent on the incomes they had received."

The delay was refused. As to the family, the answer was: "The French nation, as grand in its beneficence, as rigorous in its justice, will take care of Louis's family, and give it a suitable fate." The priest, whom the King had meant in his second request, was granted. He had been confessor to Madame Elisabeth, and was the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont, or Fairymount, belonging to a Roman Catholic branch of the notable Irish family of Edgeworthstown. He was searched before being admitted, but the King begged him to wait in an inner room while the wife and the others were present. The guards stood behind a glass door. As with Charles I., the details of the interview were

CAMEO XXXIV.
—
Execution of Louis XVI.
1792.

preserved by the young daughter. It was seven o'clock in the evening. The Queen threw herself into his arms, his sister hung on him, the children knelt at his feet. He sat down and talked over his trial with his wife, then gave his son some religious instructions, exhorting him never to attempt revenge for his own death, then gave his solemn blessing to both children. The Queen begged that they might spend the night with him, but he represented that he ought to have no distraction, and she yielded, being allowed to suppose that she should see him in the morning. The parting came, and the daughter fainted; while her mother was raising her, the King left them, and called his confessor.

"Ah!" he said. "Why must one so love and be loved? That is over! Let us forget, and only attend to what is needed for my salvation!"

Mass was celebrated by the Abbé Edgeworth, and he communicated. Santerre and his troop came in. "You are come for me," he said. "Wait a moment."

He knelt down before the priest, asked and received his blessing, then went down and entered the carriage with two municipal guards, who kept silence while the King and priest went through the prayers for the dying, which just lasted till they reached the scaffold. The streets were crowded, and a few young people shouted, "Help, save the King," but they were ridden down by the cavalry and there was no movement in response.

The door was opened. "Take care of this gentleman," said Louis.

"Be easy, that is our business," said the guards. They were binding his hands. He shrank. "I am sure of myself," he said, but as they insisted,

"Like *Jesus Christ*," said the priest, and he bent his head in submission.

The drums beat, but he made a sign of silence. "Frenchmen," he said in a loud clear voice, ringing out into the distance:

"I die innocent! I forgive my enemies. I pray God that my blood may not be visited on France."

The drums began again. "Son of St. Louis, ascend to the skies," murmured the priest. The head had fallen. An executioner held it up, and a few voices cried "*Vive la Republique*," but the crowd was silent.

The body was consumed by quicklime, nor were any prayers permitted. One of the judges was at the same time killed by one of the former guards.

Louis XVI. was only thirty-nine years old when thus the accumulated sins of his fathers were visited on his head. Happy it was that he had so lived that the temporal scourge became to him a palm of victory. The miserable country which had shared in all the royal corruption had yet much more to suffer at its own hands, given up as it might well seem to devils of hatred and bloodshed.

CAMEO XXXV.

WAR COMMENCED

1793–1797

England.
1760. George III.

France.
1774. Louis XVI.

Spain.
1759. Charles III.

Germany.
1792. Francis II.

CAMEO XXXV. — *Beginning of the War.* 1793.

ALL England went into mourning for the death of Louis XVI. The Revolution in France had agitated all the Whigs and all the young enthusiastic spirits, but when the promiscuous massacre became known, and priests and emigrants arrived in the country, destitute of everything, and having barely saved their own lives, there was a great revulsion of feeling, and every one was filled with horror.

George III. with Mr. Pitt was still most anxious to avert war, though on the tidings of the execution he dismissed M. Chauvelin, the French envoy, and recalled his own ambassador, Lord Gower. Indeed he heard with tears of indignation Lady Gower's account of the sufferings of the Queen and her children; but the King and Minister recognised the right of a nation to choose its own Government, and were most unwilling to begin a war, though it could hardly have been supposed likely to be, with little intermission, a twenty-two years' war.

Thus the beginning was French. On the 1st of January, 1793, the National Convention voted war with England. On the 3rd of January, 1793, Genét was sent to America to invite the States to join in a war with Great Britain. At the same time a British sloop was fired upon from the harbour of Brest, nor was any attempt at apology made. Besides this, Holland was the ally of England, and Dumouriez' attack on her was an offence against the English nation.

There had been intense excitement in the United States at the success of Dumouriez at Jemappes. At Boston, an ox with gilded horns, the Tricolour flying from one, and the Stars and Stripes from the other, was set up on a stand fifteen feet high, was drawn through the streets by fifteen horses, in honour of the fifteen stripes, attended by twelve butchers, and the spit on which it was to be roasted was labelled "Peace

CAMEO XXXV.
—
American Rejoicings. 1793.

Offering to Liberty and Equality." Behind came two carts bearing 1600 loaves of bread, and two waggons with barrels of punch, while *Ça ira* was played and the *Marseillaise* sung. With the last notes the ox was immolated, that is to say cut up, and was supposed to be Aristocracy sacrificed. The head was buried, then set up on the top of the spit, in the middle of what was to be called "Liberty Square." However, the news of the execution of Louis XVI. changed the feeling, for it was remembered how much good his adhesion had done to the American cause. The flags were hung half-mast high, and the ox head thrown into the sea; but there were violent Republicans enough to be delighted to wear the cap of liberty, and to give a rapturous reception to Genét, banqueting him, and uttering inconceivable folly at the toasts.

But Washington was still President, and neither he nor his Government had any intention of going to war with England. They would not suffer French privateers to dispose of English prizes in their ports, and when Washington received Genét the room contained medallions of the "House of Capet" to the intense offence of the Frenchman, who decided that international law only existed in the worm-eaten writings of hired jurisprudents like Grotius and Puffendorf, and complained that the President had addressed no compliments to him on the success of the French Revolution. No wonder, as the Reign of Terror was at its height. After a time, in spite of noisy complaints, Genét was forgotten.

All hesitation was necessarily at an end as to war. The National Convention had promised protection to all who wished to revolt against their Governments, and had declared Nice and Belgium to be incorporated with the Republic on the strength of letters from the Jacobins in each country, so that it was in vain that Fox pronounced that there was no intention of interfering with other Governments. On the 1st of February, 1793, the Convention declared itself ready to be at war with all Europe!

Austria, Prussia and Sardinia had begun. Now, England, Holland, Spain, and the Papal States were added to the League, while Corsica was glad to throw off the recent affiliation to France. Unfortunately, though there were able men in the English army, they were either in India or of inferior rank, and the Commander-in-Chief was Frederick, Duke of York, the King's second son, who was entirely inexperienced and incompetent.

The French invasion of Holland was far from being a success, and at Neerwinden there was a sharp battle with the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, in which Dumouriez had his horse killed under him, and the young Duke of Chartres behaved with much gallantry, but it resulted in utter defeat, and some of the troops did not stop till they were over the French frontier.

Dumouriez retreated with the rest in good order to Brussels, but he believed his army to be disaffected towards him, and he knew there was a strong hatred to him among the Jacobins at Paris, whom he himself

began to regard with increasing horror. Soon they met with the Princess Adelaide, the sister of the Duke of Chartres, whom her father had sent, for the sake of security, with Madame de Genlis and her two companions, Pamela Seymour and Henriette de Sercey. Pamela was Madame de Genlis' adopted child, and soon after married Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Duke of Leinster's son, who was to acquire a sad celebrity in Ireland. The governess was induced to take her charge for further safety to Switzerland.

CAMEO XXXV.

Flight of the Duke of Chartres. 1793.

The brother remained a little while longer with the army, but Dumouriez was visited by three delegates from the Convention, known to be decided Jacobins. He did not mince matters with them. "General," said one, "you are said to wish to be Cæsar! If I thought so I would stab you."

"I am not Cæsar, neither are you Brutus. If I am to perish only by your hand, it would be a brevet of immortality."

He had written a strong letter to the Assembly, which was not read to them, and their doings so displeased him, that he began a negotiation with the Austrian General Mack, proposing to march upon Paris with his army, and give up Condé to the Austrians in case he found it necessary to call in their aid in overthrowing the blood-stained Convention.

But he was suspected alike by the Convention and the army. A summons to appear before the Convention was sent him through Camus, and three other commissioners.

"You are masters of my fate," he said. "I am ready to give in my resignation."

"After that?" said Camus.

"I shall do what suits me. I shall not carry my head to the tigers."

Another commissioner cited Roman history.

"The Romans had no Jacobin club," he answered, "nor revolutionary tribunal. I shall not be like Curtius, nor leap into the gulf."

"Will you obey the decree of the Convention," finally asked Camus, "and come to Paris?"

"I cannot at this moment."

"I suspend you from your office, you are General no longer. Arrest him and seize his papers."

The staff, however, stood by their General, and he ordered the four commissioners into custody, telling them that he was doing them a kindness by saving them from the Convention. But the army was not on his side, and the end was that he took refuge in the Austrian lines accompanied by Louis Philippe, Duke of Chartres. Offers of an appointment were made to him by the Austrians, but he would not fight against his country, and lived for thirty years in retirement and died in England. The Duke of Chartres also made his way to Switzerland, where he met his sister, and they took up their abode by the Lake of Zug. Switzerland was full of emigrants, and such was the hatred that Egalité had excited that actually it was visited on his innocent daughter. An

CAMEO XXXV.

Lord Howe's Victory. 1793.

emigrant purposely tore Adelaide's dress with his spurs, they were expelled from Zug, and a large stone was thrown in at the window at her at Zurich. The ladies had to take refuge in a convent, under English names, and Adelaide finally joined her aunt, the Princess of Conti, while her brother travelled about, and obtained a situation as mathematical tutor in the college of Reichenau.

Dampierre succeeded to the command of the French army but was not successful.

The Duke of York landed at Ostend, and joined the allies advancing to Valenciennes.

Dampierre attacked the camp on the 8th of May, 1793, but was beaten off with the loss of 4,000 men and mortally wounded. "I prefer the battlefield to the guillotine," said Dampierre. The Duke of York, showing much gallantry, he invested Valenciennes which held out forty-one days and then surrendered. Mayence was taken by the Duke of Brunswick, and General de Castine, who was in command, was driven over the Rhine, summoned to Paris and executed.

The allies, however, had different aims, and were by no means agreed, and they began to lose ground. The Duke of York laid siege to Dunkirk, but was obliged to raise the siege, and very little more was done all the winter, but as usual the English fleet had the command of the sea, and took the West Indian isles of Tobago, St. Pierre and Miquelon, but could not take Martinique.

Moderate people looked on in utter dismay and generous subscriptions were raised for the support of the emigrants, who thronged in with touching stories of the perils of their escape, and who tried to eke out a maintenance by arts to which their hands were little accustomed. Some, the best educated, taught Latin, French or geography, some fencing or dancing. Ladies became governesses, or assistants in schools, or sold lace, embroidery or ingenious trifles; and there were evening parties where they would meet, and enjoy themselves with all the cheerfulness, grace and wit of their nation, though often with garments barely saved from becoming rags, and with scanty fare.

Government was liberal to their necessities, but was at the same time obliged to look with a jealous eye on all who could not give an account of themselves, for there were those who were spreading disaffection wherever they could obtain a hearing.

At Edinburgh a club was formed called "The Sons of Liberty," to which a number of hot-headed young men belonged, and there were attempts at forming associations in connection with it in different parts of England. One James Muir was tried and found guilty of sedition, for which he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Another, English by birth, John Palmer, who had used dangerous language, had seven years' transportation. In Australia they were treated with much leniency, living in houses of their own at Port Jackson, whence Muir effected his escape, and after narrowly escaping capture by a British vessel, reached France, where he died.

CAMEO XXXV.

Disaffection in England. 1793.

Other trials took place in England, and though the accused were acquitted, there was enough of restlessness and secret conspiracy to cause the suspension of the Act of Habeas Corpus in 1793 for the first time since 1745. There was constant dread of an invasion from France, and doubt whether numerous English bands might not rise to join the Republicans if they should land. Moreover, Ireland was in a seething state of discontent and disturbance, the penal laws on Roman Catholics harder than ever, and the Protestants of the North far from satisfied. It was on the threatening dangers that Edmund Burke made his last great speech in Parliament, but his *Reflections on the French Revolution* with their noble language, impassioned eloquence, and the touching description of Marie Antoinette in the days of her radiant beauty, had a great effect on the readers. A pension was settled on him upon his retirement, but his heart was broken by the loss of his only son, and he died in 1797 at the age of sixty-eight, the greatest orator Parliament has seen.

The persevering Wilberforce, supported by Pitt, carried a Bill through the Commons for preventing the English captains from supplying slaves to the islands held by foreigners, but the feeling of the country was so much adverse to anything tending to liberty that the measure was thrown out by the Lords. The West Indian merchants and the slave captains were furious, and his life was even threatened. When, by his assistance, Hannah More and her sisters began the work of evangelising the shamefully neglected villages round Cheddar, they were accused of being Jacobins, even though Hannah's cheap repository tracts were doing much for the loyalty, as well as the religion, of the people.

On the 1st of June, however, a victory was gained which did much to raise the spirits of the nation. Lord Howe, with twenty-five battleships, encountered Admiral Villars Joyeuse with twenty-six. Joyeuse was an experienced seaman, but he was much hampered by the interference of a Jacobin commissioner, Ycan Bon St. André, a landsman who thought himself entitled to command, and, on the other hand, some of Howe's captains chose to disobey orders, and attack to windward instead of leeward, which allowed the disabled French ships to escape. Howe and five more broke through the French line, and fought desperately. Captain Trowbridge was a prisoner on board the French *Sans Pareil*, and when the captain augured that the Admiral was afraid to attack, he laughed and said, "Englishmen do not fight on empty stomachs, after breakfast they will pay you a visit." So it proved. The *Sans Pareil* had to strike and Trowbridge was set free. Howe steered close to the enemy and exchanged broadsides from the *Queen Charlotte* with the *Montague* on the one side and the *Jacobin* on the other. They drew off at last greatly injured. In the *Marlborough* a merry little cock perched on the bowsprit, crowing lustily all the time of the engagement while officers fell. The masts were shot away, and scarce a fragment left to bear up one sail, and three more vessels were in as bad a plight, but Joyeuse had been forced to sheer off, with all the ships he could save, and seven had

CAMEO XXXV.
—
Lord Howe's Victory. 1793.

surrendered. *Le Vengeur* was fast sinking. The captain had brought his sword on board the *Queen Charlotte*, and English boats picked up more than two hundred of the crew, but St. André, who was glad enough to be put on shore, wrote the story, still believed in France, that she went down, all their colours flying, with captain and crew crying "Vive la Republique," and this has ever since been believed in France, in spite of contradiction. A model of the *Vengeur* was hung up in the Pantheon, and an ode was written on it.

"The glorious 1st of June" was always a day specially commemorated by the English nation, and a month later the King himself, with the Queen and the Princesses, came to Portsmouth to do honour to the victorious fleet, and the gallant old Admiral, seventy years of age. With his own hand, George III. gave him a diamond hilted sword, and a massive gold chain, and there was great rejoicing and exchange of anecdotes of the fight. "Black Dick," as the sailors called their Admiral, was a plain old man with simple tastes, and though the discipline of the time was of savage barbarity, he was always lenient and very popular.

He was soon cruising in the Channel, while Sir John Jervis was gaining the islands in the West Indies, and Lord Howe was assisting the Corsicans in a revolt against the French, and under him in the *Agamemnon* served Captain Horatio Nelson, destined to win the highest name of all our great sailors. It was in the successful attack on Bastia, the Corsican capital, that the dust and gravel thrown up by the explosion of a gun, flew into Nelson's left eye and blinded it for ever.

Bastia was taken, and the island of Corsica offered itself to George III., who sent Sir Gilbert Eliot.

The King had just been much vexed by the discovery of the private marriage of his youngest son, Augustus Frederick, to Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. There was no prosecution, but the lady was never accepted by the King, nor their two children treated as of the royal family.

The ill success of the allied armies, and the difficulties of the English so far showed the incapacity of the Duke of York that Mr. Pitt insisted on his recall, greatly to the mortification of the King, who consented entirely from a sense of duty but wholly unconvinced. On the return of the Duke, he was made a Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the land forces. This was in the January of 1794.

The pressure of his enormous debts, over £600,000, at last wrenched from the Prince of Wales consent that his hand might be given to a lady of princely rank, on condition that these might be paid. Political expedience, in their eyes necessity, caused even good men to neglect the fact—known, though ignored by all, that he was actually the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and it was decided that his bride should be Caroline of Brunswick, daughter to the King's sister, and to the Duke who had commanded the allied army with so little success. That the two were cousins, with hereditary insanity in the family, was as little thought of.

CAMEO XXXV.

Marriage of the Prince of Wales. 1795.

The Prince was thirty-three years of age, already *blasé* with dissipation, the Princess twenty-seven and accustomed to all the petty gaieties of a coarse minor German Court. The Earl of Malmesbury was sent to request the hand of the Princess, and was not at all delighted. England had much advanced in refinement since the Duchess of Brunswick had left her home, and both she and her daughter were a shock to the English nobleman. His diaries show the disgust and despondency that he could not reveal to the authorities who had gone too far to recede, and show him trying to give the Princess hints as to cleanliness and propriety such as a cottage girl would scarcely need in these days, and no lady in his own time. Nor was she a mere child, capable of being moulded by her new surroundings, but a wilful, headstrong woman, warm-hearted but thus the more easily offended, and certainly not likely to win a doubtful, perhaps prejudiced heart.

She was fair and well-featured but without grace or softness, ignorant, unaccomplished and free of tongue, and when first the Prince of Wales met her in April 1795, it was with a shudder of disgust at the contact with a creature no more refined than a maid-servant. The marriage took place on the 8th, in the Chapel Royal at St. James's, the King giving away the bride. Every one present remarked how wretched the unwilling bridegroom looked, and indeed he drank heavily to keep up his spirits through this ill-starred wedding.

Nor did matters improve as time went on. The Princess did not, or could not, conciliate her husband, nor did she gain much affection from his parents, and three months after the birth of her daughter Charlotte of Wales on the 7th of January, 1796, she left Carlton House and never was reconciled to her husband, while the poor child, as heiress to the throne, became a bone of contention between mother, father and grandparents.

The war with France could not but be very expensive, and involved heavy taxation. The seasons had been bad, and there was a scarcity of food, which led to much serious discontent and ill-will. The Whigs, though aghast at the horrors passing in France, much disapproved of the war, which thus far had brought no glory. There was so much misunderstanding and disaffection that Hannah More, because of her exertions for popular education, was accused by one party of being a Jacobin, and by another of being in the pay of Mr. Pitt, when she put forth her excellent Cheap Repository Tracts upholding religion and loyalty in familiar language. Wilberforce's anti-slavery exertions made him be branded as a revolutionist, and the King, as author of the war, came in for the general abuse. On the 29th of October, 1795, when he went to open Parliament, huge crowds were assembled shouting, "Bread, Bread! Peace, Peace!" Lords Westmoreland and Onslow were with the King in the state coach, when a ball of lead or marble came in through one window, making a hole through the glass, and passing out through the open one opposite.

"This is a shot!" said Lord Onslow.

CAMEO XXXV.

The King Stoned. 1795.

"Sit still," said the King, "we must betray no fear."

So far from doing so, he leant forward to examine the broken glass; and when they arrived, there was no trembling of voice as he delivered his speech from the throne.

"Well," he said to the two Lords as they entered the carriage to drive back. "One person is proposing this, another that, forgetting that there is One above Who disposes of everything and on Whom alone we depend."

Yet it was still worse on the way back. There were showers of stones, breaking all the windows, and striking the King. He took one stone out of the folds of his coat, and gave it to Lord Onslow, saying, "I make you a present of this, as a mark of the civilities we have met with on our journey to-day."

In the next February, as the King and Queen were returning from Drury Lane Theatre, a stone was thrown which struck the Queen's cheek and fell into the lap of the lady-in-waiting. It was a comfort that these outrages only proceeded from the very worst and lowest of the London mob, and served to elicit enthusiastic tokens of affection from the better classes. Yet George III. thought affairs so threatening that he told Lord Eldon that it was probable that he might be the last King of England.

Charlotte, always called Princess Royal, was thirty years old before a suitor offered in the person of the Duke of Wurtemburg, an elderly man, with such a bulk that his dining table had to be curved to accommodate him. He had been a gallant soldier and was an amiable man, but he had had the misfortune to marry a sister of the Princess of Wales, and she had conducted herself, after the fashion of the Brunswicker ladies, so ill, that on a visit to the court of Catherine II. of Russia, she was imprisoned by the Empress, while her husband with his two children returned home. She was now dead, and the Duke was accepted. The marriage ceremony was made to occupy four hours, at least for the spectators, and it was a bitter parting, for royalties seldom met in after life, and she had been a most affectionate daughter, as indeed she was a most excellent loving wife and stepmother.

CAMEO XXXVI

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

1792-1794

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1762. Francis II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXXVI.

France under the Convention 1793.

WITH all unwillingness to condemn other nations, it is impossible not to believe that after the long course of years during which God had striven with France, kings, clergy, nobles and people, raising up among them some of the very holiest of saints, who won around them many admirable souls to be saved alive, but who were sure to be either persecuted, suppressed, or their work corrupted in the next generation, He had at length given them over to themselves. Let us rather say that He had permitted the evil angels to be loosed among them, inflaming them to the spirit of slaughter in blind vengeance for past wrongs, while, that Divine Grace was not utterly taken away from the miserable land, was proved by the spirit of martyrdom granted to many of the innocent sufferers, victims not so much of the maddened populace, as of the ancestral sins visited on their heads.

France had ceased to be a kingdom. The National Convention was practically divided between two parties, the Montagnards, so-called from the benches of their gallery rising high one above the other. They were mostly Jacobins, full of the bloodthirsty fever which deemed that the only way of making a new and perfect beginning, was to sweep away all who belonged to past institutions. Some had genuinely an idea of reaching the perfectibility of human nature, through waves of destruction; others were merely carried along by insane ferocity and hatred. The Girondins, on the other hand, had some ideas of justice and order and even of mercy, mostly being desirous of bringing back what they viewed as the golden ages of Greece and Rome, but they were looked on as half-hearted, and they supported enough of violence against supposed oppressors to bring about a state of things that no one could control.

Maximilien Robespierre, a lawyer from Alsace, always stands at the

CAMEO XXXVI.
—
Robespierre and Danton.
1793.

head of the leaders in ferocity, and he actually seems to have had a high aim, according to his own perverted views. He was a small thin man, mild and amiable in manner, honest and pure in life, and a dandy in dress, always going about with a nosegay, actually loved and admired in private life, and honourably engaged to a good girl. He had begun by denouncing the punishment of death, but the fury of his cause had seized upon his whole nature, and made him absolutely ruthless in the destruction which he deemed needful for the regeneration of the nation.

Georges Danton, an older man, had likewise been bred as a lawyer, but had been of ill repute, and therefore unsuccessful. He was a man with wider views than Robespierre, but equally viewed slaughter as a step to liberty, though he was more readily moved by individual cases of pity. He had directed the massacres of the 10th of August, not from the unreasonable dread of the rising of the prisoners, but from the desire to avail himself of the popular panic to clear the way for the reintegration of society, but he had been careful to secure the persons in whom he took any interest by removing them beforehand. He was a big powerful man of rough manners, a contrast to the elegant Robespierre.

Jean Paul Marat, a Swiss surgeon, was simply a ferocious butcher, intoxicated with bloodshed.

To these may be added St. Just, a young, handsome, but savage-hearted man, Collot d'Herbois, Couthon and Camille Desmoulins, an amiably tempered journalist with a passionately attached young wife, Lucille; yet all, whatever their qualities, were infected with the rage that bade them "Shut the gates of mercy on mankind," and "wade through slaughter" to equality. The poissardes of Paris, women who had been almost petted by royalty, were so many furies, who sat knitting as spectators at the Convention, and thronging to applaud every death of an aristocrat.

The streets were in terrible disorder, shops were plundered and everything was disorganised. A new tribunal was proposed. Nine members were to form a sort of jury, and any one might be cited before them on an accusation of *incivisme*, namely of want of citizenship to the Republic. They were to be named by the Convention and to act as the deciders of those brought before the twenty-five who formed the Committee of Public Safety. Vergniaud said this would be an inquisition worse than that of Venice, and truly said, "The people are divided into two classes, one delirious with enthusiasm, the other shocked into torpor, drags on a painful existence in the anguish of a terror which seems without bounds."

So felt the Girondins with Brissot at their head, but Marat and the Mountain were too strong for them. The conflict was between Mountain and Plain, as the more moderate men were termed.

They denounced Marat before the Tribunal. These were his friends, and acquitted him. The populace crowned him with wreaths and garlands, and in their turn the Girondins were denounced. The struggle lasted for weeks. Their eloquence had its effect, and those people who had any common sense or remnants of humanity sided with them. A

CAMEO XXXVI.

Murder of Marat. 1793.

decree of imprisonment was put forth against Roland and two others. As Roland was not at home, his wife, the muse of the Girondins, was arrested. In prison she bore herself with great dignity and fortitude, and by her example and kindness won the hearts and greatly improved the whole demeanour of her fellow prisoners, not the noble and innocent ladies, but the most degraded women of Paris.

The Girondins and their party deserted the Assembly. Some were with friends, others in one room at Paris with the door barricaded, others had surrendered. Thirty-two were at Caen. It was known that they were proscribed for endeavouring to check the savage fury of the Revolution, and that Marat was their chief enemy. The Norman townspeople were trying to organise some means of saving them, when a strange and sudden blow was struck in their cause.

Charlotte de Corday d'Armans was a beautiful girl of five and twenty, of a noble family and bred up as an orphan in a convent, where her studies had been chiefly of Plutarch and Seneca, and she had imbibed the prevailing passion for stoicism and classical liberty; and of the religion that had been taught her, she seems to have retained no belief, only a wild admiration for the heroines who had struck and suffered.

The Girondins commanded her enthusiastic admiration, and she saw in the Jacobins and Marat, the wretches who were staining the ideal republic with blood. She devised a plan of being another Judith and saving the patriots from destruction.

She obtained a recommendation from Barbaroux, one of the Girondins, and travelled to Paris by coach. She sent in a note to Marat, asking for an audience to give him information about Caen. He was not well and made no answer; but on a second note he admitted her, while he was sitting in his bath, with a board over it for writing on. He asked the names of the Girondins who had taken refuge at Caen. She gave their names, and as he set them down, he said, "Well, in a week they will be all guillotined."

At the same moment, Charlotte drew a knife out of the muslin kerchief on her bosom, and plunged it up to the hilt in his breast. He gave one cry, "*À moi, mon amie,*" and the servant he had married rushed in and found him dead. The man who was folding newspapers in the next room hurried in, and they would have seized the girl, but she faced them silently, with her back against the wall. Not a word of fear or regret passed her lips, and some of the persons who had come up in haste, saved her life from the violence of the crowd. She was taken to the Conciergerie, and thence to the tribunal, where she stood calm, grave, and self-satisfied.

"It was I who killed him," she said.

"Who made you commit the murder?"

"His crimes."

"What crime?"

"The misery he has caused since the Revolution. He was perverting

CAMEO XXXVI.
—
Execution of Charlotte Corday.
1793.

France. I slew one man to save thousands. I was a republican before the Revolution, and I never was wanting in energy."

She was vexed at the form of the indictment. "Oh! the monster," she cried, "he takes me for an assassin."

There was a semblance of trial, and she was sentenced to death. A priest came to her. "No, thank you," she said; "I do not need your ministry."

An artist sketched her really fine face in the red robe she was made to wear, and she gave him a lock of her hair. In the same heroic temper, this woman of high, but perverted spirit, died.

Her deed had been done on the 2nd of July 1793, and Marat had a splendid and blasphemous funeral. Crime does not remedy crime. Poor Charlotte Corday's desperate action only increased the fury and malignity of the period. Secret enemies might be anywhere. There was brought forward the "Law of the Suspected." They were the bankers, the lawyers, the large-landholders, every one who had held a post or a pension, husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters of emigrants, all might be detained in prison as suspicious even if they had been acquitted or there was no evidence against them.

"Let terror be the order of the day," said Barère. "The royalists ask for blood. We will give them the blood of Marie Antoinette, of Brissot and the conspirators. This will not be illegal. Brissot and the royalists wanted to destroy the Mountain. It will crush them."

The prisons were again filled, and hasty trials sent victim after victim to the guillotine. Saint Just repaired to the army, and established a revolutionary tribunal, which sent men to be shot two hours after their sentences, and a guillotine was carried for other victims in the rear of the army.

The day after Marat's death, the 3rd of July, 1793, orders were sent that the little Louis, eight years old, and King by right, should be taken from his mother and confined in the securest room. The Queen placed him on a bed, and stood at bay over him till the messengers threatened to call in the guard, and kill both children. She was forced to give way, and let his aunt and sister dress him, as she lay fainting. She petitioned for leave to attend his meals, promising neither to speak to him nor caress him, but this was denied to her, and the only comfort she had was peeping through a chink in the hoarding on the leads of the tower, which divided the melancholy promenades of the prisoners, if perchance she might watch her darling pass by. She saw him clothed in red, instead of his mourning for his father, but happily she could not hear or see all the indignities that the wretched cobbler Simon heaped on the delicate boy, his King.

Servants were taken away, and the princesses had to sweep and make the beds themselves, but they had not yet reached the depths of their misery. In a month's time, on the 2nd of August, 1793, at two o'clock in the morning, the guards made an entrance to carry Marie Antoinette to the Conciergerie. In vain did her daughter and sister beseech to go

CAMEO XXXVI.

Captivity of the Queen. 1792.

with her, and she had to dress before the guards, who searched her pockets and the few clothes that she took. She made no complaint, only kissing her poor daughter, bidding her obey her aunt as a second mother, and embraced them both, then went on without daring to look back. As she passed the wicket of the tower, she struck her head against the low door. She was asked if she were hurt. "Nothing can hurt me any more," she said.

She was taken to a narrow cell, with a brick floor measuring seven feet by fifteen, and crossed by a screen four feet high, behind which sat a gendarme who was never to lose sight of her. There was a folding bed, a wash-hand stand, an armchair, a little table and two small chairs. A girl who waited on her, called Rosalie Lemorlière, lent her a band-box, and used to bring her a little looking-glass in a red wooden frame, and she was allowed an iron to smooth her muslin caps, and a needle to mend her clothes. "What is your Capet doing in prison?" asked one of the commune. "Mending her stockings," was the grinning answer.

She sent for her knitting to finish the stockings she had begun for her boy, and Madame Elisabeth and the daughter collected all the materials they could find, hoping to beguile some of her tedious moments, but she was not allowed the knitting needles under pretext that she might use them for self-destruction.

She was still not entirely out of reach of friends. Richard, the master jailor, and his wife, were full of compassion, and did all they could for her without exciting suspicion, which would only have caused them to be exchanged for some one hardened in cruelty. When colder weather began, and application was made for a warm covering for her bed, the answer was, "You wish to be guillotined."

The Sisters of Mercy, who bore charmed lives throughout these dreadful times, continued to send her warm stockings, and some peasant women continued to bring her water from a spring at St. Cloud, which she had always used, as the water of the Seine disagreed with her, and she had never used any stronger liquid.

Some of the guards were rude and coarse, and took delight in insults, but there was a continual succession of these, and it was sometimes the turn of compassionate men, sometimes of loyal and reverent ones. One of these contrived to make a sketch from memory of this Queen of sorrows, as she sat upright as ever in her rickety straw chair, majestic in her muslin cap and black serge gown, her whitened hair parted over the still face, the blue eyes fixed far away, and a grave quietness on the firm lips, a martyr's look to some, though some called it stupor. What memories must have come to her, the joyous sisters in the Imperial home, the playful, giddy reckless youth, the gradual deepening of motherhood and wifehood, and the darkening time when the worst bereavement of all fell upon her, that worst misery of knowing her darling near and suffering. A miniature was painted from the sketch, and copied for some of the royalist friends. It has been photographed, and unutterable are the things to be read in it.

CAMEO XXXVI.

Indictment of the Queen. 1793.

Richard contrived to give access even to a non-juring priest named Magnan, partly by the assistance of a lady, Madamoiselle Fouché, whom he permitted several times to see her. It was her last confession, and what depth and repentance there must have been! Afterwards Magnan fell ill and could no longer go to her.

Count Fersen hovered about, dipping into the various plots laid to save that devoted life. One is called the "affair of the five hundred," for that number was said to be engaged in it. Another, that of the Chevalier de Rougemont, is known as "the affair of the carnation," for in a carnation brought to the Queen was concealed a roll of paper, on which was written, "I have been imprisoned, I escaped by a miracle. I shall come on Friday!"

While Rosalie played at cards with the guard, the Queen pricked out with a pin, "I am *Gardée à vue*, I can neither speak nor write." It seems that a few words were interchanged. "Does your heart fail you?"

"It never fails me, but I am afflicted." And on the paper she pricked, "I trust you, I will come."

She was to speak to the man on guard upon an appointed day. Alas, she mistook, spoke to the wrong person, and the plan was discovered. The gendarme who had been favourable to her suffered, but Rougemont and his friend, probably Fersen, escaped. The Queen was put into a still smaller cell, her wedding-ring was taken away, and her linen was no longer permitted to be in her own possession, but was doled out to her, when absolutely needed.

Two months had passed since her separation from her daughter and sister-in-law, when on October 13th, 1794, she received a summons to appear before the Committee of the Convention. She arrayed herself in her black serge gown, put on a black crape veil, and muslin cappets, and added a little perfumed powder to her white hair. As she was led out of her dark cell, the light dazzled her, and she said, "I cannot see my way."

When she stood before her judges she was asked her name, surname and address. She answered, "My name is Marie Antoinette of Austria, widow of the King of France, born at Vienna, aged thirty-eight years. At the time of my arrest, I was in the place of meeting of the National Assembly."

Fouquier Tinville's indictment began: "We find that after the example of Messalina, Brunehault, Fredegonde, and Medici, once termed Queens of France, Marie Antoinette, the widow of Louis Capet, has been the scourge and blood-sucker of the French." Every imputation that hatred had launched against her was heaped into the charge. She listened in silence, only "moving her fingers as if playing the harpsichord" till she was accused of corrupting her only son, and then the words broke from her, "I appeal to all mothers." Here the fishwomen knitting on the benches could not help breaking into cries of emotion.

CAMEO XXXVI.
—
The Trial.
1793.

Even Robespierre, on reading the indictment, dashed his plate down, and broke it, crying out, "Fools! Is it not enough that she should be a Messalina? Must they make her out an Agrippina, so as to give her at the last moment a triumph in public interest!"

The sentence was given at 4 A.M. on the 26th of October, the very day this Queen of sorrows was to suffer. She was taken back to her cell, and managed to swallow a cup of chocolate, and a little cake called *Mignonette*. Paper, pen and ink were allowed her, and she wrote a letter to Madame Elisabeth, commending the poor children to her care, and forbidding vengeance to be wreaked. It was never given, but was found among the papers of Canthous, the public accuser. After twenty-three years it was given to her daughter, and it was read by Royalists on every anniversary of this miserable day.

She sent a message of thanks to a woman who had been kind to her, and was on her knees when the gendarmes entered and called on her to rise and hear her sentence read.

"I know it only too well," she said.

However it was read, and Sanson's son advanced to bind her hands. She recoiled and said it had not been done to Louis XVI., but the judges said, "Do your duty;" and Sanson roughly strained the delicate hands behind her back, and bound them.

There was a sigh of pain, but tears were forced back while her cap was removed and her hair cut short, the long white braids were stuffed into Sanson's pocket, and were thrown into the fire in the great hall, but some locks were rescued, and came into possession of the faithful Tourzel family.

A muslin cap was put on her head and tied on with a kerchief, and she wore a white dimity gown. She was hurried along to the rough *charette* and placed in it, with Sanson holding the cord with which her hands were tied, and an *Assermenté* priest named Gérard, dressed as a layman, from whom she refused any services. Once only she raised her eyes toward a window where she knew that a non-juring priest was making a sign of benediction. Otherwise she looked straight before her, and the rough outline which David the artist drew in haste, of her upright figure, firm face, closed lips and bound hands, is one of the most pathetic things in existence.

The windows were all closed, and thirty thousand soldiers lined the streets, with cannon at all the crossings and squares. All along the populace had gathered, and there was one continuous roar of "*Vive la Nation*," "*À bas la Tyrannée.*" As the car went to the Place de la Revolution, where the guillotine stood, on the side towards the Champs Elysées, where a statue had once stood of Louis XV. but now a figure of Liberty with a red cap on, a globe in one hand, and a lance in the other.

"Recall your courage, madame," said Gérard (as it seems).

She answered, "Courage! I have long ago served my apprenticeship to it. There is no fear of my losing it now."

CAMEO XXXVI. — *The Execution.* 1793.

She rapidly mounted the steps of the scaffold and knelt down. Rising, she said, "Lord, enlighten and soften my executioners! Farewell, my children; I go to rejoin your father."

A moment more, and the once fair and stately head had fallen, and the life was over, once girlishly light though innocent, then proud and deeply affectionate, and misjudging in efforts to retrieve a lost cause, and finally bravely enduring a long and piteous expiation, and thoroughly sustained by the religion she had never forgotten even in her most thoughtless days.

The body was carried away in an open coffin to the cemetery of the Madeleine, where her husband had likewise been placed in quicklime. The entry in the accounts of the nation was, "Veuve Capet, Coffin 6 francs; grave and diggers 25 francs." Such was the burial of the daughter of the Hapsburgs, the descendant of Charlemagne.

She was within a month of being thirty-eight years old, and had been twenty-three years in France. It was remarkable that the marriage which Maria Theresa had belied her principles to effect should have turned out thus miserably.

The sister-in-law and daughter in their prison in the Temple were only informed by street cries that her fate had been consummated. They seemed to have been forgotten, and were left to wait upon themselves, though at times there were three visits a day, from gendarmes to search for proofs of outside correspondence of coming assignats and the like. All the books with coats-of-arms in them were taken away, and the playing cards with kings and queens. When Elisabeth asked for eggs on a fast-day, she was told that all such nonsense was given up; and they had no communication with the poor little boy, who, after he learnt what use had been made of his supposed depositions against his mother, sat silent in his cell, never opening his lips.

"What was to be done with the wolf-cub of the Temple?" it was asked.

"He was to be got rid of," was the answer. Simon the cobbler, to whom this horrible charge was given, had begun a course of fiendish ill usage, forcing drink on the poor child, knocking him about, using every means to force him to speak, and using fierce violence when the child was kneeling in prayer, "for saying Paternosters like a monk." Once he is said to have drawn an answer from him. "If they made thee king, little Capet, what would you do?"

"I would pardon you," was all the reply. Without fresh air, without cleanliness, with never a kind word said to him, the little rightful King pined away, but still lived. Once in January, his sister and aunt on the floor above, heard a great noise of movement, which proved to be caused by the removal of Simon who had been promoted. After this, the tender eight years old boy was left absolutely alone. A pitcher of water and a little food were daily brought to him, and given at a wicket in the door, no light; no fire; and his bed was never made, his shirt and stockings never changed, nor the window opened,

CAMEO XXXVI.

Madame Elisabeth. 1794.

nor the room cleaned, and he sat or lay in a kind of stupor, which it may be hoped shielded him from being thoroughly conscious of all his misery. So thus passed the reign of Louis XVII. Did his dream recall the happy days when, the favourite of the palace, he brought his morning's flowers to his mother, and as he passed the briars, said with a strange foresight, "Thorny paths lead to glory." Or those days, still to a child happy, when he played at ball with his sister, said his lessons to his father, and was dressed and undressed by his mother's tender hands!

The two ladies were left comparatively unmolested till the 9th of May 1794, when, as they were undressing to go to bed, there was a knocking, and much impatience before Madame Elisabeth could resume her gown. "Come down stairs," said the gendarmes.

"And my niece?" she asked.

"She will be taken care of."

She was only told when she wanted to send some of her clothes that it was impossible.

She embraced the poor girl and said she should soon come back.

"No, citoyenne," said one of the men, "you will not return. Put on your cap and go down stairs."

She, after a night at the Conciergerie, was taken to the tribunal and asked, "What is your name?"

"Elisabeth of France."

"Where were you on the 10th of August?"

"Beside my brother, the King, at the Tuileries."

"Beside the tyrant, your brother?"

"If my brother had been a tyrant," she answered, "neither you nor I should be where we are now! What needs all these questions? You want my death. I have offered up my life as a sacrifice to God, and am glad to go and rejoin those whom I loved on earth."

The sentence followed, and on going back to the Conciergerie, she desired to be with her fellow victims and did much to comfort them. She was put into a cart with twenty-six more, and cheered them on their way. They begged to kiss her, and she gave her sweet saintly face to each in turn ere they went up to die, all before her. When her turn came, the rude touch of the executioner disordered her kerchief, "For the love of your mother cover me," she said.

They were her last words. She was thirty years old, the age at which she hoped to have become a nun.

Thenceforth the poor girl was alone, but being older than her brother, she kept her room in order, and herself clean and neat. She had her pious books, some travels and her work, and thus the time passed in silence, except when she was obliged to speak to the visitors sent to inspect her daily.

It was in the summer of 1794 that she heard a loud noise below, at six o'clock in the morning, as though her brother's door were being forced open, and she hastily rose and dressed herself. She heard no more

CAMEO XXXVI.

Death of Louis XVII. 1795.

for three days, when an officer named Laurent was appointed, who treated her with civility, but turned a deaf ear to her entreaties to see her mother, aunt and brother.

Well perhaps for her memories that she never saw the child. When the door was opened, the cell was in such a horrible state that they recalled, as they saw the little King, seated on his bed, one mass of filth and sores, covered with rags, full of vermin, and his great blue eyes open and fixed, apparently only half-conscious. When spoken to gently, the only answer he made was, "I want to die!"

He was bathed, properly dressed, and his new keeper Gonnier took every care of him, taking him out on the leads of the tower, and bringing cards to amuse him, giving him a light in the dark, and taking him into the outer room. Once he said dreamily, "Yet I never did harm to any one." The poor little boy would hardly speak to visitors, but became much attached to Gonnier. Yet this one request to see his sister once more was refused, and his health had been ruined by suspicious cruelty, he could hardly stand or walk, and his knees and elbows swelled. Doctors were sent to attend to him, but they saw from the first that it was a helpless case, and on the 9th of June 1795, his sufferings ended. His last words were, "What beautiful music! Does mamma hear it?"

Innocent victim of the retribution that his forefathers for many generations had heaped up, to fall on that guiltless head, still the pure and holy spirit of the little martyr king was untouched by all that the fiend-like spite and fury of the vindictive maddened nation could do, and there was hope in his end, and no doubt his joy at once began as he met those who had gone before.

Six months later, at eleven o'clock at night, on the 19th of December, 1795, on her seventeenth birthday, in compliance with the urgent and repeated representations of Austria, Marie Therèse was conducted out of the Tower of the Temple where she had spent three years and four months; and one after the other been deprived of all her family.

She was taken to Vienna, where she lived under somewhat cold treatment for three years, and then was allowed to join her two uncles, Louis XVIII. and the Count of Artois. According to a wish of her father's before the evil days, she married the Duke of Angoulême, the eldest son of the Count of Artois. She remained a grave, cold, shy, impassive woman all her life, to whom was appropriate the name given her by the Royalists of *Filia Dolorosa.*

CAMEO XXXVII

THE VENDÉEN ROYALISTS

1792–1794

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1762. Francis II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

THERE were faithful hearts that beat truly for the little captive king, and swords drawn in his defence, though the only effect was to increase the savage brutality of his tortures.

Las Vendée is a district of the old county of Anjou, bordering upon Brittany. The country is divided into small farms, and the part towards the Loire, called the Bocage, is not exactly a forest, but a number of small fields surrounded by deep hedgerows of trees lopped every five years to twelve or fifteen feet high, narrow lanes running between them. The whole country looked like a thick wood when viewed from a height, only here and there a patch of amber corn could be seen between in harvest time.

The nobility were not very rich for the most part, and thus had not been corrupted by the almost compulsory residence at Court, which expenses made oppression of the tenantry almost necessary. They were thus on friendly terms with the peasantry, and joined in their amusements, or gave them aid and counsel, nor was there any of the hostility to the castle from the cottage felt in most parts of France, but the terms were much more like those on which the best style of country squires lived in England. The people were very religious, and strongly attached to their clergy.

When orders came from the National Assembly to enroll a National Guard, the peasants unanimously turned to the gentry to command it as their national chiefs, and they consented, glad to be able to prevent some mischief.

And when all clergy were proscribed who refused the oath to the Convention, scarcely a person would go near the priests who were thrust into their places. Of one village we are told that it was impossible to

CAMEO XXXVII.
—
Rising of Las Vendée.
1793.

procure a light for the tapers when the intruding priest was about to say mass. Of another place, that a hundred francs were offered in vain to a beggar boy if he would act as server. The parish priests were hidden in the thickets, where their faithful flocks brought them food, and obtained the ministrations of their faith from them.

There was a tumult at Bressuire, a little town in the midst of the Bocage, which was savagely put down. The peasantry had already taken up arms—fowling-pieces, axes and the like—to guard their priests, and when tidings came that Louis XVI. had been executed, and that an emigrant army was about to invade France and deliver the boy king and his mother, their thought was only to aid in the rescue.

So when orders came down that three hundred thousand conscripts should be raised to defend the Convention, the Bocage refused as one man to let their sons be taken into the army fighting against the nobles who were striving to deliver their king. At the little town of St. Florent, where the balloting was to take place, about 1,200 young men collected, armed with sticks or old guns, and behind them were a large body of their neighbours and parents, determined to support their resistance.

Five or six hundred Republican troops were drawn up on the broadest street, and when the lads came near, demanded "*Qui vive?*" A whole volume of shouts replied, "We will never serve the Republic!"

At once the fire of grape shot was opened on them, but did no harm. The youths dispersed but rallied again in a few moments, and rushed on the gendarmes, overwhelming them by force of numbers and driving them out of the town. Numerous cannon were captured, but the peasants spiked them, not understanding the value they would have been in the war. They set fire to the castle, burning all the papers prepared for their oppression, and the flames rising into the sky announced the capture to the country round.

In the village of Pim in Mauge, a carrier named Jaques Cathelineau was kneading his dough when he learnt that the country had risen against their oppressors. He wiped his arms and went forth into the village, where he collected twenty-seven of his relations, and with the cross before them he conducted them to the village of La Poitovière, where he made a discourse full of the natural eloquence of a man of deep feeling, calling on them to rise in defence of their religion and of their king. The tocsin was sounded from the churches, and through the war served as the summons to the peasants to take arms in the cause.

Cathelineau was a good man, much respected, and the people flocked round him, filled with his own passionate enthusiasm. They advanced against the Château de Jallais, where the National Guard was taken by surprise, fled and left a cannon, which the insurgents named, "The Missionary." At Chollet, which was a town of more consideration, they were joined by a troop of five hundred, led by a gamekeeper named Nicolas Stofflet, who had served as a soldier. Again they took

the place, and in it a gun named "Marie Jeanne," which had been given by Louis XIII. to Cardinal de Richelieu. Chollet was the emporium of a sort of large red woollen kerchief, and these were almost universally worn as a sort of badge by the Vendéens, together with the scapulary on their neck, and a square of linen with the red heart of the Saviour sewn on the breast of the coat. In general the Vendéens were exceedingly merciful and forgiving to the "Blues," as they called their enemies, but at Machecoul, a troop not under Cathelineau's leading, after taking the place, shot three hundred Republicans over the ditches that had been dug for their interment.

Cathelineau and the St. Florent people perceived the need of leaders, and sent a deputation to M. de Bonchamp to entreat him to take the command. He hesitated at first, for he counted the cost too truly, "We shall expect no recompense on earth," he said to his wife and his two young children. "They are beneath the purity of our motives, and the sanctity of our cause. We cannot even aspire to glory. There is none in civil wars. We shall see our castles fall, we shall be proscribed, despoiled, culuminated, perhaps put to death. Still, let us thank God for giving us strength to fulfil our duty to the last."

In the same spirit of self-sacrifice came forward M. d'Elbée from a quiet studious life, as he sat by his wife, after the birth of their first child.

Clisson was inhabited by a numerous party. The Marquis de Lescure, lord of the manor, had escaped thither, after the massacre at the Tuileries, with his young wife, and her father and mother; the Duke and Duchess de Donnissan were also there with a great aunt, the Abbess of Auxonne, who with her nuns had been expelled from their convent. There were also a number of other guests, chiefly old men and ladies, but among them was Henri de la Rochejaquelin, a youth of twenty, an officer in the Royal Guard, who had remained at Paris on that account when his family emigrated. He was a fair, tall, graceful lad, silent and grave, but good at all manly exercises.

After various alarms the news came that Bressuire had been forcibly occupied by the Republicans, and that the National Guard would be called out; M. de Lescure was their commander. A council of the household was held, and Henri, as youngest, was called on to speak first. He declared that he would rather die than fight against the peasants or the emigrants. So said they all, and Madame de Donnissan, seating herself in an arm-chair, said, "Messieurs, you are agreed rather to die than to live with dishonour. Well, let us die."

However, a week passed and nothing was heard, till one day, as Lescure and Henri were teaching the young Marquise to ride, walking on each side of her pony, gendarmes were seen approaching. There was time, however, for Henri to gallop away, but a few days later he heard that he should have to draw for the militia, and therefore left Clisson to join the insurgents, armed with a stick and a brace of pistols, promising, as he embraced his cousins, "I will come and release you."

CAMEO XXXVII.
Victory of the Peasants.
1793.

A little later, the party left at Clisson were actually arrested and taken to Bressuire. The baby daughter of the Lescures had been sent with her nurse to a farmhouse, and there was no requirement of the Duchess de Donnissan, but she said, "Then you would hinder me from devoting myself for my daughter."

They were not ill-treated except that they had only two rooms. The National Guards of Bressuire only acted under orders. They were their own neighbours and tradesmen and wished to protect them.

Henri had arrived at the army on the Anjou side, and found that it had just been defeated. Bonchamp and d'Elbée declared that the attempt was hopeless, for they had only two pounds of powder and the peasants were dispersing. On this he went to St. Aubin, where on the news of his arrival all the country folk thronged round him with entreaties that he would put himself at their head. Moreover, sixty pouuds of gunpowder, intended for blasting, were discovered, but among several thousand men there were only two hundred fowling-pieces. However, he resolved to attack the Blues, who had lately entered Aubières. Choosing out the best marksmen, he prepared to place them behind a hedge. One of the youngest called out, "Monsieur Henri! Fear nothing for us. Your boys know how to drive back the Blues, but do you stay here, and do not expose yourself."

His answer, shouted to all the troops lurking in copses, hedgerows, and gardens, was, "If I advance follow me, if I fall avenge me."

Then, with a dozen good marksmen, he stationed himself behind the hedge and began firing on the enemy, the peasants handing up freshly loaded muskets after every discharge, and almost all took effect. The Blues on this began to draw towards a hill where they might place themselves in order of battle, but Henri, seeing the movement, cried out, "See, they fly," and there was a general rush and shouts of "Vive le Roi" from all sides, and the Blues fled in confusion, leaving two small pieces of cannon. The peasants always rushed first on the cannon, to prevent their doing harm, they said; they leapt on them and mastered the gunners, or when they saw the pieces levelled, lay down on the ground, and thus met with little loss, while the Blues, entangled in the network of lanes, made their retreat with difficulty and danger.

After the victory at Aubières, Henri thought it his duty, before releasing his friends at Bressuire, to relieve Bonchamp, d'Elbée and Cathelineau, and this was done effectually. Another chief in this war was Stofflet, the gamekeeper, who had been a soldier, and had the manners of one, being not a pious, simple peasant, but a rough man who much better understood the necessities of warfare, though he was not at first acceptable to the gentlemen, who were the very essence of Christian chivalry.

The Blues, under General Quetineau, were at Bressuire, and four hundred Marseillais arrived who insisted on putting to death eleven unfortunate peasants, in spite of the resistance of the Mayor, whom they made prisoner.

The Lescure family were carefully kept out of their sight by their

hosts. Finally, on the 1st of May, there was an alarm that the Blues were at hand, a panic seized on the soldiery, and Quetineau, finding that they could not be depended on, drew them all out of the town. The prisoners hearing the tramp kept their shutters closed, expecting an attack, but presently it became clear that the enemy were gone, the way to Clisson was open, and the townspeople came up entreating that M. de Lescure would give them shelter there. So all returned thither in a body, and were soon joined by the chief members of the insurgents.

Bressuire was again in the power of the Vendéen army, and the Duke de Donnissan was chosen as head of the Council of War, in which were both peasants and gentlemen.

Cathelineau, who for his intense piety was called the Saint of Poitou, and Lescure, who in like manner was termed the Saint of Anjou.

Another rising of the peasants was headed by an old soldier, Charette, who on being called on to lead them said, "Well, I will do as you wish, but the first of you who disobeys me, I shall shoot down."

Thours was then attacked. It had a high thick wall, and the Royalists had no ladders, but Henri, standing on the shoulders of another tall man, tore out the stones with his hands, and actually effected the beginning of a breach. Others climbed after him, the Blues were taken by surprise, the place was won, and the white flag floated from the steeple. Quetineau was made prisoner and treated with courtesy, as his men were with a humanity that was ill-requited. "Stay with us," said Lescure, "you will be safer as our prisoner." "I wish to show I have done my duty," said the General. He went back to Paris and was guillotined.

Chateignerie was also taken, but unfortunately these poor countrymen, unused to discipline, became homesick after a few weeks, and could not be hindered from dispersing to see their wives and children, and talk of their victories.

This was fatal to their ultimate success, for it was impossible to make any combination of effort, or to preserve what was taken by their wonderful valour. Parthenay was captured, Saumur and even Angers, with its girdle of Plantagenet towers, and the Convention perceived that a more regular effort would be needful if these brave peasants were to be put down, and large reinforcements were sent under Westermann, a merciless man.

The Royalists determined to enter Brittany and attack Nantes, but if so, Saumur must be garrisoned. So orders came out that four men from each parish must be there, to be changed once a week, and as the men were unwilling to pass the Loire, Stofflet put out a proclamation that such as refused were cowards. They crossed, but Angers, behind them, was reoccupied and held by the enemy. All the Vendéen generals concentrated themselves on Nantes; there was desperate fighting at the gate, and in the midst Cathelineau was struck in the elbow and breast by a bullet. He was alive when carried out of the battle, and

CAMEO XXXVII.

Crossing the Loire.

1793

taken to St. Florent, where, in a few days, he died, and with him ended the wondrous success of the Vendéens.

M. de Lescure had been wounded at Saumur, though not seriously, and all was in confusion, but the men were rallied and retreated into Lower Vendée, while Westermann devastated the country with savage barbarity. Clisson, M. de Lescure's chateau, once the happy home and the refuge of so many, was burnt to the ground. The young wife and her little daughter, as well as her parents, were with the army, still brave and devoted, though the officers had little hope. Indeed, nothing throughout could have been more pure and unselfish than their aims. The utmost hope that ever was expressed was when Henri de la Rochejaquelin laughingly said, in a moment of victory, "I hope the king will make me a colonel." The women and children who had escaped from the ruin of the villages dragged themselves about in the rear of the army, a wretched mass of confusion.

Nevertheless, Chollet was attacked. The noted and able Republican general was in command there, and there was furious fighting in the streets and suburbs. Kleber wrote that the Vendéens fought like tigers, his men like lions, and fourteen of his staff and other officers were killed.

But the peasants had a more fatal blow. M. de Lescure received a bullet in the head, and two days later, in a renewed attack, Bonchamp and d'Elbée were both mortally wounded in the tremendous battle that took place around Chollet. D'Elbée was left at Beaupreau, but the other two were carried to St. Florent. This little town is built on a semicircle of heights around the Loire, with a wide space of sand below, on which were gathered the whole multitude of fugitives, men, women and children.

Boats plied across the river, and the Britons, a loyal people, came down to the bank to invite the Vendéens, and promise them shelter and relief. The best generals were opposed to the measure—Lescure thought they could better sustain the war in their own fields—but the undisciplined multitude, who had seen the flames of their villages, could not be withheld, and one after another the boats crossed again and again into the Breton district. Lescure was taken in a carriage in agony from the roughness of the current, but still able to think. Five thousand Blues had been made prisoners. What was to be done with them? Some of the leaders declared that they must be shot down, but Lescure exclaimed, "It would be a horror"; and Bonchamp, on the very point of death used his last effort to cry, "Let them live," and they were left behind free.

Alas! the heart bleeds at what those pure souls, devoting themselves in a noble cause, had to undergo. But national sins of long standing had caused the nation to be, as it were, given up to evil angels, and it was not vouchsafed even to these pure-hearted patriots to rescue more than their own souls. Their lives, their wives and children, their homes, they might not rescue.

CAMEO XXXVII.

Death of Lescure. 1794.

Henri de la Rochejaquelein, at twenty, was elected to the command of the unfortunate army, as it wandered on, the peasants still so scrupulous that they would not gather the apples that hung ripe in the orchards. They reached Laval and stayed there nine days, during which Lescure gradually sank. One morning he called to his wife to draw back the curtain. "Is it a fine day?" he asked. "I have a sort of veil before my eyes, I cannot see plainly; I always thought my wound was mortal, I am sure of it now. My dear, I must leave you, my only regret, except that I have not restored the king. I leave you in the midst of a civil war, with a young child! That is my grief. Try to escape. Disguise yourself. Try to get to England." Then as he saw her choked with tears, "Yes, that is all I am sorry for. I die tranquil. Certainly I have sinned, but I have nothing that causes remorse or troubles my conscience. I have always served God piously; I have fought and I die for Him. I hope in His mercy. I have often seen death near me, and I do not fear it. I go to heaven in trustfulness, I only grieve for you; I hoped to have made you happy. If ever I have vexed you, forgive me."

That same day, the 2nd of November, it was necessary to leave Laval. No one quite knew where the army and mixed multitude were going, Lescure was put into a carriage with a surgeon and a maid, Agathe, whom he had known from infancy, and who could attend to him better than his wife. During a halt, a person came and read to him the news of the Queen's death, a most terrible shock. On they went to Ernée, and heard the fire of the Blues, but to remain and be taken by them was impossible, and on the carriage moved towards Fongères. On the road the brave spirit departed, the surgeon got out, but Agathe remained, but was in a fainting fit most of the way.

The young widow was taken to her mother before she heard the truth, which nearly killed her.

The army fell back, and at Dol almost had a rout, when the fugitives scattered over the meadows were rallied by the priests and the ladies, Madame de Donnissan doing her part bravely, and the success was once more complete. There was an endeavour to retake Angers, but it failed, and in the confusion Madame de Donnissan's poor old sister, the Abbess, was taken, and two days later put to death. The little daughter of Madame de Lescure was brought back to her safely by her nurse. In another terrible rout and confusion at Mons, the child was saved by some kind people, who promised to hide her. The poor little thing was very ill, and Madame de Lescure left her at Ancenis, with Bontemps, Lescure's servant; but she died six days later.

This was the worst and most fatal defeat of all, the real breakup of anything to be called an army. An unexampled army as it was, without discipline and yet without vice. Seven hundred of them were ruthlessly shot down the next morning, men and women alike. Many of the officers were then lost, but Henri de la Rochejaquelein remained, and was arranging to recross the Loire. He had actually done so,

CAMEO XXXVII.

Death of La Rochejaquelein 1795.

when the Blues came up, and seized the boats, cutting him off from the remnant of the army.

He made his way to the division of Stofflet and Charette. The former hailed him gladly, the latter was jealous of the peasants' devotion to him, but they kept up a desultory guerilla warfare in the forest of the Bocage, where on the 20th of January, 1795, Henri, in the act of calling out to two soldiers, "Surrender, I pardon you," was shot through the heart, and in his twenty-second year his brave and gentle spirit departed.

The mixed multitude that had been left on the Breton side of the river were in a terrible state. As to clothes, they had been obliged to pick up what they could: Madame de Lescure had a purple hood, an old blanket, and three pair of yellow worsted stockings; one gentleman was in a Turkish dress from the wardrobe of a theatre; another in a lawyer's gown and lady's bonnet; and a whole family were covered with bits of damask curtains.

At Savenay, the Republicans came up with them, and as the battle began, M. de Donnissan, on going to the front, embraced his wife and daughter and committed them to the care of a priest, the Abbé Jagault, who undertook to find peasants who would hide them. "Never leave your mother," were the last words Madame de Lescure heard from him. It was long before she knew his fate. He, and about 200, chiefly gentlemen, kept up a resistance in the forest of Gavre, but were at last surrounded as they were trying to cross the Loire, and all shot down.

M. Jagault was faithful to his trust, and the Breton peasants were unspeakably good to the poor fugitive mother and daughter. That their cottages and their habits were far from clean mattered little to the two ladies, who were transferred from one farm to another, and kindly watched over for several months. In one of those hovels Madame de Lescure gave birth to twin girls. It was not possible to keep them with her, and the women readily undertook to nurse them; but in less than a month one of them, Josephine, died, and the other, Louise, fair and promising, was left at nurse, while her mother and grandmother were conducted to a more cheerful asylum by a young lady named Félicité des Resources, who, belonging to a family who had escaped suspicion, had devoted herself to the saving of the Vendéen refugees. They slept in a house at night, but went out by day, tending a cow as peasants; but by this time the peril had passed away, and they soon were reassured by an amnesty on the end of the Reign of Terror.

Madame de Lescure saw her little Louise once more, but the little one died at seventeen months old. In 1802 Madame de Lescure married Louis, the brother of Henri de la Rochejaquelein. Her memoirs of the war, taken down by M. Barante, the historian, are the most complete and authentic history of the heroic struggle of these saintly patriots.

Madame de Bonchamp and her children after lurking about in the wolds were captured, but after a long delay she was pardoned on the

CAMEO XXXVII.
—
Vendeen Sufferings. 1795.

plea, adduced by a humane officer, that she had obtained from her dying husband the pardon of the captives at St. Florent.

Madame d'Autichamps was also released, and so finally was the faithful Agathe, who had attended M. de Lescure in his last moments. She, like the other servants, had gone to Nantes. It was a fatal thing to do; for Carrier, who was commissioner there, was one of the most savage of the murderous band. The prisons were absolutely crowded with Vendéens of all ranks, and likewise with priests seized in all parts of France. They were not shot or guillotined, but every night a party was carried out to sea in a boat, in which was a spring trap door in the bottom which was opened and the victims, tied in pairs, were drowned. 15,000 persons perished in these "noyades" in one month. The priests gave each other absolution, embraced and died like martyrs. One priest, whose bonds gave way when thrown out, swam to land, and was sheltered at first but afterwards given up by the timorous fishermen, and his legs and arms were broken before he was thrown in again. Even the officers of an English ship which had been captured shared his fate. Agathe was saved by General Lamberty, who kept her for a week shut up in one of these fatal boats, but afterwards took her to the house of a good lady, and though she was discovered and imprisoned, the worst was by that time over, and she was released. Indeed, the citizens of Nantes were grieved and horrified at the barbarities, and though they durst not remonstrate, a great number of Vendéens were hid in their houses and thus escaped.

In the name of the Committee of Public Safety an accusation was presented against these deputies, declaring them guilty of conspiracy against the Revolution. Thirty-nine were summoned before the Tribunal, and names were continually added to the list of suspected personages.

They showed themselves dignified and resolute amid all the wild accusations brought against them, such as that they were guilty of the rising in La Vendée and the insurrection of Lyons.

Twelve priests were put to death together at Rennes, others at Quimper, but more than a thousand were shipped off to Jersey, where they met with every kindness. The hospitable nuns nursed the wounded Republican soldiers at Treguier most kindly, but were sent to prison, and the rough women sent in their stead were dishonest and mischievous, so that officers and men begged for the return of the nuns, and the soldiers swore that unless they returned, they would set the town on fire.

A large number, full seven hundred and sixty, of priests were kept on board two old slave ships at Rochefort, packed so close together at night on planks that they could not lie on their backs, but their legs came over one another, with no air but from one small opening with a wooden trellis over it. They were allowed to come on deck in the daytime, and spend their time in washing in sea water one of the two shirts and two handkerchiefs that they had been permitted to bring. They were driven together and ordered to sing the *Marseillaise* twice every day. If they attempted to utter a word of the sacred offices the soldiers beat them, or

CAMEO XXXVII.

The Priests at Rochefort.

even on the movement of their lips. Many died in this perpetual black hole, and on a report that the plague was among them an officer came to enquire. He could not go into the dreadful den, and declared that if as many dogs were shut into it for a night they would either die or go mad. After this he forbade that when one died his place should be filled by another from the prisons; and the actually sick were placed in boats, where, as no one else would go near them, they were attended by their brethren, as they lay on rugged planks, almost without food. It was a comfort to all to remember the words of one of their number, the Abbé Dubignon: "It is true that we are the most miserable of men, but we are the happiest of Christians."

CAMEO XXXVIII.

THE DRAGON PREYING ON ITS OFFSPRING.

1792-1795.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1792. Francis II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

THE atrocities of Paris were far from being sanctioned by the entire French nation.

The Girondins had begun the attack on the old institutions in a spirit of justice and humanity, but not of violence or lawlessness; and when they drew back from the horrible consequences of the passions they had fostered and let loose, the hatred of Robespierre, Danton and the rest of their associates was roused against them. Already, before the Queen's sentence, they had found themselves in danger, and had left Paris. Madame Roland was arrested in her husband's absence, and thrown into prison among the lowest and most degraded women, whom she employed herself in helping and teaching till they looked on her like a good angel. The spirit of Christianity was with her, though she denied the profession.

A number of the deputies went to Normandy and Evreux and Caen; an "Assembly of Resistance" began to be formed, with some intention of joining the Vendéens in their first rising; but they set about it in a deliberate manner, and chose for their head General Wimpffen, who took for the head of his staff Count de Puisaye, but recruits came in slowly, in spite of his answer when summoned to Paris, "I shall come with sixty thousand men." He could not get many of the prudent, cool-headed Normans to march with him, only a few Breton battalions, and a band of lawless adventurers. He wrote to the Convention, "Do you want a civil war? Then advance. Do you wish for it? Then do not constrain the department of Calvados."

His soldiers forsook him, and he and Puisaye hid themselves and escaped, Puisaye soon reappearing in Brittany; and Normandy was not

CAMEO XXXVIII.

Rising at Lyon. 1794.

specially visited by the terrors of the Revolution, but their revolt was specially fatal to their Girondist friends, who had sympathised with it, if not provoked it.

Others of the Girondists had taken refuge at Bordeaux, close to their homes. The town submitted to the Convention, but Tallien was sent to deal cruelly with all suspected of complicity.

Lyon, however, held out under M. de Précy. It was not exactly royalist, and would have accepted the new Constitution, but the murderous Committee was more than could be endured. When the entire mass of moderate deputies were in danger of condemnation, some took refuge at Lyon, and the feeling of the people was such that they overthrew the Jacobin Municipal Council and executed their leader.

A division of the army, always obedient to the Paris government was sent against the city. "Open your gates in an hour, or you will be treated as rebels," was the summons.

The gates were closed. "Forty thousand men have sworn to defend to the death the rights of man, their liberty, their property and safety," was the answer.

Orders for bombardment were given. The Jacobins hated these half-hearted men, as they considered them, even more than Royalists, and the siege was regularly commenced. All supplies were cut off, and a cannonade incessantly kept up for sixty-three days. Couthon, a deformed wretch and ultra-Jacobin, was the real commander of the forces outside, and on a proclamation of his which gave some hope of mercy, the place capitulated, the officers trying to escape. The vengeance of the Jacobins passed all imagination. "Lyon made war on liberty, Lyon is no more," was the sentence.

It was to be called only "Ville affranchie." Couthon, who could not walk, was carried in a chair by four men, and with a little gilded hammer, tapped all the public buildings. "In the name of the law, I condemn thee to be destroyed."

The revolutionary tribunal sat, but was too slow for the bloodthirsty Tribunal at Paris. Sixty-five men were chosen out and sent down. The condemned, a huge herd, were placed in one of the squares with ditches dug on either side. Cannon were drawn to the head, and mowed them down with grape shot. Two such discharges took place, the wounded were finished with the sword, and the next day those that remained were shot down with musketry. The endeavour was at extermination, alike of people and of town, men, women and children, all perished in that horrible slaughter house.

Marseilles and Toulon had also defied the Paris Tribunal of blood, but Marseilles gave in easily, though, of course there was a terrible vengeance. Massacres followed. Marseilles was declared to be no more, and letters thence were dated "Sans nom." Toulon, however, asked the assistance of Lord Hood, who was cruising in the Mediterranean near. He made it a condition that Louis XVII. should be proclaimed in the town, and landed 1,500 men, remaining in the offing himself,

and called in the aid of the fleets of Spain, Naples and Sardinia, all of whom had declared against the Republic.

Sardinia and Naples sent their troops; Austria promised but did not perform. A few emigrant Royalists came in from Switzerland and held out unrealised hopes. 500 English under Captain Elphinstone were landed, and General O'Hara was the commander of a motley garrison.

French reinforcements to the besiegers arrived far more rapidly, but they were inefficiently led. "When will they be tired of sending painters and doctors to lead us?" said the soldiers. However, General Dugommier, who came with the army of the Rhine, was really an experienced veteran, and in his force there was, unsuspected, one of those real geniuses for war, who rise now and then in the history of the world when some great purpose is to be effected.

Napoleone Buonaparte (his full name) was born at Ajaccio in Corsica, in 1769, the third son of a small lawyer. By the time he was old enough for education Corsica had been united to France, and he was placed at the military school at Brienne, where memories of him are still preserved. He became an engineer officer, and as such obtained the direction of 200 pieces of ordnance. "What is the use," he said, "of attacking the town? Four months have passed and nothing has been done. Cut off the English from it, and it will be ours."

He was listened to. The forts on the promontory of La Grasse, which commanded the harbour were taken, and General O'Hara, in making a sally, was made prisoner. "I am lost," he said, well knowing what fate, as a Frenchman, awaited him.

All were discouraged. The Spaniards deserted their posts, the Neapolitans were mutinous, even the French Royalists fancied that O'Hara had let himself be made prisoner in order to sell the town to the Republicans. Defence was now impossible. Lord Hood decided that nothing could be done but to remove every one whom the fleets would hold, and to destroy the French naval force that was in his hands. All day long boats loaded to excess were rowing across the harbour to the ships, which received as many as they could hold. Spanish, Neapolitan, English, also French merchant vessels were all crowded with fugitives, while the batteries fired across the bay.

In the midst, Sir Sidney Smith arrived with six ships, and to him was committed the task of blowing up the French ships of war. As Lord Hood put out to sea, the work began, though the Jacobins' batteries fired on the flotilla and on the quay, and in the boats on the harbour were hundreds and thousands of miserable beings trying to escape from their ruthless enemies. Sir Sidney, one of the most merciful of men, spared no pains or danger in picking them up, and altogether 15,000 persons were rescued, crowding the ships to the utmost till they could be landed, destitute, in Spain and Italy. *Les féroces Anglais*, as the French called them, had carried off every one who had come forward in the war as well as many more. They had destroyed nine great ships of war, and brought away as a prize one of 120 guns, two of 74 and many more vessels.

CAMEO XXXVIII.

Fall of the Girondins. 1795.

The Jacobins and the convicts from the prisons found no one of mark to slake their vengeance on, so they fell upon the poor workmen who had tried to save their ships from being burnt. Grape shot was fired on the crowd, and 800 were shot down in these last days of 1794.

These horrors had been the vengeance on the Republicans who had revolted against Jacobin wholesale murder. Their chiefs mustered strong in numbers in the Convention, and would have been content with the Constitution. Most of them would have spared the Queen, but the rage of the populace was excited, Marat's death had added to the fury of the Jacobins, and La Vendée and the southern towns made their passion into panic.

A few days after the execution of the Queen, an accusation was presented to the Convention, declaring the Girondins guilty of a constant conspiracy against the Revolution. Thirty-nine were summoned before the Tribunal, twenty-one were declared outlaws, and seventy-four who had signed protests against violence were placed under arrest.

All were not cited before the committee. Those who were, defended themselves with their wonted eloquence, but the whole civil war was imputed to them. "The treason of Toulon, the devastation of La Vendée, the blood of Lyon accuse them," it was said. The public prosecutor ended by cutting them short. There was not time, it was declared, to hear each of them give his own version of the Revolution.

At ten o'clock at night, 1795, the sentence was given, "Guilty." Loud cries at the injustice broke out, but the military surrounded the victims, and "Death was pronounced against twenty-one!" Then came a shriek, "I am dying." One of them, Valazé, had stabbed himself.

The others broke out into a shout, "We die innocent," "Vive la Republique." Camille Desmoulins, the young journalist who had done so much to stir the passions of the multitude, rushed away crying, "It is I! I have killed them, I am killing them! I cannot see them die."

Some embraced each other. One exclaimed, "This is the fairest day of my life," and they all sang the *Marseillaise* as they were marched out of the hall to their prison.

Lamartine has eloquently described that last night of these men, who had, only five years before, been full of the most generous hopes and designs. Vergniaud said, "It is as I had observed. This revolution is like Saturn, it devours its own offspring. The few who had not lost their faith, confessed to a priest. One, Rabaut St. Etienne, the son of a noted Protestant preacher, loudly confessed his faith, the others supped and talked philosophy, or sung patriotic songs.

On the 31st of October, 1795, the twenty living and the one corpse were taken to the scaffold singing the *Marseillaise*, and scattering assignats among the crowd. In thirty-one minutes' time the last head had fallen.

Another child of the Revolution was Philippe Egalité, as he called himself, Duke of Orleans. He had been in prison at Marseilles as well as his two younger sons, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of

Beaujolais, ever since his eldest son and Dumouriez had left the army. On the 3rd of October, the Duke was taken by the Commission of Police, and carried to Paris, where, on the 2nd of November, he was brought before the Committee of Public Safety. A good many trivial questions and answers are preserved, then they became closer. He was accused of sending his daughter to England to marry her to a son of King George. He was reproached with his correspondence with "that wretch Dumouriez! his creature," though he answered that he had never had more than two or three letters from the general, on trivial matters. Moreover he had allowed himself to be called Prince! He said he had posted a paper on his door, forbidding it. His large gifts to the poor were cited against him, as showing intention to corrupt, and finally the sentence "Guilty" and Death were pronounced against him, and by his own desire, he was executed that very afternoon, seeing on his way a placard, with "National Property," on his own abode, the Palais Royal.

He had acted a part that gained universal execration from his weakness and vacillation, but he died religiously, though grieved for his family—his wife and two young sons prisoners, one son and one daughter in exile.

Madame Roland was the next victim, the Egeria as she might be termed of the Girondins. She had been five months in captivity, her husband having escaped, and she there wrote her memoirs, those of a woman with a generous heart, warped by the evil times on which she had fallen, and alas! with no faith. The accusation was, that she had corresponded with the slaughtered Girondins, but her doom was decided.

She went to the scaffold in white, her dark hair flowing on her shoulders, and her eyes were bright with courage. Opposite was that same statue of liberty that had met the eyes of Marie Antoinette, and her last words were "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Three days later, the corpse of her husband was found on the side of the road to Russia with a paper pinned to the coat: "Be thou who thou mayest, respect these remains. They are those of a virtuous man. On learning that my wife was slaughtered, indignation prevented me from living longer on this earth!"

CAMEO XXXIX.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

1792—1796.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1762. Francis II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

CAMEO XXXIX.

The Victims.

THE history of those awful days of vengeance and judgment would not be complete without the account of the victims in the prisons chiefly at Paris. They were mostly persons innocent of intrigue, or indeed of politics, noblemen, their wives, widows or children, priests, even servants or tradespeople, every one connected with the aristocracy or who had an emigrant relation was arrested and thrown into prison, as "suspected" of conspiracy against the Republic and its liberty. The views of the Committee who presided over the Convention were that only a clean sweep of root and branch could inaugurate the new state of perfectibility and liberty in which Robespierre was a fanatical believer.

These victims were often pious and beneficent people, perfectly innocent of all evil designs, but in many cases they were the descendants of an oppressive and tyrannical ancestry. It is hardly possible to recall a time when the nobles were not wont to exercise hideous exactions, often compelled by the exigencies of the court life they were forced to lead, often blindly leaving the steward to find them means, and sometimes acting out of dissipation and ostentation, but all producing misery alike, and such poverty that no one durst appear fairly comfortable, lest it should bring down the exactors. Generation after generation had accumulated hatred, and all now descended often upon comparatively guiltless heads. Many of the prisoners who survived till better times, left a record of their sufferings, from which we find that so far as was possible, French cheerfulness, and the habits of good society, made their captivity more bearable. There were in most of the prisons of Paris different apartments used for the accommodation of each sex, but there was a large hall, called the salon, where the

richer ones dined together, and where they spent the evening, the gentlemen reading, writing, or talking round the fires, the ladies knitting or embroidering. Or there was violin playing, singing, reciting poetry, or inventing *bon mots* and stories, all striving to forget that the next morning would probably find a party of the liveliest speakers on the way to the guillotine. Sometimes families who had been parted found themselves united, and there was infinite joy, and there were many beautiful examples of affection and self-devotion. Elisabeth de Sombreuil, who had saved her father in the massacres of September, it was said, by drinking a cup of blood, was here again with him, attending him in every need.

One lady, who was kept in a cell *au secret* was allowed to have a daily visit from her daughter, who brought her food, but one day the gailors, for some brutal joke, were eating roasted cat, and would not let her pass without partaking of it. There were eight nuns, who would not take the oaths of equality, fraternity and liberty. They were all guillotined together.

Two hundred and thirty Swiss soldiers who had escaped the great massacre were for the most part saved by a brave citizen named Grippin, who pleaded their cause so well that the massacre was stopped. He also saved M. de Sombreuil, the governor of Les Invalides, but in general the summons to the tribunal was fatal. Three generations of noble ladies appeared there, the aged Duchess de Noailles, her daughter, Duchesse d'Ayen, whose husband was an emigrant, and her daughter the Vicomtesse de Noailles, sister to Madame de la Fayette. They were accused of conspiring against the Republic. It was explained that the older lady was deaf (*sourde*)—"Eh bien," was the answer, with a hideous grin, "*tu conspirais souraement*" (secretly). All went to the scaffold together, the young and lovely Viscountess tending her mother and grandmother, and looking like a saint of old times.

Piteous and yet noble tales abound in these memoirs, far more than it is possible to recount. The populace looked on as in a dream, day by day watching, as in a spectacle, the tumbrils filled with men and women bare-headed on their way to death. Some were fanatical enough to think the rivers of blood secured their liberty. Ornaments were made in the shape of the guillotine, and children had little models with which they cut off the heads of birds and mice.

Danton was not incapable of mercy, and an appeal to him saved several prisoners. In fact he began to feel a certain loathing at the massacres. He had deemed that the Liberty he worshipped could only be attained by "wading through slaughter," but the thirst for blood had gone beyond all his schemes. Liberty and Reason, we have said, were worshipped! It was literally true! Already in August 1791, a goddess of Reason was enthroned in Notre Dame, in the person of an actress, Madame Maillard, who was drawn through the streets in a car, dressed like Minerva and followed by the populace howling out blasphemy, and

CAMEO XXXIX. — *Fate of Danton.* 1794.

the Carmagnole, a more savage poem than the *Marseillaise*, which was high-spirited and patriotic.

Camille Desmoulins, in his newspaper the *Vieux Cordelien*, had done much to excite the minds of the nation to their present pitch of fanaticism, but personally he was an amiable man, and there was a devoted attachment between him and his young wife Lucile. He was horrified at the slaughter of the Girondins, and shewed it openly. Danton likewise felt that the work was going absolutely too far, and that France would soon be a desert.

This was exactly what Robespierre desired. He was a dainty fine gentleman in appearance, or rather a lawyer's clerk, always dressed *point device* with a flower in his hand, and in speech precise and quiet—mild and gentle to his friends, and especially to the young girl to whom he was engaged, and who never seems to have connected him with the ruthless proscriptions in which he was daily employed.

He denounced not only Camille Desmoulins, but Danton and his circle of friends. Danton was advised to fly in time. "Never," he said. "One carries one's country on the soles of one's feet."

He thundered out his defence, but in vain—Robespierre and St. Just were resolved to sweep him away. At the Luxembourg the former prisoner rose up to greet him with a sort of curiosity like the Kings in their tombs rising to greet the tyrant as in the prophet Isaiah.

Before the tribunal he defended himself like a lion at bay. "You are assassins," he cried. "We are doomed to death, but we are not conspirators."

He remained undaunted to the last, and tried to cheer Camille Desmoulins, who had lost all his self-possession and grieved aloud for his wife. The two tried to embrace at the last, but the executioner separated them. "Your heads may kiss in the basket," he said.

Poor Lucile was accused of having received money, and soon followed her husband, welcoming her doom.

Robespierre reigned alone, his comrades being either inflated with his own fanaticism or not daring to cross him. The rites of the Goddess of Reason had become too disgusting even for him, and on the 8th of June he instituted a feast dedicating France to "the Supreme Being."

Still the executions continued more and more. It was now that Madame Elisabeth perished, M. de Malesherbes, the Advocate of Louis XVI., hundreds more day by day! And in the provinces there was the like slaughter at the capitals.

"His blood be on us and on our heads," had literally been the cry of the mob who crowded round the guillotine of Louis XVI., that his blood might fall on them; and when those, who were guiltless of that crime, had in great measure been swept away, these actual murderers and their sympathisers began to be devoured.

It was actually at this time that new regulations of a scientific character were formed, and chiefly arranged by Fabre d'Eglantine, a clever man whose title of Eglantine really conveyed that he had been

crowned in Provence at the floral feast of poets. He perished with Danton just as his new calendar came into use. The 21st of September, 1793, was the new era, whence the years were to be counted. The months were called from their character, but each had only thirty days, so there were five "Sans Culottes" days to fill up the year, the weeks were exchanged for decades, and Sunday, of course, was abolished. Weights and measures were calculated as fractions of the weight and diameter of the earth, and are still in use, as is the decimal coinage, and the division of France into departments instead of the old historical provinces. This might be needful, for as each had retained remnants of its old constitution, they were like separate countries to one another. All the Kings buried at St. Denys, Madame de Maintenon, Marshal Turenne, Bertrand Du Gueschin, and others, were torn from their graves and burnt or thrown into the rivers. Even Petrarch's Laura did not escape. It was enough to have been a historical character to be supposed to be a tyrant. Relics, whether sacred or profane, had already been scattered and destroyed, the Holy Thorn of the Sainte Chapelle, the Sainte Ampoule, the Oriflamme, everything venerable had been swept away.

And the poorer population were relieved of the grinding oppression under which they had laboured for centuries, and it was the terror of a return to the old, aggravated evils of the feudal system that chiefly made the country submit to the horrible dictatorship of Robespierre and St. Just.

But their cup of crime was full. French deputies were denounced. On the 27th of July, 1794, or, as it was newly-named, the 9th of Thermidor, Bilhaut Varennes plucked up spirit to denounce the tyrant in the Convention. "The man who has paralysed your will is Robespierre."

Other voices exclaimed, "You, you, who pretend to the courage of virtue, let us hear the crimes of the deputies you accuse."

The assembly broke up in confusion, and the next day there was an attempt to speak drowned by cries of indignation. Robespierre began, "I demand to speak," but his voice failed him, and a deputy called out, "Danton's blood stifles him."

"Is this man to master the Convention?" cried another.

"A decree! A decree! Let us finish," was the shout.

"The triumvirate of Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just, is like that of Scylla of old. Our carcases will be their steps to the throne."

The decree for the arrest of Robespierre, his younger brother, St. Just, and Couthon, was carried amid shouts of "Vive la Liberté! Down with the tyrants! To the bar with them!"

The prisoners were taken to different quarters. Robespierre to the Hôtel de Ville. The tocsin sounded, all Paris was in an uproar, the prisons refused the accused, and all were brought to the committee room at the Tuilleries. A gendarme of the National Guard named Meda made his way in. "Surrender, traitor," he said.

"You are the traitor," said Robespierre.

CAMEO XXXIX.

Fall of Robespierre. 1795.

Meda fired a pistol and broke Robespierre's lower jaw, and as he fell, his younger brother leaped out at the window and was taken up dying. All were carried to the Conciergerie, where Robespierre lay all night on a table, only showing signs of life by holding a handkerchief to his face. At five in the morning the waggon came to fetch him, and twenty or twenty-four accomplices to the guillotine. Among them was Henriot, the savage mayor of Paris, who had been galloping about the day before, trying to rally the citizens to the defence of the Jacobins; Simon, the torturer of Louis XVII., Couthon, the murderer at Lyons, not one of the whole troop forty years of age. Simon was the first to die. Did he recollect that his little King, who was still pining in his prison, would have pardoned him? Robespierre was the last. As the executioner tore away the bandage from his face, he uttered a yell of agony, the only sound he had made since he received the shot. The axe fell, and the crowd sang for joy.

France had wakened from her delirium of bloodshed. Even those who had madly applauded were relieved. About a hundred more, who had been instruments of cruelty, suffered, such as Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, who said he had been only the axe of the Convention, and Carrier, who had conducted the Noyades at Nantes.

The prisoners could breathe freely. Josephine, the widow of the lately-guillotined Marquis de Beauharnais, looked from her window in the Conciergerie, and saw a woman making signals to her, filling her robe with stones, shaking it, and dancing in wild joy and congratulation, and thus the captives knew that deliverance was near.

CAMEO XL.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

1794-1795

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1760. George III.	1774. Louis XVI.	1762. Francis II.
	Spain.	
	1759. Charles III.	

WE have passed the central horror of the French Revolution, when Paris was steeped in blood, and the population were either intoxicated with the sight, or paralysed beyond the power of interference. When the reaction had begun, and the principal murderers had fallen, the world seemed to breathe more freely, since the death tumbrils ceased to roll through the streets, and the rolls of victims were no longer sent forth to execution, the prisons ceased to be shambles, and life was not felt to be precarious from hour to hour.

Sixty-three deputies who had been excluded from the National Convention were re-admitted, and four more who had left it during the atrocities were invited back, one among them being Tom Paine.

Still there was a strong Jacobin party in the Convention, who opposed the demands of Austria and Spain for the release of the remnant of the royal family. As long as the poor little King, Louis XVII., existed, his name might have been used against the new government, and he was therefore still retained, till, as has been said before, his woes were ended on the 9th of July, 1795.

His sister was soon after released, and at seventeen she was sent to Vienna, where was her uncle, now by title Louis XVIII., and she remained, sharing the fortunes of this clever but selfish man during his exile.

Even yet, the miseries and violences of the time were not over. The two young sons of the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Montpensier, and the Count of Beaujolais, beheld a horrible massacre in their prison at Marseilles, when on some false alarm the mob broke in, though the soldiers resisted, hauled eighty unfortunate captives into the courtyard, and there mercilessly shot them down. The two young lads made an

CAMEO XL.
The Young Duke of Orleans.
1795.

attempt to escape, Beaujolais got safely out of the castle, but Montpensier, who was himself let down from the window by a maid servant, fell, and broke his leg, and after a night of agony was brought back to his rooms. Beaujolais would not leave him, and they were detained till the next year; when on their elder brother giving his solemn promise that he and they should take up their abode in the United States, they were allowed to be placed in an American ship.

The elder brother, after teaching a school in Switzerland, and wandering in Germany and Denmark, had reached Boston before them in a Danish vessel, and their joy was great in meeting. General Washington, who was then President, received them with all the courtesy that belonged to him as a gentleman of the old school, and they took a tour together in the States, in the course of which the young Duke was called upon to repair a village clock, which he was able to do effectively. At an Indian village, Beaujolais' favourite dog was stolen, but on a strong appeal from the chief it was restored, and the boy turned round and said that he came from a country where neither the rights of property nor the commands of a chief were any longer regarded. Hearing that their mother had been sentenced to "deportation," they supposed that she would be sent to Cayenne or to Havana, and sailed for Cuba, in an American ship bearing the Spanish flag. This was taken by Captain Cochrane, later to become very famous as Lord Dundonald, and he insisted on conveying them to Cuba in his own ship. There, however, they found that Spain had made peace with France, and that they were forbidden to land in any part of her dominions. They went to Nova Scotia, and were kindly received by Edward, Duke of Kent, who was then Governor there, and they finally took up their abode in England, in a villa at Twickenham, where they lived a quiet, studious life, but the health of the two younger princes had never recovered the sufferings of their captivity, Montpensier died in 1807, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, and Beaujolais followed him the next year, though his brother took him to Malta in hopes that the warmer climate might check the disease.

In France there had begun a general relaxation of the horrors which had been the work of a very small minority of the nation, though all the rest looked on as if stunned. Commissioners were sent to visit the captive priests at Rochefort, and, in utter dismay at their condition, spoke the first kind words that had met their ears for ten months past. The most diseased were removed to a little island in the bay, and a few scanty comforts were dealt out to them, but one after another died, some of the illness already contracted, some of cold as winter came on, though the state of all was ameliorated.

In a few weeks more an edict had been obtained that no one should be molested in the exercise of his religion, and this was a step towards release. In the town of Rochefort, when the miseries of these months were known, there was such a reaction that the mob went about shouting "Down with the priest-slayers, and the captain of the old

CAMEO XL.

Truce of La Jaunais. 1795.

slaver, fell on his knees in their dungeon to crave protection of his prisoners. They could worship openly on the deck, and in the January of 1795, a gendarme came on board with the announcement that all were to be put on shore as soon as the ice was gone, which blocked up the mouth of the river Charente.

Far south as the place lay, it was only on the 6th of February that out of 760 prisoners the 223 survivors were landed in pouring rain, to be marched to Saintes, but a number were totally unable to walk, and had to be placed in carts to be conveyed to a dismantled convent where they were placed. To their surprise they found a crowd assembled, all eagerness to welcome them and assist them. As they entered the convent, bread, meat, wine, and provisions of all kinds were lavished on them, cart-loads of fuel were brought in to dry and warm them, bedding was carried in by persons of all ranks, clothes were brought instead of the dreadful rags worn day and night in all weathers, barbers came to shave the disgusting beards, surgeons and doctors to give the necessary attendance, laundresses begged to know whether there was anything the poor Abbés wished to preserve. They could hardly speak, so great and amazing was the change. After two months' tranquillity and thankfulness, they were allowed to return to their homes, most of them altered by their hardships almost beyond recognition. The experiences of those at Brest were much the same, but out of sixty-one, only twelve were still living.

Nor had the war in La Vendée and Brittany ceased, though the Convention granted the free exercise of religion, but the peasants with Stofflet and Charette insisted on the restoration of the monarchy. However, a sort of truce was made and signed at La Jaunais, and a Curé near Quimper proclaimed his intention of saying Mass on Easter Day 1795 on a common in the parish of St. Caradoc. A canopy was erected under which he celebrated in the presence of thousands of grateful peasants, to whom this was the great day of rejoicing. Churches were reopened, clergy restored, and little difference was made between the "*sermentés* and *non-assermentés*," except that the latter retained possession of the cathedrals.

It was unfortunate that at this very time the emigrant nobles, assisted by the English government, made an attempt to retrieve their cause far too late, though something might have been done before the fall of all the best leaders, and the destruction of the army of peasants.

Louis XVIII., as he was now styled, wrote to Charette calling upon him to rise in the cause of royalty, and telling him that he would be the second founder of the monarchy. The peninsula of Quiberon on the coast of Morbihan in Brittany was chosen for the place. Several regiments of nobles landed, with Monseigneur de Hervé, the Bishop of Dol, for their Chaplain-General and sixteen priests. The pious Breton peasants met them with ecstasy, marching with crosses and banners displayed, and falling on their knees with tears of joy to receive the Bishop's blessing. The King was proclaimed, and the old Druidical

CAMEO XL.
Quiberon Bay.
1795.

stones of Carnac re-echoed with the exulting shout of ten thousand loyal voices. The Chouans came in in great numbers, but it was determined not to try to take the Blues by surprise, but to fortify Quiberon and wait for the Count de Sombreuil and the English contingent. They came, but the Count de Puisaye delayed, and still they waited for him.

General Hoche had marched against them and had no difficulty into shutting their troops into the peninsula of Quiberon, where they had nothing to do but to wait for English ships to take them off. Unfortunately de Sombreuil viewed all as the fault of the Count de Puisaye, and wrote severely to him. Report was spread that the lives of all would be spared on their surrender, and comparatively only a few, chiefly women, children, and wounded, were sent on board the ships. The Bishop of Dol was not among these, he chose to remain among the prisoners, though well assured what would be their fate. The Convention had no mercy on emigrants taken in arms. The leaders and the priests were first summoned. There were thirty of these last, one of whom, the Abbé Poulpiquet, stayed to the last moment hearing confessions, and then swam off to an English frigate, and finally returned as Bishop of Quimper.

These first prisoners were to be shot the next morning. As they went out the Bishop of Dol asked a soldier to remove his hat, that he might the more reverentially make his last prayer. "You are not worthy," said Sombreuil, and took off the broad hat with his teeth, before they fell together under the bullets.

Daily the executions went on. Among the prisoners were three noble lads, who looked so young that each was advised to plead that he was not yet of a responsible age. Each replied that he would not save his life by a lie, and died among the rest. Truth was exceedingly valued among these brave Bretons. A priest named Le Moine was asked by a peasant if one might tell a lie to save one's own life or another's. "Death is better than falsehood," he answered. A few days after some gendarmes meeting him, asked if he was not Le Moine. "I am," he said. "It cannot be true," said they, "if you were, you would not say so. You are a liar," and they left him.

Charette had not joined the Bretons at Quiberon, but received the Count d'Artois at the Isle of Yeu. Still there were miserable disputes among the Count's advisers, and he ended by embarking again. "You sign my death warrant," said Charette. "There is nothing for me, but to take to the woods again." All the Count did for him was to send him a handsome sword with the motto "I never yield."

He lived the life of a bandit in the Bocage with the Chouans, till on the 25th of March, 1796, when only thirty-two men were with him, he was surrounded and taken. He was tried by a military commission, and asked why he had not left France. "I would not abandon my cause," he answered. He would not utter a word of reproach of his own princes, and only said, on the way to execution, "This is where those English beggars have brought me."

CAMEO XL.

End of the Vendéens.
1795.

Stofflet had likewise risen, but only to be taken and shot, sending his gamekeeper's badge to his master with almost his last breath. And thus at last ended the gallant loyal insurrection of La Vendée and Brittany, well-nigh hopeless from the first, though more carnage and less indecision on the part of the emigrants might once have turned the tide. Count de Puisaye escaped to England and lived in Cornwall, and the Count d'Artois wandered about and was for some time at Holyrood in Edinburgh, for the English dominions soon became the only safe asylum of the house of Bourbon.

England was doing her utmost to keep up the spirit of the continental powers, who had denounced French iniquity, but there was on the one side an extraordinary lack of generalship, not to say of vigour, and in France the joy of liberty and freedom from exaction had filled the people with intense courage, and developed great abilities in the officers, no longer kept down by the military system, that denied promotion to all save the aristocracy.

Hoche, Kleber and Pichegru, were all leaders of talent, and city after city in Belgium and Holland fell before them. The frontier of the Rhine, always an object of French ambition, was seized and amalgamated with the country, and Holland, where the English and immigrants had made feeble attempts at advance, was declared to be free, the Rights of Man were proclaimed and the Prince of Orange driven out.

In Piedmont and the Pyrenees, French arms under Napoleon Bonaparte had an easy advance. Spain gave way, and by July, 1795, all the foreign powers were aiming at peace, through England. On the 22nd of July, 1795, peace was signed and the Republic was at peace with Prussia, Spain, America, Turkey, Venice, Genoa, Denmark and Sweden, all excepting England and Austria, as well as Sardinia with its ancient counties of Savoy and Piedmont. These were the way to Italy, and the French armies insisted on their cession, stirring up revolt in Piedmont. The poor King and Clotilde, his Queen, the sister of Louis XVI., were forced to retire to Sardinia, were they were safe while England kept the seas.

But while this was passing, the National Convention had found that the Constitution devised in 1791 was remarkable, and could not maintain itself, nor prevent violence. A Directory was therefore formed. Five men, who had all voted for the King's death, were placed at the head, Carnot, Barras, Letourneur, Rewbell and Lavaillière Lepaux. They were to be the executive, assisted by five hundred men above twenty-five, and an upper house of Ancients, all above forty-five, to be elected by the nation.

But this proposal of a new government was very distasteful to the loyal-hearted on the one hand, and to the mob of Paris on the other, that mob which loathed the idea of order or restraint.

There was great turbulence, and heads were again cut off and carried about upon pikes. The populace began to assemble and threaten to cut off the Convention.

CAMEO XL.
The Last Wave.
1795.

They were assembling to march upon the Convention. The National Guard would not oppose them. The army did not move, but was known to be on the side of order. The Convention sent to the General in command named Menou to dispose the mob, but he would not fire on the people, and nothing else would prevent a massacre. "I have the man," cried Barras, "a little Corsican Colonel," "who will not stand on ceremony."

The orders were sent through Menou to Napoleon Bonaparte, who assuredly had the faculty which helps to make a great man of knowing what was to be done, and carrying it out. He brought out his artillery so as to protect every avenue to the Tuileries, going out early in the morning with his aide de camp, Junot, and 5,000 or 6,000 soldiers were drawn up, devotedly obedient to his orders. The foremost of the popular bodies of insurgents advanced, and there was an attack on the troops; but at once the cannon fired grape shot—there was general discomfiture, and at 9 o'clock on the 4th of October 1795, Merlin de Douai came into the hall of assembly to announce victory over the insurgents.

It was the last wave of the tempest that had tossed Paris for five long years, and men and women who had been maddened furies subsided into tranquil artisans.

But Bonaparte had learnt how to be master. His wonderful career lasting twenty years, must be told in another volume of Cameos. Here the history of the great break up of French Society must be concluded. Corruption of the administration of the Church and of the feudal system had grown to an intolerable pass, from which nothing but a great convulsion could relieve the country. The National Convention was the first experiment in renovation. It was begun by enthusiastic men, full of new hope, but they had begun by unchaining a monster and relaxing all bonds of principle, and the outcome was of destruction, and bloodshed infinite.

INDEX

INDEX

Abbaye, the prisoners of the, 288
Acadia, colonisation of, 36; surrender of, to English, 41, 43
Acland, Major, at Saratoga, 155
Adams, John, his audience of George III., 235
Adelaide, Mme., 205; flight into Switzerland, 299
d'Aiguillon, Duke, his ministry, 116
Aix-la-Chapelle, the peace of, 16, 17
D'Alembert, Jean, his career, 48, 49
Allen, Ethan, surprising of Ticonderoga, 148
Almanac, the alteration in, according to the new style, 44, 333
Ameer-ed-Deen, Nabob of Arcot, before Amhoor, 25, 26
Amelia, Princess, her life at Bath, 77
America, early troubles of French colonists in, 36; French missionaries in, 37; cession of Canada to English, 41; Wolfe's campaign, 59 *et seq.*; condition of, in 1760, 64—66; declaration of Independence in, 121—129; campaign in Canada, 148 *et seq.*; La Fayette in, 156 *et seq.*; French Alliance with, 163 *et seq.*; Peace of Versailles, 229; effect of French Revolution on, 297
Amherst, General, at siege of Quebec, 60, 61; capture of Montreal by, 64
Amhoor, storming of fort of, 25, 26
André, execution of, 185
Angers, Vendéen attempt to retake, 321
Annapolis, convention at, 231
d'Arcon, his inventions for siege of Gibraltar, 192
Arcot, capital of the Carnatic, 26; captured by Clive, 30, 31; besieged by Hyder Ali, 201
Arnold, Benedict, his part in the invasion of Canada, 149; besieging Quebec, 151; at the fight on Lake Champlain, 153; the treachery of, 184
Arnold, Mr., the sub-preceptor of the sons of George III., 224
Arles, Archbishop of, murder of, 288
d'Artois, Charles, Count, at Siege of Gibraltar, 192, 205
Asaf-el-Dowlah, his alliance with Hyder Ali, 200
d'Assas, Chevalier, the heroism of, 77
Aubières, Vendéen victory at, 318
Augusta, Princess, sister of George III., her marriage with Duke of Brunswick, 134
Augustus Frederick, Prince (son of George III.), his private marriage, 302
d'Auteuil, before Amhoor, 25, 26
d'Aveyro, Duke, the execution of, 97
d'Ayen, Duke, his daughters, 208; Duchess, execution of, 331

Baillie, Col., at Conjevenam, 200
Barante, his account of Mme. Lescure's experiences in the Vendéen campaign, 322
Barbaroux and the Marsellaises, 280
Barbauld, Mrs., her writings, 246
Barré, Col., his supposed speech on Stamp Acts, 104, 105
du Barry, Countess, 112
Bastille, Fall of, 259; anniversary of, 270
Beaujolais, Count de, imprisonment of, 329; exiled, 335; death of, 336
Beaumarchais, his *Mariage de Figaro*, 218
Beckford, William, Lord Mayor, an ally of Wilkes, 146
Bed of Justice, 215
Bedford, Duke of, and the Spitalfields Weavers, 105
Begums, the, the fraudulent treatment of, by Hastings, 197, 198, 200
Behmus Heights, battle of, 154
Belle Isle, capture of, 81
Bergen-op-Zoom, siege and capture of, 16
Berry, Duke of, his childhood, 100, 101, 112; marriage of, 115
Bicêtre, the massacre at the, 290
Bienville, founder of New Orleans, 38
Bishops, consecration of, for America, 231
Blakeney, General, his defence at Minorca, 54, 55
Blanchard, his balloon experiments, 218
Boisgelin, his protest against revolutionary church measures, 269
Bombay, ceded to England, 20, 67
Bonaparte, birth of, 113; before Toulon, 327; his defence of the Tuileries, 340
Bonchamp, M. de, a Vendéen leader, 317; death of, 320; Mme. de, the fate of, 322
Boone, Daniel, his career, 66
Bordeaux, Girondist massacres at, 326

Boscawen, Admiral, at the siege of Pondicherry, 22; Mrs., 90
Boston in 1760, 64; tea-fight, 103-110; first siege of, 124; capitulation of, 127; second siege of, 157; capitulation of, 158; celebration of Jemappes at, 297, 298
Boswell, James, his career, 92
Braddock, General, at the taking of Fort Duquesne, 43
Brainerd, David, his missionary efforts in America, 65
Brandywine, the battle of the, 161
de Brébœuf, Jean, his missionary efforts among American Indians, 37, 38
Breed Hill, occupation of, 125
Bressuire, Vendéen battles at, 316, 317, 319
Breton, Cape, capture of, 16
de Brienne, Loménie, created Controller-General, 221
Brittany, the landing of Louis XVIII. in, 337
Brunswick, Duke of, his marriage with Princess Augusta, 134; his relief of Verdun, 287; at Valmy, 290; capture of Mayence by, 300
de Buffon, Count, his career, 49; his biological research, 218
Bulstrode, the Duchess-Dowager of Portland at, 224
Bunker Hill, battle of, 125, 126
Burgoyne, General, in command in Canada, 153; capture of Ticonderoga, 154; surrender of, 155
Burgundy, Duke of, death of, 100, 101
Burke, Edmund, his career, 93; in the Rockingham ministry, 132; his impression of Marie Antoinette, 211; at trial of Hastings, 237, on French Revolution, 301
Burney, Frances, 225
de Bussy, at Amhoor, 26, capture of Gingi by, 27; supporting Salabat Jung, 29; at the fall of Dupleix, 34; Surajah Dowlah an ally of, 72; sent home, 74
Bute, Marquis of, a favourite of George III., 78, 80, 82; resignation of, 103; retirement of, 129 140,; Wilkes an enemy of, 139
Butterfield, Major, surrender of, 152
Byng, Admiral, his failure and death, 54, 55
Byron, Admiral, in command of English Fleet against America, 165

CAERMATHEN, Lord, and John Adams on peace with America, 235
Cagliostro, the fortune-teller, 218, 219
Calas, suicide of, 47
Calcutta, foundation of, 21; the Blackhole of, 67, 75
Calendar, new form of, 44, 333
Calonne, M. de, as Controller-General, 217, 218; resignation of, 221
Camden, battle of, 184
Camus, his church measures, 269
Canada, colonisation of, 36, name of, 60; defence of, in American war, 148 *et seq.* invasion of, 149
Carleton, General Sir Guy, at siege of Quebec, 151; his fleet on Lake Champlain, 152, resumes command in America, 187
Carlos III. and the expulsion of the Jesuits, 99; and the siege of Gibraltar, 188, 192
Carmelites, the prisoners of the, 288
Carnatic, Ameer-ed-Deen, Nabob of, 25; Chunda Sahib, Nabob of, 26
Carter, Elizabeth, 90
Castin, Baron de, a settler in Canada, 38
Castiné, General de, defeated at Mayence, 300
Catharine I. of Russia, her character as Czaritsa, 81
Catharine II. of Russia, 117; her progress, 249
Cathelineau, a Vendéen leader, 316; wounded, 319
Cattle session, the, 147
Caucus, the, origin of, 109
Cazotte, M. de, saved by his daughter, 289
de Champlain, Samuel, one of the early French settlers in Canada, 36; death of, 37
Champlain, Lake, the fleet on, 152, 153
Chandernagore, besieged by Watson, 72
Charette, a Vendéen leader, 319; maintaining the cause of Louis XVIII., 337; fate of, 338
Charleston, captured by Lord Cornwallis, 185
Charlotte, Queen, her character, 80; her domestic life, 136
Charlotte, Princess, *see* Royal, Princess.
Chartres, Duke of, his victory at Jemappes, 291; his retirement with Demouriez to Switzerland, 299; his exile, 336
Chateignèrie, attacked and captured by the Vendéen, 319
Chatham, Lord, *see* Pitt (the elder),
Chauvelin, Abbé, and the Jesuits, 98
Chesterfield, Earl of, his ministry, 13; his character, 13, 14; in Ireland, 14; resignation of, 17
Choiseul, Duke of, his financial scheme, 111; resignation of, 116
Chollet, Vendéen battles at, 316, 320
Christian VII. of Denmark, his marriage with Princess Caroline Matilda, 134—136
Chunda Sahib, imprisoned by Mahrattas, 25; Nabob of Carnatic, 26; death of, 32
Church, the Anglican, state of in George II.'s reign, 1—12; in the eighteenth century, 86; and the Gordon riots, 173—180; at close of eighteenth century, 226, 230
——the French, just before the Revolution, 212, *et seq.*; during Revolution, 268
——the American, 227—231
Cider Tax, the, unpopularity of, 139
Clarkson, T., his part in the anti-slave trade agitation, 244, 245
Clavering, General, his connection with the trial of Hastings, 199
Clement IV., Pope, and the Jesuits, 100
Clement XIII., Pope, and the Jesuits, 97, 102; death of, 102
Clermont, Count of, commanding French army against Frederick II., 57
Clinton, Sir Henry, the successor of Sir William Howe, 181
Clive, Robert, beginning of his career in India, 22; his capture of Arcot, 30; at Trichinopoly, 31, 32; his return to England, 33; return to India, 33; at siege of Calcutta, 71; at Plassy, 72, 73; the blot on his name, *ib.*; created Governor of Bengal, 74

Clotilde, Mme., 205
Coke, Dr., his part in the Wesleyan schism, 12
Condillac, Abbé de, and the Encyclopædists, 49
Congress of Philadelphia, 122
Conjevenam, capture of, by Hyder Ali, 200; battle near, 200
Convention, the National, at Paris, 305, *et seq.*, 334—340
Conway, General, his motion for peace with America, 228
Coote, Sir Eyre, at siege of Calcutta, 71; siege of Pondicherry, 74; at siege of Arcot by Hyder Ali, 201; at Porto Novo, 202
Cope, Captain, at Devicotta, 24; allied with Mahomed Ali at Trichinopoly, 29
Corday, Charlotte, the inspired murderess of Marat, 307; her execution, 308
Cornwallis, Lord, fighting on the Delaware, 160; at battle of Camden, 184; capture of Charleston by, 185; surrender of, 186
Corsica, landing of the Jesuits in, 99; struggles of Paoli for, 113
Couthon, death of, 333, 334
Cowpens, engagement at, 185
Cowper, William, his remembrances of Westminster, 85; his hymns, 227
Crillon, Duke of, at siege of Gibraltar, 192—194
Cumberland, Duke of (Uncle of George III.), in Flanders, 14; duped by Saxe, at Breda, 17; at Klosterseven, 56, 57; an adviser of George III., 131; death of, 132
—— Henry, Duke of (brother of George III.), his career, 133

Damiens, Robert, his attempt on the life of Louis XV., 95
Dampierre, in command of the revolutionary army, 300; at Valenciennes, 300
Danton, Georges, his early career, 306; fall of, 331, 332
Dashwood, Sir Francis, his connection with Wilkes, 139, 140
Dauphin, the (of Louis XV.), his education and early marriage, 18; death of, 101
——(of Louis XVI.) his birth and childhood, 211; at Tuilleries, 267; flight from Paris, 272; in the Temple, 285 *et seq.* 312; death of, 314
Deccan, quarrel between heirs to throne of, 25; Mirzafa Jung Nizam of, 26, 27; Salabat Jung Nizam of, 29
Deerfield, destruction of, by the Indians, 40
Delany, Mrs., 224; Dr., 225
Delaunay, at fall of Bastille, 259
Delaware, the battle on the, 160
Denis, Mme., at the imprisonment of Voltaire by Frederick II., 46
Desmoulins, Camille, his character, 306; at the extermination of the Girondins, 328; death of, 332
Devicotta, stormed by the English, 24
Devonshire, the Beautiful Duchess of, 234
Diderot, Denys, his career, 48, 49
Dol, the Vendéen Royalists' victory at, 321
Donnissan, Duke and Duchess of, among the Vendéen Royalists, 317; their fate at Savenay, 322
Drake, Governor of Calcutta, his cowardice, 69, 71
Dresden, siege of, 76
Drinkwater, Capt., his records of the Siege of Gibraltar, 190
Drouet, recognises Louis XVI. in his flight, 272, 273
Dugommier, General, in Toulon, 327
Dumouriez, appointed General-in-Chief of revolutionary army, 287; at Valmy, 290; attempted arrest of, 299; retirement of, 299
Dundas, Lord Advocate, and the Toleration Act, 173
Dunkirk, besieged by Duke of York, 300
Dunop, Count, disaster of, at Trenton, 159
Dupleix, Joseph, his administration of the French colonies in India, 21; his treatment of La Bourdonnais, 21, 22; at siege of Pondicherry, 23; his allies in the quarrel for the Deccan, 25 *et seq.*; under Mirzafa Jung, 27; magnificence of, 28; disgrace and death of, 34, 35
Dupleix Fatihabad, foundation of, 28; destruction of, by Clive, 31
Dustan, his home attacked by Indians, 40

Earthquake, the, of 1755, 51
East India Company, Possessions of the, in 1772, 196
Edgeworth Richard, and his ideas on education, 50
Edgeworth de Firmont, Abbé, attending on Louis XVI. at his last moments, 295, 296
Edinburgh, and the Toleration Act, 174; excitement in, at French Revolution, 300
Egalité, Philip, *see* Orleans, Duke of
D'Eglantine, his new calendar, 332, 333
Egremont, Lord, his challenge from Wilkes, 141
d'Elbée, M., a Vendéen leader, 317; death of, 320
Elizabeth, Mme., popularity of, 205, 208; at the attack on the Tuilleries, 277; her trial and martyrdom, 313
Elliot, John, his missionary efforts among American Indians, 37, 40, 65.
Elliot, Sir George, at siege of Gibraltar, 188—195
Elphinstone, Capt., his defence of Toulon, 327
Emigrants, from France, assembly at Coblentz, 279
Encyclopædists, the, 48 *et seq.*
d'Epinay, Mme., her patronage of Rousseau, 50
Esprémenil, his opposition to Brienne, 221, 223
D'Estaing, in command of French fleet for America, 165; at the siege of Savannah, 171
Esterhazy, Prince, at occupation of Berlin, 77
Europe, apathetic state of, at close of 18th century, 230
Ewlan Springs, battle of, 186
Fabre, Jean, heroism of, 47
Fairfax, Lord, his recognition of George Washington's ability, 42
Farnese, Elizabeth, her administration, 13
Ferdinand of Brunswick, Prince, commanding

Hanoverian army on Elbe, 57; at Minden, 58
Fernando VI. of Spain, his quarrel with his stepmother, Elizabeth Farnese, 13
Fersen, Count, his plot to deliver Marie Antoinette, 310
Fielding, his novels, 88
Finisterre, Cape, Hawke's victory off, 16
FitzHerbert, Mrs., her marriage with the Prince of Wales, 234
Fletcher, John, a follower of the Wesleys, 10; his wife, 11; anecdote about, 226
Forbes, Colonel, in America, 59
Fort Du Quesne, foundation of, 42; unsuccessful effort to retake, 43; captured by English, 59, 60
Foster, Colonel, his attack on Montreal, 151, 152
Foulong, execution of, 264
Fox (Lord Holland), resignation of, 103; created Lord Holland, 140
Fox, Charles James, his experiences at Spa, 140; his India Bill, 232, 233
France, *see* French Revolution.
Francis, Emperor of Austria, death of, 84
Francis of Lorraine, elected Emperor of Germany, 13
Francis, an opponent of Hastings, 199; duel between them, 199
Franciscans, the, 139
Franco-American alliance, 163, *et seq.*
Franklin, Benjamin, his influence in the treaty with the Indians, 42; his social influence, 65; his tracts against American taxation, 109; in Paris, 161; his electrical research, 218
Frederick, Prince of Wales, death of, 19
Frederick II., of Prussia, relations with Voltaire, 45; his battles at Prague, 56; at Rossbach, 57; at Leuthen, 57; at Zorndorf and Hochkirchen, 57; his part in the Seven Years' War, 76, *et seq.*; after Peaces of Paris and Hubertsburg, 84; old age, 248; death of, 248, 249
Frederick William II. of Prussia, his policy, 275
French East India Company, 21 (*see* India)
French Revolution, causes of, 203, 223; convocation of States-General, 254; fall of Bastille, 259; attack on Versailles, 266; flight of royal family from Tuilleries, 272; emigration, 275; royal family at the Assembly, 283; royal family at the Temple, 285; trial, and death of King, 293—296; the Vendéen royalist rising, 315—324; the extermination of the Girondins, 325—329; Reign of Terror, 330—334; National Convention, 335—340
Frontenac, Count de, Governor of Canada, 38
Fullerton, Colonel, in the campaign against Hyder Ali, 201

GAGE, General, in command in America, 122
Garrick, David, his influence, 90, 91
Gaspée, destruction of the, 108
Gates, General, at Behmus Heights, 154; in emulation of Washington, 181; at Camden, 184
Genlis, Mme. de, 206, 207
George II., death of, 77
George III., his character, 78, 79; his marriage, 80; his religion, 86; his family, 87, 226; his domestic life, 136, 224—238; loss of his sons, Alfred and Octavius, 226; religious tone of his reign, 226; attempt upon the life of, 236; insanity of, 250, 251; recovery of, 251, 252; unpopularity of, on account of French war, 303
Germaine, Lord George, created Viscount Sackville, 228
Germantown, battle of, 161
Gibbon, Edward, his career, 51
Gibraltar, blockaded by Spaniards, 170; siege of, 188—195; relief by Rodney, 191
Gingi, captured by de Bussy, 27
Girondins, the origin of, 262; extermination of, 325, *et seq.*
Gloucester, William Henry, Duke of (brother of George III.), his career, 133
Godcheu, M., the successor of Dupleix, 34; treaty with Saunders, 34
Goldsmith, Oliver, his career, 92
Gordon, Lord George, 174
Gordon Riots, the, 173—180
Grafton, Duke of, in Rockingham ministry, 132; his ministry, 133
Granby, Marquis of, at Minden, 58
de Grasse, Count, at battle off Jamaica, 187
Gray, T., his remembrances of Eton, 85; his poems, 88
Green, General, at Ewlan Springs, 186
Grenier, the three brothers, execution of, 47
Grenville, premiership of, 102; his Navigation Acts, 104; Stamp Acts, 104
Guémenée, Princess de, 211
Guercheville, Marquise de, a supporter of Jesuit missions in Canada, 36
Guichen, Count de, in West Indies, 171
Guildford Court House, engagement at, 186
Guillotine, invention of the, 286
Gwalior, captured by Popham, 199

HAARLEM, battle of, 158
Habeas Corpus Act, suspension of during French Revolution, 301
Halifax, Lord, and the Regency Bill, 131
Handel, death of, 77; patronised by George IV., 239
Hardy, Admiral, in command in the Channel, 169
Hastings, Warren, and Hyder Ali, 196—202; Governor-General of India, 197; duel between Francis and, 199; trial of 236, 237
Havanna, capture of, 83
Hawke, Admiral, at Cape Finisterre, 16
Heath, General, the threat of, 162
Heights of Abraham, battle of 61—63
Henriot, death of, 334
Henry, Patrick, on the Stamp Acts, 106
Herschel, patronised by George III., 238
Hoberaux, explanation of the term, 214
Hoche, General, at Quiberon, 338
Hochkirchen, battle of, 57
Holwell, Mr., at Calcutta, 70
Hood, Lord, his relief of Toulon, 327

Howard, John, his life spent in cause of improvement of prisons, 239—244
Howe, General, at capitulation of Boston, 127; at siege of Boston, 157; at battle of Long Island, 158; occupation of New York by, 159; resigns his command and leaves Philadelphia, 181
Howe, Lord, his relief of Gibraltar, 194; his victory of June 1st over Joyeuse, 301
Hubertsburg, peace of, 83
Huguenots, persecution of, in reign of Louis XV., 47
Hume, David, and Rousseau, 51
Huntingdon, Countess of, *see* Shirley, Selina
Hurd, Bishop, the tutor of the sons of George III., 224
Hurons, the, attempts at Christianisation of 37, 38
Hyder Ali, his descent upon Madras and Arcot, 199, 200; battle of Conjevenam, 200; siege of Arcot, 201; meets M. de Suffren, 201; death of, 202

India, the French in, 20—28; early Portuguese settlements in, 20; Bombay ceded to England, 20; first European armies in, 23; English interference in native governments, 24, *et seq.*; treaty between French and English in, 34; caste and religions in, 67, 68; Hyder Ali and Warren Hastings, 196—202; Fox's measures for, 232, 233
Ireland, Chesterfield, Lord-Lieutenant of, in 1745, 14

Jacobins, the, origin of, 268
Jamaica, battle between Rodney and de Grasse off, 187
Jeffreys, Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, religious persuasions of, 3
Jemappes, victory of revolutionaries at, 291
Jervis, Sir John, his victories in the West Indies, 302
Jesuits, fall of the, 94—102; persecution of, in Paraguay, 96, 99; in Portugal, 96, 97, 98; in Spain, 97, 99; debts of the, 97, 99; expulsion of, 99; restoration of, 102
Jogues, Isaac, the persecution of, 37
Johnson, Samuel, his influence, 91; a staunch churchman, 230
Johnson, Sir William, at siege of Quebec, 61
Jones, Paul, his career, 170, 171
José, King of Portugal, and the Jesuits, 96, 97
Joseph, son of Maria Theresa, elected King of the Romans, 84
Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, his policy, 117; at the French court, 207; John Howard, on improvements in prisons, 243; his policy, 247, 248; death of, 250
Joyeuse, defeated by Howe, 301

Kalin, Battle of, 56
Kaunitz, Anton Wenzel, his career, 53
Keith, Lord Mareschal of, his protection of Rousseau, 50
Keith, Marshal, in Dresden, 55, 56; killed at Hochkirchen, 58
Kellerman, at Valmy, 290
Kempenfelt, his death, 228
Kentucky, condition of the State in 1760, 66
Keppel, Admiral, in the Channel, 164; off Ushant, 165
Kilpatrick, Major, at siege of Calcutta, 71
King Philip's War, in Canada, 39
Kirk, Sir David, capture of Quebec, 37
Klopstock, Friedrich, his influence, 89
Klosterseven, convention of, 57
Kunersdorf, battle of, 76

La Bourdonnais, governor of Mauritius, 21; ousted by Dupleix, 21, 22
La Fayette, Marquis de, his early career, 156; in America, 157; at the battle of the Brandywine, 161; emigration of, on dethronement of Louis, 287
—— Mme. de, 208
La Force, the prisoners in, 289
La Jeune, his missionary efforts among American Indians, 37
Lally Tollendal, Count, arrival in India, 74; his defeats, 74, 75; his death, 75
La Marquette, the explorations of, in America, 38
Lamballe, the Prince of, 206; Mme. de, 206, 207; her trial and death, 289, 290.
La Moue, his missionary efforts among American Indians, 37
Langara, Don Juan de, at siege of Gibraltar, 191
La Peyrouse, his discoveries, 217
Laplace, his chemical research, 218
La Salle, the explorations of, in America, 38
La Trappe, foundation of the order of, 212
Laufeldt, battle of, 15
Lavalette, Père Antoine, his bankruptcy, 97
Lavoisier, his chemical research, 218
Law, M., at Trichinopoly, 32; allied with Surajah Dowlah, 72
Lawrence, Major, at the siege of Pondicherry, 22; at Devicotta, 24; with Clive at Trichinopoly, 32
Lee, Charles, Major-General, 126; captured, 159
Leignitz, battle of, 77
Le Moine, the anecdote about, 338
Lescure, M. de, a leader of the Vendées, 279; commander of the Vendéen Royalists, 317; wounded, 320; death, 320, 321
——Mme. de, her records of the Vendéen campaign, 322
Leuthen, battle of, 57
de Levis, General, at siege of Quebec, 63, 64
Lexington, the skirmish at, 123
Liège, capture of, by the revolutionaries, 291
Ligonier, General, at Laufeldt, 15
Lindsay, Col., on attack on Ste. Lucie, 166; his experiences as a prisoner of Hyder Ali, 200, 201
Linnaeus, his biological research, 218
Long Island, battle of, 158
Longuy, capture of, 287
Louis XV., attempt on life of, 95; his hatred of the Jesuits, 98; death of, 119
Louis XVI., commencement of reign of, 203; his visit to Paris, 261; flight of the Royal Family at signs of revolution, 263; during attack on Versailles, 266; at Tuilleries, 267;

flight of, 272; at the attack on the Tuileries, 276; flight to Assembly, 283; dethronement, 285; at the Temple, 285; trial and martyrdom of, 293—296
Louis XVII., *see* Dauphin (of Louis XVI.)
Louis XVIII., 335; his rising, 337
Louise, Princess, daughter of Louis XV.; a Carmelite sister, 100, 101; in her convent, 205
Louisburg, captured by Pepperel, 41
Louisiana, foundation of, 38
Lowendahl, Count, his capture of Bergen-op-Zoom, 16
Lowositz, battle of, 55
Loyola, Inigo, founder of order of Jesuits, 94.
Lyon, Girondist massacres at, 326

MACLAINE, Francis and Hector, at Bergen-op-Zoom, 16
Maclean, Colonel, at siege of Quebec, 150
Madras, foundation of, 21, 67
Maestricht, siege of, by Saxe, 17
Magnan, the last confessor of Marie Antoinette, 310
Mahomed Ali, assisted by the English to recover the Carnatic, 26; defeat at Gingi, 27; at Trichinopoly, 29; relieved by English, 32; re-instated, 33
Maisonneuve, M. de, his French colony in America, 37
Malagrida, Father, execution of, 97
Malesherbes, his reforms, 215, 216; his defence of the King, 293
Mance, Mlle., her missionary efforts among the American Indians, 37
Mandat, commander of National Guard, 281
Marat, his early career, 306; his death, 307
Maria Theresa, her efforts to recover Silesia, 16, 53, 54; anger at Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 17; her part in the Seven Years' War, 76, *et seq.*; popularity in Vienna, 113; her relations with her son, Joseph II., 117; death of, 247
Mariage de Figaro, by Beaumarchais, 218
Marie Antoinette, her betrothal to the Dauphin, and first years in France, 113, 114; her early life in France, 203; her children, 211; popular prejudice against, 218; de Rohan and, 218—220; in Council, 221; during attack on Versailles, 266; at the Tuileries, 267; flight of, 272; at the attack on the Tuileries, 277; flight to Assembly, 283; dethronement, 285; at the Temple, 285; at the Conciergerie, 308; martyrdom of, 312
Marie Josepha of Austria, her heroism at Dresden, 55, 56
Marie Lecksinska, Queen of Louis XV., 17
Marie Therèse, daughter of Louis XVI., *see* Royale, Mme.
Marlborough, under Prince Ferdinand in Hanoverian army, 57
Marseilles, Girondist massacres at, 326
Marseillaises, the, in Paris, 280
Martin, Mr. Samuel, his duel with Wilkes, 143
Martinique, capture of, 83; naval battle off, between Rodney and Guichen, 171
Maskelyne, Edmund, friend of Robert Clive, 22
Massachusetts, State of, in 1760, 64
Matilda, Princess, sister of George III., her marriage with Christian VII., 134; imprisonment, 135; death of, 136
Maupeou, Chancellor, his ministry, 116
Maurepas, M. de, his ministry, 215; death of, 217
Mauritius, La Bourdonnais ousted from governorship of, 21, 22
Mayence, capture of, by Duke of Brunswick, 300
Meer Jaffier, his treachery at Plassy, 73; installed as Nawab, 73
Mesmer, the hypnotism of, 218
Minden, battle of, 58
Minorca, Murray's occupation of, 192
Mirabeau, elected, a member of the Tiers État, 255; death of, 270, 271
Mirzafa Jung, his pretensions to the throne of the Deccan, 25; Nizam of Deccan, 26, 27; death of, 29
Mischiansa, the, at Philadelphia, 181
Mogul Empire, the, 20
Monakjie, his treachery with regard to Chunda Sahib, 32, 33
Moncrieff, Capt., at siege of Savannah, 172
Monier, at the attack on Versailles, 266
Monkton, Brigadier, at siege of Quebec, 61
Montagnards, the, 305
Montagu, Mrs., her *Salon*, 89, 90
Montcalm, Marquis de, governor of Canada, 60
Montgolfier, his balloon experiments, 217, 218
Montgomery, Richard, commander in the invasion of Canada, 149; capture of Montreal, 149; besieges Quebec, 150; death of, 150
Montmagny, M. de, governor of Quebec, 37
Montmirail, Augustine de, 208; her marriage, 209
Montpensier, Comte de, imprisonment of, 328; exiled, 335; death of, 336
Montreal, foundation of, 37; capture of, by Amherst, 64; capture of, by Montgomery, 149, 151, 152
de Monts, M., one of the early French settlers in Canada, 36
More, Hannah, her precocity, 2; her piety, 78; her *Bas Bleu*, 90; her life, 90; and her four sisters, their good works, 245, 246; absurd accusations against, 33
Morgan, General, at Cowpens, 185
Morris, Gouverneur, his records of Parisian society, 207
La Motte, Mme., her connection with de Rohan, and his supposed transaction with the Queen, 219
Muir, James, transportation of, 300
Murray, General, at siege of Quebec, 64; his occupation of Minorca, 192

NANTES, the Vendéen struggle for, 319, 320
National Assembly, the King and Queen taking refuge at, 283
Navigation Acts, the, 104
Nazir Jung, his pretensions to the throne of

Deccan, 25; assisted by English, 26; death of, 27
Necker, his marriage, 210; his fiscal reforms as Controller-General, 216; resignation of, 217; recalled, 258—260; his final resignation and retirement, 270
Necker, Mme., her intellectual circle, 210
Neerwinden, battle at, 298
Nelson, his first service, 302
Nelson, John, the persecution of, 8
New Orleans, foundation of, 38
Newton, John, his conversion, 227
Newtown, occupation of, 159
New York, foundation of, 38; condition of in 1760, 65; occupation of, by Howe, 159
Noailles, Vicomte de, his promises in name of National Assembly, 264; Duchesse de, executed, 331; Vicomtesse de, executed, 331
North, Lord, his American policy, 121
North Briton, The, Wilkes' paper, 139; 45th number of, 140
Notables, the Parliament of, 222
Nova Scotia, ceded to England, 41
Nuncomar, his connection with the intrigues of Hastings, 197; trial of, 198; execution of, 198

Oglethorpe, General, on improvement of prisons, 239
O'Hara, General, his defence of Toulon, 327
Olney Hymns, the, 227
Omichund, deceived by Clive, 72, 73
Orange, William IV., Prince of, at Laufeldt, 14
Orleans, Duke of, death of, 19; old Duke of, 206; young Duke of, his opposition to the King, 222; adoption of the name Philip Egalité, 290; execution of, 328, 329; (for his son *see* Chartres, Duke of)
D'Orvilliers, in the Channel, off Ushant, 165—169
Otis, James, on Navigation and Stamp Acts, 104, 106

Paine, Tom, his speech against the execution of Louis XVI., 294; his disgust at the Reign of Terror, 335
Pair de France, 213
Palliser, Sir Hugh, under Keppel in the Channel, 164; off Ushant, 165
Palmer, John, transportation of, 300
Paoli, Pasquale, of Corsica, his defence of the island, 113
Pappendorff, Mrs., 225
Paris, Peace of, 83
Parker, Sir Hyde, in West Indies, 171
Parker, Sir Peter, in command of English forces in America, 158
Parliament, in France, 215
Peasants, oppression of, in France, before Revolution, 214
Pellew, Edward, with the Lake Champlain fleet, 153
Pennsylvania, foundation of, 64, 65
Penobscot, engagement off, 184
Pepperel, W., capture of Louisburg by, 41
Perronet, Charles, a follower of the Wesleys, 10
Pertab Singh, Rajah of Tanjore, 24
Peter III. of Russia, his incapability, 81
Pétion, Maire of Paris, at attack on the Tuilleries, 277—280
Peyton, Commodore, in the Indian seas, 21
Philadelphia, the mischianza during occupation of, 181; evacuation of, 182; convention at, 231
Philippine Islands, capture of, 83
Pilnitz, the treaty between Austria and Germany at, 275
Pitt, William (the elder), his appointment of Wolfe, 59, 60; under George III., 80; resignation of, 82; Prime Minister, as Lord Chatham, 107; his audiences with George III., 130, 131; created Lord Chatham, 133; his ministry, 133; death of, 164
Pitt, William (the younger), his first premiership, 229—232; his collaboration with the anti-slave trade party, 245
Pittsburgh, named in honour of William Pitt, 60
Piu sur Mauge, Vendéen battle at, 316
Pius VI. and John Howard, 243; his visit to Joseph II., 248; and the confiscation of clerical property during Revolution, 269
Pius VII., restoration of Jesuits under, 102
Plassy, the battle of, 73
Plymouth, defence of, 169
Poland, partition of, 117—118
Polignac, Mme. de, flight of, at Revolution, 263
Pombal and the Jesuits, 96, 97
Pomfret, Countess of (*see* Jeffreys, Louisa)
Pompadour, Mme. de, the regency of, 17; her quarrel with the Jesuits, 95, 96; death of, 101
Pondicherry, siege of, by Coote, 74
Popham, Colonel, his capture of Gwalior, 199
Portland, Duke of, his ministry, 229
Portland, Duchess Dowager of, and Mrs. Delany, 224
Porto Novo, Coote's victory at, 202
Portugal, early settlers from, in India, 20
Poulpiquet, Abbé, at Quiberon Bay, 338
Prague, the battle before, 56
Precy, M. de, at Lyon, 326
Prescott, Colonel, at Bunker Hill, 125
Preston, Captain, and the Bostonians, 108
Prevost, General, at siege of Savannah, 171
Prideaux, General, at siege of Quebec, 60, 61
Prisons, Howard's agitation for improvement of, 239—244
Provençe, Count of, 205
Provoorst, Dr., consecration of, 231
Puisaye, Count de, the Norman rising under, 324
Putnam, Israel, at Bunker Hill, 125; appointed Major-General, 126

Quebec, captured by Sir David Kirk, 37; siege of, 60—64; siege of, by Montgomery, 149, 150
Quetineau, sent against the Vendéen Royalists, 318; defeated, 319; executed at Paris, 319
Quiberon, occupation of, 338

Rabaud, Paul, heroism of, 47
Raucoux, battle of, 13

Rawdon, Lord, at Ewlan Springs, 186
Regency Bill, in reign of George III., 131; discussion on, during insanity of George III., 251
Revere, Paul, his ride, 123
Reynolds, Frances, 91
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, his career, 87
Rezza Sahib, his attack upon Clive at Arcot, 30, 31
Ricci, Lorenzo, General of the Jesuits, 97
Richardson, Samuel, his novels, 88
Robespierre, his early career, 305; his triumph, 332; his death, 334
Rochambeau, Marquis de, in command of French Fleet for America, 186
Rochefort, persecution of the priests at, 324, 336
Rochefoucauld, Vicomte de, 208; his marriage, 209; his wife, 210
Rochefoucauld, Duke of, his church measures, 268
Rochefoucauld, Cardinal de, his promises in name of National Assembly, 264
Rochejaquelin, Henri de la, among the Vendéen Royalists, 317; in command, 321; death of, 322
Rochette, François, execution of, 47
Rockingham, Marquis of, Prime Minister, 107, 132, 228
Rodney, Admiral, in West Indies, 171; at battle off Jamaica, 187; at siege of Gibraltar, 190—195
Rohan, Cardinal de, his supposed transaction with the Queen, 218
Rohillas, the war with the, 197
Roland, Mme., during the inchoate signs of Revolution, 261; imprisonment of, 307, 325; execution of, 329
Rossbach, battle of, 57
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, his career, 49, 50; and David Hume, 51
Royal Marriage Act, the, 134
Royal, Princess (daughter of George III.), her marriage to Duke of Würtemberg, 304
Royale, Mme., her childhood, 211; in the Temple, 285; her release, 314
Rundle, Dr., episode connected with, 1

Sackville, Lord George, commanding Hanoverian army, 57, 58; at Minden, 58
Sackville, Lord, conferred on Lord George Germaine, 228
Sacy, de, the confessor of Mme. de Pompadour, 96; his bankruptcy, 97
Ste. Lucie, attack on, 166, 171
Saintes, the priests from Rochefort received at, 337
St. Just, his character, 306; with the army, 308; death of, 333, 334
St. Méard, his records of the massacre at the Carmelites, 289
Salabat Jung, supported as Nizam of Deccan by Dupleix, 29
Salem, the panic of witchcraft at, 39
Sands, Sir George, his Toleration Act for Roman Catholics, 173
Sandwich, Lord, at peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 16; a boon-companion of Wilkes, 143; unpopularity of, at Kempenfelt's disaster, 228
Saratoga, Convention of, 155
Saunders, Governor, his failure as a general, 33; treaty with Godcheu, 34
Saunders, Admiral, at siege of Quebec, 60, 61
Savannah, siege of, 171
Savenay, battle of, 322
Savigny, Berthier de, murder of, 264
Saxe, Marshal, at Laufeldt, 153; Ligonier a prisoner of, 16; siege of Maestricht by, 17
Saxe-Coburg, Prince of, at Neerwinden, 298
Schools, English boys', in the 18th century, 85
Schuyler, Philip, Major-General, 126
Schwerin, Marshal, before Prague, 56
Science, the pioneers of, in reign of Louis XVI. 217, 218
Sercey, Henriette, flight into Switzerland, 299
Seven Years' War, the, concluding years and their battles, 76, *et seq.*; estimated loss of men to various belligerents, 83
Sewell, Judge, his confession at Salem, 39
Seymour, Pamela, flight into Switzerland, 299
Sharp, Granville, his part in the anti-slave-trade agitation, 244
Shelburne, his ministry, 229
Sheridan, at the trial of Hastings, 237
Shirley, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, her admiration for Whitfield, 10
Shirley, William, Governor of Boston, 41—43
Simon, the keeper of the Dauphin in the Temple, 312; his death, 334
Slave-trade, *see* Wilberforce
Small-pox, at Vienna, 114
Smith, Sir Sidney, his relief of Toulon, 327
Sombreuil, M. de, saved by his daughter, Elisabeth, 289, 331
Somerset, Duchess of, *see* Thynne, Frances
Sophie, Mme., death of, 205
Spitalfields Weavers, riots among, 105
Staël, Mme. de, her girlhood, 210, 245; during the inchoate signs of Revolution, 261; leaving Paris, 281
Stamp Acts, American, 104; repealed, 107
Stanhope, Philip, the two sons of Lord Chesterfield, 14
Stanislas, ex-King of Poland, death of, 102
States-General, *see* Tiers-État
Stofflet, a Vendéen leader, 318; death of, 339
Stoney Point, captured by General Wayne, 184
Struensee, his plot and fate, 134
Suffren, M. de, before Hyder Ali, 201
Surajah Dowlah, his first quarrel with the English, 68; at Calcutta, 69, 70; at Plassy, 72, 73
Swiss Guards, slaughter of, 283, 284

Talleyrand, Perigord, Bishop of Autun, his Church measures, 268
Tangier, expulsion of Christians from, 191
Tanjore, English interference on behalf of the Rajah of, 24
Tarleton, Col., at Cowpens, 185
Taxation in France, before Revolution, 214, 215

Temple, imprisonment of French Royal Family in, 285, *et seq.*
Temple, Lord, opposition to the King and Duke of Cumberland, 132
Tennis Court at Versailles, oath at the, 257
Terray, Abbé de, his ministry, 116
Thomas, General, in command in Canada, 151
Thours, capture of, by the Vendéen, 319
Thurlow, Chancellor, on the Regency Bill, 251; resignation of, 253
Thynne, Frances, Duchess of Somerset, religious persuasions of, 3
Ticonderoga, capture of, 125; surprised by Allen, 148; captured by Burgoyne, 154
Tiers-État, growth of power of, 215; convocation and election of, 254, 255; the Tennis Court, 257
Tinville, Fouquier, his indictment against Marie Antoinette, 310; his death, 334
Tippoo Sahib, with Hyder Ali against the English, 201, 202
Tollendal, Lally, in the Tiers-État at Versailles, 257, 258
Toleration Act, Roman Catholic, 173
Torgau, Battle of, 77
Toulon, Girondist massacres at, 226; capitulation of, 327
Trenton, occupation of, 159
Trichinopoly, Mahomed Ali at, 27, 29; relieved by the English, 32
Trimmer, Mrs., her good works, 226, 246
Tronchet, his defence for the King, 293
Trowbridge, Capt., liberation of, 301, 302
Tuilleries, Royal Family brought to the, 267; attack upon, 276—278; second attack, 282
Turgot, M., as chancellor, 215

United States, Recognition of the, 162 (*see* America).
Ushant, battle of, 165

Valenciennes, battle of, 300
Valley Forge, Washington wintering at, 181
Valmy, battle of, 290
le Vasseur, Thérèse, Rousseau's wife, 50
Veilchen, Eva Maria, wife of Garrick, 91
Vendéen Royalist rising, the, 315—324; end of the, 337—339
Venn, Richard, episode connected with, 2
Verdun, besieged by Dumouriez, 287, 288
Vermond, Abbé de, his influence over Marie Antoinette, 114, 116
Versailles, Peace of, 229
Versailles, oath at the Tennis-court, 257; attack on the Palace, 266
Vesey, Mrs., 90
Victoire, Mme., 205
Vimont, Père, at the foundation of Montreal, 37
Virginia, State of, in 1760, 64
Voltaire, his relations with Frederick II. of Prussia, 45; and the Encyclopædists, 48

Waldeck, Prince of, at Laufeldt, 15
Waldegrave, Countess of, her marriage with William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, 133
Wales, Prince of, his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, 234; his legal marriage to Caroline of Brunswick, 302 (*see also* Frederick, Prince of Wales)
Wales, Dowager Princess of, calumny concerning her and Bute, 83, 103, 105; hatred of, by the people, 131; death of, 135
Walker, Rev. Robert, of Strathwaite, his life and character, 86
Walpole, Horace, his career, 88
Wandewash, taken by Coote, 74
Ward, Artemus, General of the American Militia, 124
Warren, Dr., at Bunker Hill, 125
Washington, George, 41; early military expedition, 42; under Braddock, 43; appointed General-in-Chief at the second Congress of Philadelphia, 126; at siege of Boston, 157; at Delaware River and Brandywine, 160, 161; at Valley Forge, 181; first President, 231
Watson, Admiral, at the siege of Calcutta, 71; at Chandernagore, 72; disapproval of Clive's plot, 73
Watts, Dr. Isaac, his friendship with Duchess of Somerset, 3; his hymns, 239
Wavens, Mme. de, her influence on Rousseau, 50
Wayne, General, at Stoney Point, 184
Webster, Noah, his youth, 65
Wesley, Charles, his early preachings, 4, *et seq.*; his musical ability, 10; marriage of, 11; his view of the schism, 12; death of, 12; influence of, 326
Wesley, John, his first voyage to Georgia, 4; his early preachings, 4, *et seq.*; dissension from Whitfield, 9; marriage of, 11; reconciliation with Whitfield, 11; schism with the Church, 12; death of, 12; influence of, 226
Wesley, Samuel, a staunch Anglican, 6
West, Rear-Admiral, at Minorca, 54, 55
West Indies, attacked in American War, 171
Westermann, in command against the Vendéen royalists, 319
Wheler, the successor of Hastings, 199
White, Dr., consecration of, 231
Whitfield, his life and work, 2, *et seq.*; in Georgia, 4; open-air services of, 4; dissension from Wesley, 9; Selina Shirley's admiration for, 10; reconciliation with Wesley, 11; death of, 12
Wilberforce, William, his anti-slavery agitation, 230—245; his first Bill carried, 301
Wilkes, John, his antagonism to Bute, 82, 83; his agitations, 103; commencement of his career, 138; arrest of, 140; his challenge to Lord Egremont, 141; his *Essay on Woman*, 142; duel with Martin, 143; Middlesex election, 144; Riots, 145; elected for the City, 146; second election for Middlesex, 146; end of his career, 147
William IV., *see* Orange
Williams, Eunice, heroic death of, 40
Willis, Rev. F., his treatment of King George III. for insanity, 251
Wimpffen, General, the Norman rising under, 324
Winslow, John, his possession of Acadia, 43
Wolfe, General, his appointment to Canada, 60; at Quebec, 61; death of, 63

Würtemburg, Duke of, marriage with Princess Royal, 304
Wyoming, massacres at, 183

Xavier, Francis, his early Portuguese settlements in India, 20

York, Edward, Duke of, death of, 133
York, Duke of, son of George III., duel of, 252, 253; at battle of Valenciennes, 300; besieging Dunkirk, 300; recalled, 302
York Town, siege and capitulation of, 186
Young, Arthur, his records of France before Revolution, 214

Zorndorf, battle of, 57

THE END

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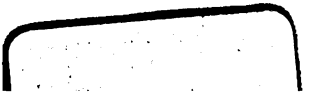
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